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CHAMPLAIN AS A HERALD OF WASHINGTON

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I
"I SAW them come out of their barricades, nearly two hundred men, tall and powerful, and move slowly toward us. . . . Our men advanced with the same order. They told me that the warriors with the three feathers were the leaders, . . . and that I should shoot to kill them. . . . Our men began to call me loudly; and to give me passage they opened into two ranks, and put me at the head, about twenty paces in advance. When I was about thirty paces from the enemy, the latter suddenly perceived me and halted and stared. . . . I put my arquebus to my cheek and aimed straight at one of the three chiefs. At the shot two fell dead, and one of their companions was so wounded that he died shortly after. I had put four balls into my gun. When our men saw this shot they yelled so jubilantly that you could not have heard thunder. The Iroquois were dumfounded that two of their number should have been killed so promptly, as they wore a sort of armor, and carried arrow-proof shields. As I was reloading, one of my companions fired a shot from the woods. . . . Abandoning the field and their fort, the Iroquois dashed into the forest, and, pursuing them, I killed several others. Our savages also killed some, and took ten or twelve prisoners. The rest escaped with their wounded."

This was Samuel of Champlain's account of the battle near the southern end of the Lake of the Iroquois, — the lake which we call Champlain, — in which he
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and two other white men, on a foray from Quebec with a war party of Hurons and Algonquins, defeated these tribes' old enemies, the Mohawks, in their own territory. In number of participants, the encounter was smaller than many which had taken place earlier between rival bands of red men. It was notable, however, as being the first fight on the Atlantic coast of North America in which white men appeared as allies of any of the Indians; and it was the first, on the northern half of the coast, in which firearms figured.

The encounter was far more notable for its results. Although Creasy has not put it on his list of the decisive battles of the world, yet very few on that roll, from Marathon to Waterloo, had larger consequences. That battle near Ticonderoga on the morning of July 30, 1609, started the blood feud between the powerful Iroquois confederation (the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas, to name them in the order in which they extended westward), which occupied all the region between Lake Champlain and Lake Erie, and the French owners of Canada, which lasted till Champlain's countrymen, more than a century and a half later, were driven off the continent. This vendetta placed the Five Nations on the side of the Dutch and English, the successive owners of New York of the later day; saved the feeble settlements on the Mohawk and the Hudson from capture by the French from the north side of the St. Lawrence; prevented the French from cutting off the connection between Britain's colonies in New England and

her settlements in Maryland, Virginia, and the southern end of the Atlantic coast; enabled those colonies eventually to gain the strength which permitted them, in conjunction with the mother country, to drive France out of North America; preserved that region for the English-speaking race; and helped to precipitate the issues through which the younger and more progressive branch of the race separated from the older part of the family, and appropriated to themselves the best section of the continent.

Manifestly, however, this chain of events was as far beyond Champlain's vision as it was beyond that of his great patron Henry IV, "Henry of Navarre," under whose commission Champlain, who had been a soldier and a sailor on Henry's side during the civil wars, was starting out to build an empire for France in the New World.

Half a century before Champlain was born, or in 1513, Spain's Balboa, whom Keats, in this connection, mistakenly calls "stout Cortez," traversing the isthmus across which the United States is building a canal for the use of the world's commerce,

Stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Balboa was the first white man who, from the American continent, looked out upon the South Sea. In 1519 Magellan, the Portuguese navigator in the service of Spain, sailed down the Atlantic coast of South America, crept cautiously through the straits which bear his name, crossed the Pacific, discovered the Philippines, was killed there by one of the natives, and the remnant of his fleet, going by way of the Indian Ocean and the Cape of Good Hope, reached San Lucar, Spain, after a three years' voyage, the crew being the first men in the world's history to make a circuit of the globe.

Long before Champlain's time, too, Spain's Cortez had made the conquest of Mexico; her Pizarro had conquered Peru; others of her *conquistadores* had

established colonies in other parts of Central and South America; while there were settlements in Cuba and Hayti since Columbus's days. Portugal, also, had started colonies in Brazil. Those were the days when Spain blazed paths for the nations across the world's seas. Yet at the time of Champlain's battle at Ticonderoga in 1609 there were probably less than five thousand whites between the Gulf of Mexico and the Rio Grande and Cape Horn.

At that moment the only white inhabitants along the Atlantic coast of North America—less than five hundred in all—were in Champlain's colony of Quebec, founded in 1608, and in the other and earlier French settlements along the St. Lawrence or near its mouth; in England's little settlement, planted in 1607 on the James River by Newport, Gosnold, and Captain John Smith; and in Spain's Florida colony of St. Augustine, erected by Menendez forty-four years before Champlain's encounter with the Mohawks.

Nor were there any whites in any other part of the present United States at that time, except a few score Spaniards, at Santa Fé and in isolated camps in the valley of the upper Rio Grande, in the present New Mexico, who were there on the sufferance of the Apaches. Two-thirds of a century before Champlain's advent at Quebec, Spain's De Soto made an incursion which carried him from Florida into the present state of Missouri; and her Coronado made a raid inward from the Gulf of California up to within a few miles of the Missouri River, in our present Kansas, each chasing the mirage of El Dorado. Each, however, left almost as little trace of his foray as did the eagles which flew over those regions. By Champlain's time those adventurers were

Gone like a wind that blew
A thousand years ago.

For two reasons Portugal fell heir to Brazil, while at the outset Spain laid claim to all the rest of the New World. By a treaty made just after Columbus's second voyage across the Atlantic, Spain

and Portugal established a demarcation line drawn along the meridian 370 leagues west of the Cape Verde Islands, and they agreed that, regardless of the nationality of their discoverers, all heathen lands east of that line should be allotted to Portugal, and all west of it should go to Spain. Thus Brazil would fall to Portugal's share. Portugal also chanced to be the first explorer of that part of the South American coast. Spain, which, through Columbus, went west in 1492 to find India, and Portugal, which sent Vasco Da Gama around the Cape of Good Hope in 1497 on the same quest, were the great maritime countries of that age.

But no Frenchman of Henry IV's day was deterred by this compact, even though it had the Pope's sanction. The Renaissance, with its smashing of ecclesiastical, literary, scientific, and political shackles, created a ferment which, as one of its manifestations, incited a desire for adventure, and for the widening of national boundaries abroad. This influence found expression in the voyages and discoveries of Columbus, Da Gama, the Cabots, Gabriel, Verazzano, and other navigators and adventurers of many countries. Moreover, the journeys were westward and southward because the Turks, by the capture of Constantinople in 1453, were closing Europe's old route to India by way of the Mediterranean and the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris.

Two-thirds of a century earlier than the accession of Henry IV, Francis I, in the earliest of his wars with Charles V, asked Charles to point out the clause in Adam's will which divided up the New World between Spain and Portugal, to the exclusion of France; and not receiving a satisfactory answer, he sent Cartier and others over to America, who, however, failed to establish permanent colonies. Henry, too, was skeptical of Adam's intention to shut France out of the New World, and was particularly skeptical of Spain's ability to enforce any such interdiction, because, a year before his accession, the armada which Philip II had

sent to invade England had been destroyed by Elizabeth's sea-fighters, Howard, Drake, Hawkins, and the others. Spain had lost her ascendancy on the seas, and had ceased to be a terror to Europe. Thus at last France's colonization in the New World had a chance to start in an effective way. Between 1604 and 1607, through the work of Pontgrave, Chauvin, De Monts, and others, Acadia (the present Nova Scotia and New Brunswick) was founded, and a settlement was made at Tadousac, where the Saguenay enters the St. Lawrence.

But France's real association with the history of the Western Hemisphere began when Champlain erected his log huts on the rock of Quebec in the summer of 1608. There the fleur-de-lis and the cross were established in the New World, with the prosecution of the fur trade with the Indians as the principal object, with the discovery of water connection through the continent with the great Western Sea and a short cut to India as a subsidiary purpose, and with the saving of the souls of the red men as an incident in the work.

Thus it was that the founder of the house of Bourbon historically connected himself with the founding and the founder of New France. To carry out his plans of trade and exploration, Champlain was compelled to establish friendship with his Indian neighbors, and this led to the alliance with the Hurons and Algonquins north of the St. Lawrence and the great lakes, which, on the invitation of those neighbors, sent him on that expedition down into the enemy's country in 1609.

II

What was the world doing on that July day of 1609, fateful for America and for France, when, down on the Lake of the Iroquois, Champlain and his red allies struck the Mohawks? Weakened by his contest with Maurice of Nassau, Philip III of Spain was entering into that twelve years' truce with him which was the starting point of Holland's independence

from Spain, soon to become actual; the truce, in the mean time, leaving Holland free to push her colonization schemes, which, long before Champlain's death, brought the Dutch into contact with the French on the St. Lawrence. Philip was also expelling the 900,000 industrious and intelligent Christian descendants of the earlier Moorish residents, thus creating a vacuum among Spain's industrial forces which has not been entirely filled to this day. These blows, and the destruction of its navy by the sea-warriors of Elizabeth of England, checked Spain's colonizing activities and left all of North America, except Mexico and Florida, open to the other maritime nations. Portugal had passed under the sway of Spain, remained there until long after the death of Champlain, and when, under John the Deliverer, it emerged, it had ceased to be a great power.

James I of England, the "wisest fool in Christendom," was, to the embarrassment and humiliation of his own country, soon to come temporarily under the influence of Spain, which, had his friend Henry lived, would probably have been prevented; for in 1610 Henry was about to start on his military demonstration against Spain and Austria when he was stopped by Ravallac's dagger, which thus changed the history of new and old France and of modern Europe.

Two other things were taking place in 1609 which were to impress themselves on the annals of North America, and aid in shaping the course of events which created the United States of the after time. In search of religious freedom, the Pilgrims were leaving England for Holland. Eleven years later, these Pilgrims were to form the Mayflower colony, which, landing at Plymouth, laid the foundation of those New England settlements and helped to win North America for the English-speaking race. Henry Hudson, the English navigator in the service of Holland, was skirting the coast of Maine in his 80-ton Half Moon, seeking a short water route to Asia, and on that

quest entered the River of the Mountains, which to-day bears his name, and sailed up that stream to a point near the present Albany, at the border of the empire over which Champlain's red enemies, the Kinsmen of the Long House, stood guard.

When, in 1614, on the North (Hudson) River, Hendrick Christiansen built Fort Nassau, near the site of the present Albany, which was removed a little later to Albany, and called Fort Orange; when, in the same year, Adrian Block established his trading-post on Manhattan Island; when, in the next few years, settlements by Christiansen's and Block's countrymen were made on the South (Delaware) River, the Connecticut and other streams; and when, in 1626, Peter Minuit bought from the Lenni Lenape tribe of Indians the island of Manhattan for ribbons, gay-colored cloth, and glass beads, worth about twenty-four dollars, Holland established the colonies in America which Hudson's discoveries incited, and began that trading with the red men for furs which, at the outset, was the leading commercial activity with every colonizing nation in North America. This was the beginning of the province of New Netherland, and of its great trading-post New Amsterdam, at the mouth of the big river, both of which were destined to play an active rôle in the stirring drama of the after days. All this territory was claimed by England, but political exigencies — the wars which the two great Protestant nations, England and Holland, were waging intermittently with Spain and sometimes with France; the troubles which Charles I had with his Parliament; and the internal convulsions during the eleven years of Cromwell's Commonwealth — prevented England from asserting this claim in a positive way until 1664, in the peaceful times of Charles II.

On that day in 1618 when the war chiefs of the Cayugas, Oneidas, Senecas, Onondagas, and Mohawks entered Fort Nassau and made their treaty with Jacob Eelkens, its commander, the Dutch agree-

ing to exchange guns and ammunition for the beaver and otter-skins of the red men, the league was started between the Five Nations and the successive white occupants of the territory along the Hudson and the Mohawk, which was to have an important influence on events for the next century and a half.

Two years later, when John Carver, William Bradford, William Brewster, Miles Standish, and their Mayflower colony set up their log-houses at Plymouth, they followed the Dutch example in making peace with their Indian neighbors. Their treaty of friendship with Massasoit, chief of the Wampanoags, was observed faithfully on both sides until, after Massasoit's death, one of his sons, Pometicon, whose English name was Philip, got into that conflict with the whites which figures in the annals of the time as King Philip's War. This long period of peace, extending over fifty years, enabled the colonies in the present Massachusetts to establish themselves securely, and, standing alone, they outnumbered all the French in Canada.

But Henry IV's death, which made his widow, the weak and faithless Marie de Medici, regent during the minority of the feeble Louis XIII, began to alter the course of events in New France, and ultimately in all of North America, even before Christiansen and Block unfurled Holland's flag in the New World. Marie, who was under the sway of her bigoted Italian favorites the Concinis, gave little support to Champlain. Nevertheless, in the intervals of his frequent journeys to France, the heroic and enterprising governor helped to fight the battles of his Algonquin and Huron allies against the powerful Iroquois, though not always successfully; for those lords of the forest, armed with Dutch guns, equaled the French in weapons, courage, and military skill, and were far more than a match for their red enemies. Champlain pushed his search for the water-route to the Pacific, and extended his country's trade with the Indians. His explorations were

usually westward and northward, for the Iroquois blocked the path to the southward which he would have preferred to follow. Thus Erie was the last of the lakes which the French traversed. In 1615 Champlain discovered Lakes Nipissing, Huron, and Ontario, sailing his canoe, at the same time, over many streams never previously seen by a white man.

In some of his explorations Champlain was assisted by Recollet and Jesuit missionaries. In answer to his appeals, four Recollets — Fathers Joseph Le Caron, Denis Jamay, and Jean Dolbeau, and Brother Pacifique du Plessis — came from France to Canada in 1615. This was the advance guard of the little unarmed army of religious teachers who, under French auspices, set up their tiny mission-posts from Quebec to Sault Ste. Marie, and from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico, showing a loftier courage than was ever displayed by hunter, explorer, or soldier, meeting death at the hands of the Iroquois, the Huron, the Wyandot, the Sioux, and the Chickasaw, by tomahawk, arrow, bullet, or at the stake, with sublime serenity. In addition to those already named, the best known of the Recollets who came to Canada at one time and another were Fathers Hennepin, Ribourde and Membre; while the Jesuits, who were far more numerous, and who were also far more adroit in the rude politics of the wilderness, comprised Fathers Le Jeune, Brebeuf, Masse, Davost, Daniel, Lalemant, Garnier, Chabenel, Jogues, Menard, Guerin, Allouez, Bablon, Marquette, Aubert, and many others whose deeds fill a heroic chapter in the annals of New France.

These missionaries not only learned the languages of the various tribes, in order to save the souls of their members, but lived their lives, wrote their history and legends, discovered lakes, rivers, and mountains, drew up maps of the regions which they traversed, and gave names to water-courses, and to posts which later on became towns, which many of them

bear to this day. In the prosecution of their various tasks, three-fourths of those whose names are mentioned here were killed by the Indians.

Le Caron reached Lake Huron a few days before Champlain and Etienne Brulé, the young interpreter, found it in 1615. Marquette was with Joliet when he discovered the upper Mississippi in 1763. In 1678 Hennepin was the first of white men to see Niagara Falls; and two years later, captured by the Sioux and carried up into their country, he was the first white man to sail on the Mississippi near its source, and gave the name St. Anthony to the falls at the head of navigation. Membré, long a companion of Tonti, La Salle's faithful and chivalrous friend, was with La Salle when that intrepid explorer went down the Mississippi to its mouth in 1682. Aubert, while on the advance line with the Verandrye party in 1737, was killed by the Sioux.

Even the soberest narrative of those days stirs the imagination. Eaton caught the spirit of that heroic age admirably in his song, "The Order of Good Times," which was the name of a social club composed of Champlain and his associates in the early period of their work, in which Gallic gayety shone out brightly amid the dark background of their environment:—

Two hundred years ago and more,
In history's romance,
The white flag of the Bourbons flew
From all the gates of France.
And even on these wild western shores,
Rock-clad and forest-mailed,
The Bourbon name, King Henry's fame,
With "Vive le Roi" was hailed.
O "Vive le Roi," and "Vive le Roi,"
Those wild, adventurous days,
When brave Champlain and Putrin-court
Explored the Acadian bays.
When from Port Royal's rude-built walls
Gleamed o'er the hills afar,
The golden lilies of the shield
Of Henry of Navarre.

With Champlain's death at Quebec on Christmas day of 1635, one of the most fascinating personalities among the path-breakers of the Western Hemisphere dis-

appeared. Soldier, sailor, diplomat, explorer, scientist, and empire-builder, he had the dash, initiative, religious tolerance, and personal popularity of his patron, Henry of the White Plume, with none of Henry's frivolity or immorality. Champlain gave that epic note to the story of New France which remained with it until, in 1759, New France went down with Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham.

III

When Champlain, in 1629, handed over Quebec to Captain Kirke, the commander of the powerful English naval expedition, the first of the many wars of the colonial days between England and France was under way. This, as well as some of the others of the series, was incited by European issues. Some of the later ones had American causes. All of them projected themselves into the history of the New World. Most of them helped to shape the events which led to the creation of the United States. Charles I of England was aiding the Huguenots at this time against Richelieu and Louis XIII, but the treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye of 1629 restored Acadia and Canada to France. Champlain returned to Quebec in 1633, received a tumultuous welcome from the white and red inhabitants along the St. Lawrence, and died at that capital two years later.

Meanwhile a rival claimant to the possessions of Spain, England, France, and Holland was coming to the Atlantic coast. A colony carrying a charter from Christina of Sweden sailed up the Delaware in 1638, and planted a settlement on the site of the present Wilmington, in territory claimed by Holland, and also by England. Sweden and Holland were allies at this time in the religious conflicts; but when the Peace of Westphalia in 1648 brought the Thirty Years' War to an end, and at the same time compelled Spain to concede Holland's complete independence, the latter country became more self-assertive in America.

The abdication of Holland's old ally, Christina, the accession of Charles X, who immediately started out on the series of wars which kept him occupied till his death, and the aggressiveness of the intruders, sent Holland's governor, Peter Stuyvesant, into Delaware Bay and up the river with a big fleet in 1655. Thus New Sweden disappeared from the map of America, its settlements became part of New Netherland, and Holland's flag waved over all the territory from the Connecticut to the Delaware.

Unlike the younger Scipio Africanus, who, while regretfully carrying out the orders of the Senate and destroying Carthage, foresaw the fall of Rome in the after day, the victorious Dutch general on the Delaware was unaware that New Sweden's fate awaited New Netherland. In 1664 Charles II asserted England's old claim to the Dutch territory on the Atlantic coast, and granted it to his brother the Duke of York, who a few years later became James II. While England and Holland were still at peace, four British vessels suddenly passed in through the Narrows, and two of them sailed up to a point near Governor's Island. From one of them a boat containing Governor Winthrop of Connecticut and half a dozen others went ashore, where they were greeted by Stuyvesant. Requested to hand over the forts and the province to England, "Old Wooden Leg," as the Mohawks called Stuyvesant, stamped and stormed, and prepared to fight. But he had neither vessels nor soldiers to cope with this armament. In response to entreaties from delegations of prominent citizens that he should avoid provoking an attack, he ordered a white flag to be run up on Fort Amsterdam. The name of the town of New Amsterdam was changed to New York, the same name was attached to the province of New Netherland, and Holland's flag vanished from North America. The Beekmans, Stuyvesants, Roosevelts, and the rest of the immigrants from Holland, became subjects of England. Their de-

scendants helped to found the United States, and some of them have been among the most distinguished citizens.

While New Netherland and New Sweden were playing their little rôles in the drama of American colonization, the French were pushing their wonderful series of explorations westward. Their advance brought them within sight of the Rocky Mountains before the British or Dutch had crossed the Alleghanies, if we except Governor Spotswood of Virginia and his associate "Knights of the Golden Horseshoe," who made a picnicking trip over the Blue Ridge in 1716. In this work and in the fur trade was developed that strange race of French and half-breed wood-rangers, or *coureurs de bois*, which was a distinctive product of New France. Continuing the work of Champlain and his contemporaries, Jean Nicolle, with his canoe, went over that familiar western route from Quebec, by going up the Ottawa to Lake Nipissing and thence to Georgian Bay and Lake Huron. He then pushed through Huron to Sault Ste. Marie, into Lake Michigan, across to Green Bay, in the present Wisconsin, and up the Fox River. In 1641 Father Jogues preached to the Pottawatomies a few miles east of Lake Superior's eastern end. Father Allouez in 1670 was holding meetings, composed of Indians and *coureurs de bois*, at the head of the Wisconsin River, in the northern end of that state. In the same year, St. Lusson, sent out for that purpose by Talon, the intendant at Quebec, went up to Sault Ste. Marie, and, in the presence of hundreds of Indians, representing the Winnebago, Ojibway, Pottawatomie, and other tribes, with a few members of the Sioux nation from Minnesota and the Dakotas, went through the form of "taking possession" of the country, in which all the territory between the lakes and the Gulf of Mexico was claimed for Louis XIV.

All of these and other explorers heard from the Indians about the "great river" which was always said to be a few days'

journey to the westward, and which the authorities at Quebec, still searching for that short cut to China, thought might flow into the South Sea or the Vermilion Sea (the Gulf of California). In 1673 Joliet the fur trader and Marquette the missionary paddled their canoes up the Fox River, carried them over the portage to the Wisconsin, sailed down that stream, glided into the Mississippi, and thus were the first white men to see that stream in its upper waters. After being carried by its swift current down to the mouth of the Arkansas, they discovered that it went south instead of west or southwest, and that it probably flowed into the Gulf of Mexico, a truth which La Salle learned in 1682, when he sailed into it by way of the Illinois, and went down to the big Mexican sea. There he repeated the demonstration of St. Luson on the lakes a dozen years earlier, and appropriating all the territory drained by the Mississippi for his country, named it Louisiana, in honor of Louis the Great.

During the days of La Salle's activities along the eastern lakes, and on the Illinois, the Ohio, and the Mississippi, Du Lhut, or Duluth, a penniless but proud French nobleman, leading the life of a chief of the *coureurs de bois*, roved the rivers, the lakes, and the forests around Lake Superior, explored that sea throughout its entire circumference, arranged truces between fighting tribes of Indians, made war upon Indians and was warred upon by them, framed treaties which received the sanction of the authorities at Quebec, established trading-posts at strategic points on the upper lakes and streams, among them being one on the site of the present Duluth, in Minnesota, rescued Father Hennepin from the Sioux in 1680, and seven years later was associated with Governor Denonville of New France and with Tonty, La Salle's old ally, in an unsuccessful war against the Iroquois in New York.

It was La Salle's hope, which had the enthusiastic sanction of Count Frontenac, New France's governor, to establish

lines of fortified posts at convenient supporting distances on the lakes, and the Illinois, the Ohio, and the Mississippi, to plant a big settlement at the mouth of each of those streams, to fix the capital of Louisiana at the mouth of the Mississippi, to secure safe communication between that point and Quebec, 3500 miles away, and to make Louisiana more populous and powerful than New France. His aim was to make the agricultural attractions of the Mississippi valley known to France, and to induce farmers to settle along the big river and its tributaries.

It was a magnificent dream, and in part at least it might have been realized, had not a series of tragedies cut off its author. Sailing from France in 1684 with four vessels, and with a company of colonists whom he intended to locate at the mouth of the Mississippi, he missed that stream and landed near the entrance to Matagorda Bay, in the present Texas, and was murdered by some of his men in 1687 on the Neches River, in Texas, when they were trying to reach the Mississippi overland. A few years later Iberville attempted to carry out La Salle's plans, which will be mentioned after the consequences of England's conquest of New Netherland are told.

IV

September 4, 1664, when Holland's flag went down on the forts at New Amsterdam, saw the whole of the Atlantic front, from France's possessions in Acadia and New France to Spain's territory in Florida, pass into Britain's hands, giving her the most important harbor and strategic point in North America. That was the most memorable day in the history of England's American colonies between the planting of the Jamestown settlement in 1607 and the expulsion of France from the continent in 1763.

With the annexation of the Dutch colonies, the real struggle between England and France for mastery on the continent began, with the advantage on the side of

England. To the 50,000 people in New England in 1664, to the 35,000 in Virginia, and the 15,000 in Maryland, there were now added 10,000 in the province of New Netherland, 1600 of whom were in New Amsterdam, making 110,000 in all the American colonies under England's sway, as compared with less than 15,000 whites in the whole of New France. And the stupid hostility to the Huguenots which was shown by the immediate successors of Henry IV, — the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth Louis, — which drove them out of old France and prevented them from settling in New France, closed that region to the one element of the French people who would have been glad to go there.

The centralized authority and the military or semi-military training and habits in the French settlements gave their people a readiness, a confidence, and a discipline which, in war, would ordinarily make one Frenchman count for two or three English or Dutch settlers; but this was offset by the greater compactness among the British colonies, and by their vast preponderance in numbers. Six years later, in 1670, Britain's advantage was strengthened when Charles II granted to Prince Rupert the charter which planted the Hudson's Bay Company in territory which was claimed by France, and thus raised up an enemy which many of the British of that day believed could be utilized to attack New France at an unguarded point. Moreover, England strengthened herself still further by immediately following the Dutch example in New Netherland and entering into an alliance with the Five Nations, which were to be the Six Nations from 1715 onward, when they were joined by their kindred people, the Tuscaroras, from North Carolina.

These distinctive qualities of the rival colonists — the military skill and dash of the French, and the English superiority in mass and in facilities for defense — were shown in the various wars in which they engaged between the annexation of

Holland's colonies and the expulsion of France a century later. They were especially marked in King William's War, which began when Louis XIV took up the cause of the exiled Stuart, James II, in 1689, and which ended with the peace of Ryswick in 1697.

The exploits of Iberville in that war, on land and sea, in which he took nearly all the stations of the Hudson's Bay Company, and several English posts on the Newfoundland coast, captured two or three British war vessels, and sunk others; and his foray southward from Quebec in which, at midnight in mid-winter, he destroyed Schenectady, killed many of its inhabitants, and carried others back to Canada, were remarkable for their audacity and success. This expedition was sent out by Count Frontenac, the governor of New France. Others equipped by him ravaged the frontiers of Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts, one of them, in 1697, capturing Haverhill, within 33 miles of Boston, and massacring most of its people. Frontenac himself, at 76 years of age, led a little army of Canadians, *coureurs de bois*, and Algonquins, against the Iroquois, and leveled some of their palisaded towns to the earth. This was the only severe blow ever dealt to the Confederation by the French.

Beyond the destruction of life and property, King William's War altered nothing in the colonies, and the War of the Spanish Succession of 1700-13, which Americans called Queen Anne's War, made but little change, except that the treaty of Utrecht, which ended the war, confirmed England's title to Hudson's Bay, and handed over Acadia, which ever since has been called Nova Scotia, to England.

France, however, now began that colonization of the Mississippi valley which La Salle projected. Iberville in 1699 started a colony at Biloxi Bay, which was reinforced by a settlement at Mobile in 1711, by the founding of New Orleans in 1718 by Bienville, Iberville's

younger brother, and by posts on the Mississippi, Arkansas, Ohio, Illinois, and other streams later on. The work was but slightly interrupted by Maria Theresa's War of the Austrian Succession (King George's War, as British colonists styled it), which, starting in 1741, was ended by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748.

The ink was hardly dry on that compact when Céléron de Bienville, under orders from the Count of Galissonnière, Louis XV's and Mme. de Pompadour's governor of New France, left Montreal with a party of soldiers, *coueurs de bois* and Indians, all in canoes, to explore the Ohio Valley, to learn the temper of the Indians, to bury at strategic points lead plates asserting that the whole region belonged to France, and to drive the British traders out. On his circuit Bienville pushed southward through western Pennsylvania, then westward and northward through Ohio. In 1753, by direction of the Marquis Duquesne, the new governor at Quebec, the French began to fortify Bienville's route, the object being to confine the British between the Alleghenies and the Atlantic. They built a fort at Presque Isle, now Erie, Pennsylvania, cut a road through the woods to French Creek, a tributary of the Allegheny, where, at the site of the present village of Waterford, Pennsylvania, they erected Fort Le Bœuf, and then proceeded to the junction of that stream with the Allegheny, where they put up Fort Venango, on the spot where Franklin now stands; the purpose being to push ahead and fortify the "Forks of the Ohio," the key to the West, where Pittsburg was afterward built.

By discovery, supplemented by occupation, France claimed all the Mississippi watershed, from the Alleghenies to the Rocky Mountains. But as England had been calling the Ohio Valley her own; as, in their "sea-to-sea" charters, which theoretically covered everything to the Pacific, Virginia, Pennsylvania, and several other colonies claimed

a proprietorship in it; as some British traders were already there; as many prospectors and settlers were planning to enter it; and as Virginia was determined to take possession of it, even at the risk of a war against New France, events undreamed of at the moment by the courts of London and Versailles were shaping themselves to precipitate the irrepressible conflict.

France had the great highways of the continent — the St. Lawrence and its tributaries, the lakes, and the Mississippi and its affluents. But along that fatally thin line of 3500 miles from Quebec to Detroit and Sault Ste. Marie, and between these points and New Orleans, there were only 80,000 whites at the time the conflict began in 1754, while in the English settlements extending 1200 miles along the Atlantic coast there were 1,500,000 whites and a few thousand negroes.

V

Sunset on December 11, 1753, saw two white men, attended by several whites and Indians, ride on horseback up to the palisaded Fort Le Bœuf. The gate of the post was thrown open to them, and they were greeted pleasantly by its officers. The older of the two men who rode ahead was Christopher Gist, a backwoodsman and guide whose name figures prominently in the annals of the Ohio Valley. The other man, then twenty-one years of age, and the commander of the party, whom history now meets for the first time, was adjutant-general of the Virginia militia. His name was George Washington.

Washington handed to St. Pierre, the commander of the post, a note from Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia, asking by whose authority he invaded the territory of the King of Great Britain, and warning him to depart immediately. Washington carried back St. Pierre's answer, which was that he would refer Dinwiddie's letter to the Marquis Duquesne, and that in the mean time he

would hold his post. This response, politely but firmly given, meant war, as St. Pierre intended, as Washington knew, and as Dinwiddie realized when Washington, after traversing the 600 miles of wilderness, beset by hostile Indians, blizzards, and streams of floating ice, reached him at Williamsburg on January 16, 1754.

The first blow was struck three months later, when a party of Virginians under Colonel Trent, sent out by Dinwiddie to fortify the Forks of the Ohio, were captured there by a large force of French under Contrecoeur on April 17. Contrecoeur built a larger fort at that spot, which he named Fort Duquesne. Washington, with a regiment of Virginia militia, hastening to reinforce Trent, reached Great Meadows, on the Youghiogheny, on May 26, where he built Fort Necessity. Setting out toward Fort Duquesne, he came upon a party of French two days later, killed or captured all of them except one, — their leader, Jumonville, being among the slain, — and kept on his course; but learning that Contrecoeur, with a much bigger force, was advancing to attack him, he fell back to Fort Necessity. There, assailed by French and Indians, after a gallant resistance, he surrendered on July 4, 1754, and was allowed to march out with war's customary honors.

"What a mixture of political interests are here with us that a cannon-shot fired in America should give the signal that sets Europe in a blaze!" exclaimed Voltaire. Washington's shot on the Youghiogheny on May 28, 1754, was heard round the world. There the first blood was shed in the conflict, called in America the French and Indian War, which compelled France and England to send troops over to aid their respective colonists, and precipitated the Seven Years' War, starting in 1756, which involved every great nation in Europe, which raged from the Ohio and the St. Lawrence to the Rhine, and from the Rhine to the Ganges, and which, from the Alleghanies to the Car-

pathians, and from the Carpathians to the Himalayas, altered the world's map.

"The Pompadour has set up a dynasty of the petticoat in France, and now she wants to make the petticoat rule Europe," said Frederick the Great derisively, referring to her vanity, which was then being flattered by letters from Maria Theresa of Austria and Elizabeth of Russia. Stung by this taunt, the Pompadour forced Louis XV into the fatal alliance with Austria against Frederick, which sent French soldiers to fight battles beyond the Rhine in which France had no concern, and prevented them from going to America, where France, as a colonial power, was battling for her life. This drain told decisively against French arms in New France and Louisiana. Among the few soldiers whom Louis sent over, however, was the Marquis of Montcalm, one of the most daring and skillful commanders of his age; but when the crisis came which ended New France's career, he was fatally impeded by the jealousy of the Marquis of Vaudreuil, the governor of New France.

On Washington's retreat from Great Meadows, no flag waved over a foot of ground between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains except the flag of France. In the war here which began with Washington's battle there were many men on the British side who figured prominently in the war of American independence: Gage, who commanded the British at Bunker Hill; Gates, who captured Burgoyne at Saratoga, and thus brought about Louis XVI's alliance with the colonists; Putnam, Stark, Rogers the Ranger, Daniel Morgan, and many others. In his campaign of 1754 which culminated at Fort Necessity, in Braddock's disastrous demonstration against Fort Duquesne in 1755, and in Forbes's capture of that post in 1758, Washington was gaining the military experience which he was to turn to decisive account in the war of which that conflict was to be the prelude.

Under the direction of the Duke of Newcastle and his ministry of incapables,

disaster for several years marked the fortunes of England and her colonists in the French and Indian War. Then came Pitt to the head of the ministry, and with him Louisburg, Fort Duquesne, Ticonderoga, Crown Point, Quebec, Montreal, and victory. The Plains of Abraham, at Quebec, in 1759, where Wolfe the victor and Montcalm the vanquished died together, decided Canada's fate.

Soon afterward, exhaustion seized all the combatants in Europe. On February 10, 1763, England and France signed a treaty of peace in Paris by which France surrendered to England all her territory in Canada and east of the Mississippi except the New Orleans district. By a secret treaty with her ally, Spain, at Fontainebleau, on November 3, 1762, France, as compensation for Spain's losses in the war, ceded to Spain all the French territory west of the Mississippi, and the New Orleans district. France's flag vanished from North America except on two little islands in Canadian waters and a few in the Caribbean.

"So we are driven out of America! Well, it will be England's turn next." These were the words of the Duke of Choiseul, Louis XV's prime minister, as he placed his signature to the evacuation treaty.

"England will repent of having removed the only check which could keep her colonies in awe. They stand no longer in need of her protection. She will call on them to contribute toward supporting

the burdens which they helped to bring on her, and they will answer by striking off all dependence." This was the prediction of the Count of Vergennes, then Louis XV's minister at Constantinople, when the news of the evacuation treaty reached him.

In 1778, just after Gates's capture of Burgoyne at Saratoga, Vergennes, then Louis XVI's foreign minister, induced Louis, despite the opposition of Marie Antoinette and Maurepas, his chief minister of state, to come to the aid of the Americans, and he drew Charles III of Spain also into the alliance. Thus, by prevailing on Louis XVI to avenge on England the disasters which England had visited on Louis XV, Vergennes helped to transmute his prophecy of 1763 into the history which registered itself in the treaty of 1783, by which George III acknowledged the independence of the thirteen colonies.

After many obscure windings the rivulet of history which had its rise at the Lake of the Iroquois on that long ago July day broadened into a mighty stream at York River, in Virginia, a century and three-quarters later. The shot heard at the first Ticonderoga had its echo at Yorktown. In the story of America the Frenchmen who assisted in defeating the Mohawks in 1609 associate themselves with Rochambeau, Lafayette, and De Grasse, who aided in capturing Cornwallis in 1781. Champlain links his name with Washington's.

WANTED: AN AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE

BY A BRITISH MARINE OFFICER

At the present time, European statesmen, naval and military experts, merchants and ship-owners, in fact, all men interested in shipping matters, look at America with amazement. What is the cause of this amazement, and how does it concern America? If the American reader will take time to read through these lines, and go away to mark, learn, and inwardly digest, the cause of the amazement will not be far to seek; he will also have food for thought for a day or two.

In the early eighties, or even later than that perhaps, the Stars and Stripes could be seen flying at the peak of at least two American sailing ships in nearly every port of any consequence in the world, especially the eastern portion. American ships were then noted for their beautiful lines, tall masts, snow-white canvas, and above all for their general speed and record passages. Merchants in those days preferred shipping their cargoes in American bottoms to employing ships of any other nationality. Hard-case Yankee skippers and mates were as well known as their ships; in fact, for making smart passages, handling ships under any conditions, and for all-round sailing, they had no equals. The qualities which go toward making men sailors, they all possessed to a marked degree. A sailor who had served on board an American ship — for one voyage only — was always looked up to by his shipmates and was always reckoned as something out of the ordinary. His abilities were never questioned, nor need they have been; the fact of his having made a voyage in an American ship was a sufficient guarantee that the man knew his work.

At the time I mention, the only coun-

tries that possessed a merchant marine worth speaking about were England and America. Though the British flag predominated, American ships had quite a good share of the carrying trade; and it must be remembered that American exports at that time were small in comparison to British. But, as I have said before, in many cases American ships got the preference on account of their speed. Ships like the Dreadnought and Flying Cloud (both American built) were known and talked of by everybody in the shipping world. Perhaps it will come as a surprise to many to know that there are steamers at the present time carrying between two and three thousand passengers across the Atlantic which cannot beat the best day's runs of the ships mentioned. The Flying Cloud holds the world's record for the best day's run made by a sailing ship; that run being over three hundred and forty knots for a twenty-four-hour day.

That America led the way in the matter of building fast sailing ships and producing some of the finest seamen in the world thirty years ago, no one who knows anything about shipping matters will deny. The crews which manned these ships cannot, however, be considered altogether American, as they were composed in part of foreigners who preferred sailing under the Stars and Stripes because both wages and food were better than anything that could be obtained in their own ships.

So far, I have endeavored to show that thirty years ago America possessed some of the finest ships afloat, and the finest material for manning them in the world, and held second place — as far as numbers are concerned — among the mari-

time nations. What has been the cause of the disappearance of "Old Glory" from the ports of the world? Can it be that America cannot produce merchant seamen in this money-grabbing age? Hardly! But to show that the American merchant marine has ceased to exist, and to convince my readers that I speak the truth, I would like to give an experience of my own. Four months ago, while passing along the Liverpool docks on an electric train, I saw the Stars and Stripes flying at the peak of a sailing ship. This so tickled me that I broke my journey and walked back half a mile to get a closer look at the curiosity. Arriving at the dock, I found the ship to be the Home-ward Bound of San Francisco. On questioning the dockmaster as to the number of American ships he had berthed, in his position as dockmaster, he replied, "This is the first American ship I have berthed in my twelve years' experience on the docks."

For the last fifteen years I have knocked around all the corners of the earth in nearly every class of merchant vessel, and I can truthfully say that in all that time I could count on my two hands all the deep-water vessels I have seen flying the American flag. Bring the question nearer home! Ask any American harbor-, dock-, or pier-master of any of the principal ports on the Atlantic seaboard only, how often he handles foreign-going American merchant ships. I would wager that not one in ten has handled such ships for at least twelve years. Let any reader who doubts my statement take the trouble to walk along the piers of New York or Boston and see for himself how many deep-water (not coaster) ships he can find flying the American ensign; also with an American port of registry on their sterns. Excepting the three or four transatlantic passenger steamers, it is safe to say that he will not find one.

Let us go back again and see if there is an answer to the question I have asked: "What is the cause of the disappearance of 'Old Glory' from the ports of the

world?" The death-knell of American wooden ships and wooden-ship building was sounded when iron took the place of wood in ship construction. American iron and steel industries of thirty years ago were then too small and costly to entertain the idea of building iron ships; therefore, while America was plodding away with her wooden sailing ships, England was building small steamers of one thousand tons or more, registered tonnage; these soon dwarfed the puny efforts of British and American sailing ships. The speed of the new steamers was not so great as the speed of the best clipper ships on short distances, but in long passages they easily outstripped the average sailing ship. This process of substitution was not carried out in a year or two, but extended over a long period of years. Shippers, seeing at once that their cargoes could be carried to the markets on time at a cheaper rate and also with a minimum amount of risk, naturally preferred steam to sail. What effect had this on British and American sailing ships? It simply meant that they had to abandon their old profitable trades and open out new.

It is safe to say that, if American ship-owners had followed the example of the British, there would be such a thing as an American merchant marine to-day. But what did they do? Simply drew out of the trade with as good a grace as possible, and left it all to "John Bull;" the result of which has been that British sailing ships, though greatly reduced in numbers, can still show a margin of profit in the present day of steam. The most enterprising of British sailing-ship-owners, seeing that steamers had come to stay, rather than relinquish their established trades, strengthened their positions by substituting cargo steamers of small tonnage for sailing ships of large tonnage. The firms which adopted the substitution policy (White Star Line, for instance) hold the foremost place in the shipping world to-day.

As I have already pointed out, the iron

industry in America was too small and costly to allow of building iron ships. But why did not American ship-owners buy ships on the other side to carry on their trades? The reason is not far to seek! Some insane law makes it impossible for a ship whose keel was not laid down in America to fly the Stars and Stripes. What is the meaning of this law, and what good purpose has it served, or does it serve? Is it not "protection" carried beyond a common-sense limit? Suppose an American firm bought a vessel built in a British yard; let the crew be American also; what would the result be? In spite of the fact that it is American property cared for by American citizens, the ship could not fly the American ensign; could not carry cargo from Portland, Maine, on the Atlantic coast, to Seattle, on the Pacific, a distance, roughly speaking, of about fifteen thousand miles. No; the ship would meet with the same treatment and would have the same restrictions placed upon it as any foreign ship. Is this not absurd? Is it not one of the chief causes of the disappearance of the American merchant marine? Unconsciously, the American government is giving to foreign ship-owners a veritable gold mine, and one which it will take years and years to get back again. As American exports increased year by year, — until they reached the enormous proportions of to-day, — so did her merchant marine grow smaller and smaller until it vanished altogether.

I began this article by stating that European statesmen and other foreign experts look at America with amazement. Can they do anything else when they see a country with the biggest coast-line in the world, with some of the finest sea-ports, harbors, and rivers in the world, a country which exports millions of bushels of wheat, millions of gallons of oil, millions of feet of lumber, and bales of cotton, not to speak of manufactured articles, — for which she has a good share of the world's markets, — yet, with all these exports, valued at billions of

dollars, not possessing twenty deep-water ships of her own, worthy of the name, to carry her produce over the seas?

Let us continue; there is much more to consider! Where does the American boast of "always being ahead of the times" come in? How can America be ahead of the times when, although she boasts that she can make steel rails in Pittsburg, ship them across to England, pay railway and steamer freights on them, and still put them on the English markets cheaper than English rails can be put on, yet she cannot make steel plates for ships to be built at home at a cheaper rate than that at which a foreign-built ship could be bought?

Let us look at the obstacles that seem to be in the way of a merchant marine. Many claim that cost of building and running ships, want of government aid, and strong rivalry, are the chief obstacles. Let us take the questions of building and running together, and see if they have not their compensations as well as their drawbacks. If American iron-masters can sell their rails so cheaply to foreigners, surely it is possible for them to sell plates at a cheaper rate than foreigners can buy them at. Would this not compensate for dearer labor? Would not the amount saved in buying plates exceed the amount British or German ship-builders would be to the good on their labor bills? Is the difference between American and British or German shipwrights' wages so great? I am afraid not! I am afraid it is not a question of ship-building at present, but more likely a question of ship-building yards. With the exception of Cramps, America has hardly a private ship-building yard of any consequence. Before ship-building yards can come into existence, the desire for a merchant marine must be felt throughout the whole length and breadth of the land; and not, as it is at present, merely by a few public-spirited, patriotic citizens.

American writers and politicians invariably make use of the statement that, "British and German ships receive state

aid in the way of grants and subsidies." This is pure nonsense! With the exception of one or two of the big mail companies—which receive money grants because some of their best ships are subsidized cruisers, and also for carrying the mails—the great majority of vessels depend entirely upon the energies and enterprise of the owners. These owners have to study economy until it has really developed into a fine art with them. They have to use their wits to the best of their ability to make both ends meet; their unaided efforts are the cause of their rise or fall.

When one reads of Senator So-and-So asking Congress to grant shipping subsidies to encourage shipping, does it not seem like asking for "pap" to feed a grown-up man on? Why should Congress be asked to subsidize merchant ships any more than railways? Both are private enterprises, are they not? Is there any difference (looking at it from a business point of view) between owning a fleet of steamers and owning a railway? Certainly not! State aid if granted to one should be granted to the other. Will a private enterprise that needs coddling by the government be able to compete with the nations now in the field? Does not coddling suggest timidity and weakness? Cannot American business men bring into play the brains, dash, and ability that have made America what it is to-day? Take the case of France. Her ships up to a year or so ago were paid so much per mile traveled. Have her merchant ships increased or decreased? Statistics declare a decrease! The French merchant service is away astern of Britain's and Germany's, whose ships are not state-aided. But leaving this question for the moment, let us look into the question of running expenses.

In the old days, all sailors knew that, though they would be worked like dogs and treated as humans without souls on board American ships, they would get better pay and food than could be obtained in ships of any other nationality.

The food served to the sailors (not officers) was of better quality, and better cooked, than that served to officers on British ships. There was as much difference in the food of the ships of the two nations as there is at present between a first-class New York hotel and a ten-cent boarding-house on the Bowery. The question of wages is different from that of food. Cost of living ashore, also cost of labor, must be taken into consideration, so that the higher wages paid to seamen serving in American ships are not what they seem to be at first sight. Yet we cannot lose sight of the fact that higher wages, better food, also the higher cost of the necessary materials for the safe running of a ship, will make a big difference in the annual profits between an American and a cheaper-run British ship. The total yearly running expenses would probably be about half as much again in the American's case. These expenses would have to be met by a ship receiving the same remuneration for freight carried the same distance that a cheaper-run British or German ship would receive. But we must leave this question (or objection) also for the time being, and look into the next.

We now come to the last objection, namely, "strong rivalry." In the carrying of her own produce, not to speak of that of the world, from country to country, America has to face three strong rivals: Britain and Germany on the Atlantic, and Japan in addition on the Pacific. European minds have given up trying to understand why America allows her produce, etc., to be carried all over the world in foreign bottoms. "Does trade follow the flag?" is a question that has been answered by Britain and Germany long ago. They are both convinced that it certainly does. America has not asked herself the question yet.

At the present time America is represented abroad chiefly by consuls and missionaries. Gone are the business houses and banks that could be seen all over the Eastern world thirty years ago—also

in South America. What is the cause of this? Has American commerce increased or decreased? The last question needs no answer. "*The disappearance of the American merchant marine is the cause!*" Let the Stars and Stripes be seen flying at the peaks of ships again in the ports that once knew them, commercial houses and banks will soon spring into existence again. Does it not seem ridiculous that "American goods are placed on foreign markets by foreigners"? Is it not natural for these foreigners to push their own country's wares to the best advantage, and give them first place on the markets before considering American goods? Certainly it is! "Blood is thicker than water."

To the question of state aid, cost of building and running ships, etc., there is only one answer, and that is, "Trade does follow the flag." Why should America fear Britain and Germany on the Atlantic, and Japan in addition on the Pacific? Does she not produce, manufacture, and send all over the world the goods which called into existence a great part of the foreign ships which crowd her harbors? Has she anything to fear from her rivals? Let us look carefully into the last question. Suppose an American merchant marine of a size sufficient to carry her own exports alone sprang into existence; it would be no mean thing and would have to be reckoned with by the other maritime nations. It would also be of sufficient magnitude to act as a feeder to the American navy, and would be able to transport the army over the seas to American colonial possessions.

Would not American ships get the preference with American goods? Would not foreign ships have to go away empty from America while American ships would have cargoes right up to the hatch-combings? A ship to pay must have cargo. While foreign ships would be searching round for cargoes, and at the same time increasing expenses, — with nothing coming in to meet them, — American ships — sailing from America

at least — would be making money, while foreign ships would be sinking it. This in itself would wipe clean off the slate nearly all the objections that are raised at present against possessing a merchant marine.

So far I have spoken only of cargo ships. What about the thousands of emigrants who come to the United States in one year alone? What about the thousands of Americans who "do Europe"? Does any of the passage money paid by these people go into American coffers? A little, not much! Out of about one hundred passenger steamers crossing the Atlantic throughout the year, America can claim about four only; and they are hardly up to date in the matter of creature comforts, and so forth, though their speed is fairly good. Surely numberless Americans must have read of the frequent squabbles which have taken place between the British and German passenger lines. Are Americans ever taken into consideration in these squabbles? Certainly not! They simply dance to the tune played by the foreign pipers.

At the present time the manager of the leading German line is trying to bring about another conference between all the leading European passenger lines, to arrange what and how many steamers they shall send across to America weekly. His scheme is to arrange if possible that a firm shall have an equal share of the trade and profits; and also to arrange, if possible, that American passengers — unknown to themselves — shall contribute toward a fund which will recompense the lines for the breaking up of obsolete ships. This sinking fund — as we might call it — is to be made up by the interested firms contributing \$5 for every first-class passenger carried, and \$1.25 for every second-class passenger. Should this scheme be carried out, it will simply mean that the price of a passage will go up accordingly. I fancy I hear some one say, "Gee whiz! Reach down that blessed Monroe Doctrine and read it over again!"

What a sight it is to see European business men openly discussing their methods and profits at America's expense! Does it not look as though Europe owned America? My present position is that of second officer on a Liverpool liner. In that capacity I have carried thousands of American passengers and thousands of tons of American produce across the Atlantic. In fact, through being in such close touch with things American for the past five years, I have been accused of being more American than British in my sympathies. But no, that can never be! I am British to the backbone, and British I shall remain to the end; I am simply an admirer of certain American men and institutions, and would like to see "Old Glory" flying around the world at the peaks of ships a little more than at present.

So far I have said very little about the Pacific. Let us take a look out there and see what is doing. The trade between the United States and Chile and Peru need not be mentioned, as it is too small to bother about. The American trade with Australia, New Zealand, China, and Japan is of great value at the present time, and would probably increase fourfold if carried on by American ships. What has become of the Oceanic Line that sailed from 'Frisco? Gone! Why? Crowded out and not enough backing! It was too small to stand alone. Even this line showed that "*Trade followed the flag*," because the exports from the United States to Australasia increased from about \$12,000,000 to \$28,000,000 in eight years. Surely if Japan can enter the arena as late as she did, and still make her merchant ships pay, America can do likewise.

Up to the present I have dealt only with merchant ships as they affect commerce. I shall now endeavor to show that it is not only a commercial question, but a national one also; and one that America must answer very soon if she intends to hold her place among nations, as well as to hang on to her over-sea possessions. My

statement at the beginning of this article, "that naval and military experts look at America with amazement," also requires an answer. Why are European naval and military experts amazed? Is the American navy or army to be sneered at? Are American sailors or soldiers not as good as European? Are American battleships inferior to those belonging to Britain, France, or Germany? These questions cannot be answered collectively, but must be discussed separately, each on its own merits. As this article deals with shipping matters as they affect America, let us take the question of the navy first.

"Are American battleships inferior to those of any other naval power?" In the matter of ships and guns, certainly not! The "White Navy" of America will compare favorably with that of any country. But does a navy consist of ships and guns alone? What use are they without the men to handle them? None at all! In fact, it would be better to be without battleships, if they cannot be manned to full strength; they only give one a feeling of false security.

Every American naval officer could, if he would, bear out my statement when I say that nearly every battleship and cruiser in the American navy is undermanned by recruits; that nearly every ship is simply nothing more than a training ship; that many of the second-class vessels have nothing more than skeleton crews aboard; that to put a new first-class battleship in commission means stripping at least two second-class ships of all their best men. They could also admit that American men-o'-warships to a great extent come from inland states, and after serving their commissions go back inland again and seldom, if ever, join for a second term. Personally I have met with the naval men of nearly every country under the sun, and I must honestly confess that to my mind American men-o'-warships — so far as seamanlike appearance goes — cannot compare with those of any other nationality; they are what they

seem, "landsmen dressed up in sailor's clothes."

The cruise around the world of the American fleet will do more good toward strengthening the American navy than ten years of harbor or coast work. Hanging around home coasts and ports is bound to weaken the service; more foreign work would go a long way toward making American naval men what they should be; they are simply pampered and cracked up too much. One would think they are all heroes simply because they happen to wear a sailor's uniform. Take less notice of them and let them go about their work without so much flag-waving. Then they might enter into the spirit of their work without the hope of such trashy nonsense as they are treated to to-day.

America's small naval skirmish with the Spanish was about as much as she could stand up to at that time. Every available man was in the first firing line; and had there been a single defeat which required the manning of a reserve squadron, it would have been impossible for her to find either officers or men. Had America been fighting a European naval power of any consequence instead of Spain, her navy would have been completely wiped out. Why? "Simply because she would not have been able to make up the losses among the men which a hard-fought action would entail; while her enemy could have replaced hers two or three times over."

What held one hundred years ago, will not hold to-day. In the old days of wooden ships and guns of simple mechanism, it was possible for a man to be of some use aboard a ship within three months. America then had plenty of sailors to lay her hands on; to-day she cannot do this. Instead of sails and muzzle-loaders, we have at the present time steam, electricity, and highly scientific mechanism of guns and torpedoes to deal with. To acquire even a working knowledge of these, long training is necessary, not to speak of the great expense. The few untrained mer-

chant seamen that America possesses to-day cannot ship on board a modern battleship and handle her as the sailors of old could their ships.

Let us speak of the Spanish war again. Is it not true that the American transport service engaged in carrying troops a few hundred miles to Cuba was a disgrace to the Stars and Stripes? Is it not true that the troops were marched on board ships that were badly ventilated, that were not in a sanitary state, and in some cases were unseaworthy? Were they not packed in ships like herring in a barrel, without proper sleeping accommodation, and without the means of having their food cooked properly? Is it not true also that the number of ships engaged was too small to supply the army and navy with the foodstuffs and materials necessary to carry on a war successfully? All this scandal with the home country not five hundred miles distant! The Spaniards were beaten simply through their own weakness and corruption, and by the bull-dog grit shown by the American soldiers and sailors; not by the foresight of those in authority, whose business it was to see that the transport service was adequate for the purpose intended.

Almost at the same time that America was struggling with the transportation of her few troops, the poor slow Britishers were carrying 250,000 troops to South Africa, from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and India, without a hitch; and to a country at least six times farther away from the home country. If my American reader is not too thick-headed, he will now see by what I have been saying that America has a navy half manned by shore men, with no reserve to fall back on in time of war; and an army without the means of transporting it to any of her foreign possessions in numbers sufficient to fight an enemy like Japan. Her colonies could be taken by Japan without her being able to prevent it, simply because she has "no merchant marine to feed the army and navy with the necessary war materials at any

great distance from the home country." The American navy could not take the offensive, but must act on the defensive, simply because it lacks the vital support of a merchant marine. A navy and a merchant marine go together; one cannot live without the other in time of war, *and for the want of an American merchant marine, Japan, and not America, at the present time is "Mistress of the Pacific," from both a naval and a commercial point of view.*

How long is America going to allow herself to be placed second on the list by an Asiatic power? I cannot and will not believe that the American people — with so much Anglo-Saxon blood in their veins — will be content to play second fiddle to Asiatics much longer. What is the American navy for, as it stands to-day? To protect her coasts and commerce? Surely no foreign power would be mad enough to try to land troops on American soil at the present time. The only damage a foreign power could do to America would be to bombard a few unimportant places, the most important, I take it, being well fortified, and with guns that will carry as far as any naval guns. The navy cannot be used to protect her commerce because that is all carried by foreign ships flying their own flags. What is it to be used for, then? Nothing of importance! *Without an American merchant marine, the American navy is just an expensive toy!*

Let us look at the question of manning ships and see if there is a solution to it.

Can the spirit of adventure be said to be dead among the Americans of to-day? Has the mad rush after the "almighty dollar" killed it altogether? Hardly! Such men as Peary, the 'Frisco and New Bedford whalers, and the Gloucester fishermen are still common around America's shores; but they have no scope. There must be thousands of sons of Britishers and Scandinavians in America who have the "call of the sea" in their blood, and would take to it like a duck to water if they also had scope.

I have often wondered if America realizes that between Portland, Maine, and New York she has some of the finest sailors the world ever did, or ever will, produce; men who face death day in and day out, year in and year out, with a nonchalance that is simply astounding; good, worthy men who are a credit to themselves, and also to the country to which they belong. In fact, from a Britisher's point of view they are simply "magnificent;" every man-Jack of them is a hero. What does America do with these men? Why, simply nothing! They are left there to eke out a bare existence; they have no merchant ships to sail in; they cannot, if they wish to, carry the produce of their country over the seas to foreign climes. No, they must "fish, fish, fish." That is all that America requires of them at the present time. Has she forgotten, I wonder, "that it was the forefathers of these men who founded the American navy?" Has she also forgotten that the old Constitution was manned by such men as these? Yes, she has!

Would it not be better if, instead of brave Peary's trying to place the Stars and Stripes on the North Pole, — where nobody will ever see it, — these fishermen and whalers were given a chance to carry it over the seas to foreign shores? Sailing round the world in a well-found merchant ship is a much more salubrious employment than fishing off the Newfoundland or Nova Scotia coast in a northeast gale.

Let us look at England and see what she does with her merchant seamen.

Recruited from all ranks in her merchant service, a body of men, numbering thirty thousand at full strength, is incorporated in a force called the Royal Naval Reserve. These men undergo an annual training of one month on board a drill or guard-ship, and, to increase the annual retainer which is paid them, enlist in the navy proper for various short periods not exceeding six months in one year. The officers undergo three months' training in a gunnery and torpedo depot,

and put into practice what they have learned, on board a sea-going battleship, with the rank of acting lieutenant, for a period of one year. So popular is this Reserve that of late years the Admiralty have had to refuse thousands of applicants who wished to join, and select only the very best in the matter of physique and qualifications.

In addition to the Royal Naval Reserve, there is also another body of reserves called the Royal Fleet Reserve. The men in this last reserve are certainly much better (from a naval point of view) than the first men, on account of their having been in the navy proper for a period of at least five years; but, as merchant seamen, they do not come up to the standard of the Naval Reserve men. In addition to these two reserves, there is also the Royal Naval Volunteers; but as this force consists of land-lubbers chiefly, it is not worth considering.

The Royal Naval Reserve is recruited entirely from the merchant service, and includes officers, engineers, seamen, firemen, fishermen (Nova Scotia and Newfoundland included), and pilots. Cooperation between the British naval and merchant ships in the matter of signaling by "Morse and semaphore" also exists.

This brief description which I have given of the reserves is given simply to show that a merchant marine can be made use of by the naval authorities in peace as well as in war; and also to point out America's weakness in not having a merchant marine.

Up to the present I have dealt only with ships, men, and material. Now, suppose that America really intends having a merchant marine of her own, what effect would it have on her domestic trades? Ship-building yards, with their dependent trades, would spring into existence all along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Ports which at the present time eke out a bare living would increase in population and size. Such ports as San Diego, San Francisco, Astoria, Tacoma,

and Seattle, which all have splendid harbors, would not be content with exporting their grain, lumber, salmon, etc., in foreign ships, but would want ship-building yards of their own. All these cities are as important to the welfare of the United States as are New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, on the Atlantic seaboard; in fact they are the gateways to the Eastern world.

Before finishing this article, there is still one more point I wish to bring forward, and that is the American Hydrographic Department. I make bold to say that hardly one American citizen in a thousand understands the meaning of the word, or has ever heard of the institution. The debt of gratitude which nearly every navigator, foreign or American, owes to this institution can never be paid. Captains and officers of ocean liners know how much they are indebted to the officials who govern the department for the information relating to wrecks, derelicts, and icebergs, which are a constant source of danger to the thousands of passengers who cross the Atlantic. Many a weary watch in fog has lost its terrors simply because the positions of these dangers, almost up to date, are supplied (gratis) to every ship leaving American shores. Sailing-ship captains owe many a smart passage to the wind and current charts supplied (also gratis) to them by the Hydrographic Department. As far as practical benefit to seafarers is concerned, "the American Hydrographic Department is far and away ahead of that of any other nation," and is blessed by navigators of nearly every country under the sun.

In summing up, I should like to point out to my readers once again that America has the material for building ships; has the commerce to make the ships pay; has some of the finest material in the world for manning purposes, and also possesses the necessary scientific marine knowledge. What is wanted yet? Simply more public-spirited, patriotic men who understand the true mean-

ing of the word "patriotism!" Where is the boasted American patriotism one hears so much about? Does it consist only of waving the "star-spangled banner" upon the least provocation? Is there nothing behind it but the singing of "My Country 't is of Thee"? Is it of the Salvation Army order: all bands, big drums, and hideous noises; or has it a deeper meaning? The honest outspoken naval men and politicians who see America's weakness and are not

afraid to expose it are the true patriots, and understand the meaning of the word "patriotism" in its true sense. They are not satisfied with seeing the Stars and Stripes floating over buildings in America only; they know full well that there are too many of them there already. What they want to see is, "the Stars and Stripes carried all over the world by American merchant ships as it was thirty years ago," and with them in this matter there is at least one "durned Britisher."

A NORTH-WEST WIND

BY LUCY HUSTON STURDEVANT

THE house was in a hollow of the moors, out of sight of the sea. Out of the sound of it on the Island one cannot be, but the chirping of new-hatched chickens sounded louder in Mrs. Henderson's ears than the roar of the distant surf. She was a henwife by profession and predilection.

"And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in —"

she said. At least that was what she might have said. What she *did* say was, "Land! I'm gettin' just like one of my own hens."

She had been flying about distractedly all day, down the slope to her duck-pond, up again to her hencoops, back to the kitchen and out again, before her daughter-in-law, Susan, had time to get her tongue in commission, and say what she had come out from town to say that morning: She had been rocking and knitting and sighing in the kitchen for hours, and she was tired of it.

"Do set down, Mother Henderson, an' visit. Loren wants me —"

"What ails them ducks?"

"Nothin'. Look out of the door, an' you can see 'em. They're all right."

The ducks were swimming about in a little round pond at the foot of the slope. It was a "pot-hole" pond; the Great Glacier had made it unimaginable centuries before, under a vast and lonely sky, to the crashing of ice and the roaring of water. It did nicely for Mrs. Henderson's ducks. Around its borders was a belt of rushes and reeds, moor-plants, marsh-plants, water-plants, gold and purple and red in the late September sunlight. Now and then a duckling lost himself in their stems, and a terrific quacking ensued, and Mrs. Henderson flew to the rescue, to find him free by his own unassisted efforts, and all the ducks and geese talking about it interminably.

"I never did hold with geese," said Mother Henderson irrelevantly.

"There ain't nothin' the matter with the geese. Loren wants I should ask you —"

"What's he doin'?"

"He's been workin' on his engine. It ain't exactly runnin' right, an' scallopin' begins a Monday."

"He's pleased to have a power-boat, ain't he?"

"Well, I guess."

"Good season, wa'n't it?"

"Elegant. I never knowed no better August. Mother Henderson, Loren told me —"

"George Raynes hove out a bundle of papers yesterday. They get a good many to the Station. I was readin' a piece about them incubators; it don't seem to me I could relish a chicken that was raised that way. Seems's if they'd taste of the machine, someway."

"Mother Henderson, Loren says he don't want you should stay out here this winter. He says a farm out here on the Commons ain't no place for a lone woman. He wants you should come in an' live with us winters. He says you'll get sick."

"I wun't get sick."

"He says you'll get sick, and I think you'll get sick. We both of us think you'll get sick," said Susan, with damnable iteration. "You see if you don't get sick!"

"I wun't get sick," said Mrs. Henderson quite quietly, now that the contest was upon her. "I can't leave the farm. I got to keep the house open for Marian, in case she comes home to stay. I'm lookin' for her some this winter."

Susan looked at her dumbly. There were things she would have liked to say, but her husband, who had foreseen this complication, had forbidden her to say them. He did not believe, any more than Susan did, that Marian would ever come home again to live, but he refused to tell his mother so, or to allow Susan to tell her. He had given her careful instructions as to what she might and might not say to his mother, and he was sure to require from her a full account as to the manner in which she had fulfilled this duty; all the more that he had declined to undertake it himself. No one is so insistent on faithful work as a shirker.

"She'd have to come by the Boat, an' Loren meets it most every day. He'd tell her you wa'n't here."

"S'pose he did n't meet it!"

"I'd send the children every living day."

"Children's heedless. They might get to playin', an' miss her, an' if she come clear out here, an' did n't find me a-waitin' for her — 'twould be enough to make her leave the Island next mornin'."

Tears welled up in Susan's eyes and rolled down her pasty cheeks. "What'll I tell Loren? He'll be real mad. He'll think 't is my fault. He'll think I wa'n't convincin'."

Mrs. Henderson repressed a desire to send a fiery message to her absent son. "Tell him you done your best — and I wun't come. Put it on me. I ain't scared of him. I got to wait for Marian, Susan. Think if 't was one of your own little girls!"

Marian Henderson, her mother's only daughter and best loved child, had left the Island some years before, to seek her fortune and see the world, and the Island predicted such disaster as befalls pretty, penniless girls who take their own way. So far it had prophesied wrongly; Marian, on her infrequent visits to her mother, was too shabby, and too obviously ill-fed to be anything but "good." Sin prospers off-Island, and virtue goes to the wall; therefore this thin and threadbare girl who confronted them was no sinner — a failure, very likely, but a virtuous one.

"I guess I'll be goin', Mother Henderson," said Susan, glad to have her task accomplished.

"Good-by, Susan. Come again!"

"Goin' to Loren's fur the winter, I s'pose, Mis' Henderson," said George Raynes, Life-Saver and pessimist, one gray November day. He had to make a long reach to east'ard to fetch the lonely farm-house when he drove in town on his "liberty day," but he never failed to stop.

"No, George, I don't know as I be."

"Loren was tellin' me," said George with solicitude. "Lonesome fur ye out here, Mis' Henderson, ain't it?"

Mrs. Henderson clucked impatiently. Her friends wasted too much pity on her lonely state. "Land! George, I like it. Sittin' 'round with folks all day, an' hearin' 'em talk 's what makes me feel lonesome. 'Tain't livin' alone — it's folks — some folks! Dash here 's more company than most of 'em."

"He's a good dog, Dash."

"An' the light's company, too. I lay in bed nights an' watch it shine out across the Commons, an' die out, an' come bright again. 'T is like a friend."

"It's a good light. I like a flash. Some say give 'em revolvin' lights, an' there was a Cape man to the Station last week spoke up for fixed, but I'd always choose a flash."

"I'm lookin' fur Marian this winter. 'T will be nice for me," said Mrs. Henderson, giving him a sharp look. "I look for her to stay this time."

"'T will so be nice," said George gloomily. "Not much wind stirrin'. Looks like a week of fog — or two. More likely two. No more liberty days for us long 's that lasts."

"Mebbe 't won't come, George."

"I guess it will. Good-by, Mis' Henderson."

"Good-by, George. Come again."

George drove away with a shadow on his weather-beaten countenance. "She won't never come home to live no more. She don't care for the Island — no more than nothin'," he said bitterly.

He was a man with a sorrow; he had a good record in his profession, and had been concerned in rescues and the saving of lives, but his own happiness seemed to have struck on some hidden rock, and gone down.

He did not return to the highway, but kept to the moors, turning from one "rut" to another, choosing the right one unerringly out of a wilderness of such, keeping his direction as truly as if there had been a compass in the wagon and half a dozen landmarks outside. The moors are seamed with these wheel-tracks, which appear unaccountably out

of a hollow, or vanish over the brow of a hill, as if they had come out of the Infinite and would presently return there. They enhance, in some unexplainable way, the sense of space and solitude and sorrow that marks these treeless plains; by following them it seems one may find some priceless joy or limitless sorrow, or come suddenly upon some great adventure.

George Raynes, driving heavily along, had no such fancies; his eyes were hold-en against the color and the mystery that surrounded him; he thought bitter thoughts, contemplated broken dreams of a little house by the Station, that was not his but that might have been; of a headstrong girl who was not his, either, but who should have been, for he loved her. Suddenly the steeples of the town came in sight, its shattered wharves and its little harbor; a dusty road loomed up in front of him with teams on it — three, or maybe more; the drivers shouted to him; the world was upon him once more, and he set his face to meet it.

When wind is out, fog is in; if that has not been said, it should be. Mrs. Henderson, sitting at her kitchen window one windless Saturday afternoon, looked out on white mist and heard the reiterated warning of the distant light-ship, the answering hoots of the vessels in the Sound, and nearer, the clamorous whistle on the Boat, as Islanders call the little steamboat that links them with the mainland, feeling her way cautiously into the harbor.

"'T is dangerous weather for all at sea," she said. She was always anxious in a fog; it was in her blood, an inheritance from generations of wives and mothers gone before.

"I'm glad I keep my hearin'. I'd miss 'em if I could n't hear 'em. They're kind o' company."

The distant fog-horns were still roaring in the Sound, but the Boat was silent, which told an instructed ear that she was safe at her wharf, and that her passengers

had disembarked. Mrs. Henderson drew her chair closer to the window. Her house was not on the main road, but one of the ruts passed her kitchen door, and by it all her visitors came. She sighed to see the fog and darkness blot it out; that meant that another day was done.

Her old dog rose stiffly to his feet, and thrust his nose against her hand, as if he felt that she needed him.

"She won't come to-day, Dash."

Dash licked her hand, and whimpered.

A step sounded on the door-stone, and the latch lifted and fell again, but the door did not open.

"'T will be Forbes's," said Mrs. Henderson cheerily. "Good, kind neighbors they be."

She threw the door open; through it came a rush of fog, the salt wind, the sound of a gathering sea.

"Come in, folks!"

A girl came in quickly, and slammed the door behind her. "Well, mother!"

"Marian! 'T is n't you!"

The girl kissed her vehemently. "It's me sure enough. Come to spend Sunday with you. I'm cold and wet and hungry, mother. What are you going to do about it?"

"Set right up to the stove, dear. Put your feet up, so's they'll dry. I'll take your coat and hang it up for ye."

It was a shabby coat, worn white at the seams. Mrs. Henderson looked at it fondly; she did not distrust her daughter, but she feared the wickedness of an unknown world.

"Same old coat! I'm getting about ready to have some pretty clothes, the way other girls do."

"'T is a han'some coat, dear. 'T will do you nice for a long time yet."

Mrs. Henderson flew about her kitchen with noiseless steps; her hands were busy preparing food for her darling, her eyes sought her darling's face every moment.

"Your hair's all curled up with the fog!" she said, with an attempt at blame that her loving glance belied. "'T ain't

real smooth. Did you see your brother to the Boat, Marian?"

"I slipped by him in the fog. Then I met Mr. Forbes on the Main Street, just starting, and he brought me as far as the Gray Barn, and I walked the rest of the way."

"Meet any one?"

"Only gulls. There's no one else to meet out here."

"There's some Off-Islanders to town, shootin' round the ponds. You might of met some o' them; there's no tellin' what they're a-goin' to do. One of 'em shot one o' my ducks last week — but he paid me for it. 'T was a mistake, he said."

"The gulls were crying and going on like everything. Lots of them."

"They come inland in a fog. Folks says they're lost, but it don't seem likely to me. Wild things like them don't get lost. Seems to me they get scared in a fog, same's we do, an' like to come in where they can see the lights. My chickens an' ducks sense things that way. That old drake's been up to the kitchen door a dozen times to-day, 's if he wanted to see if there was any one here. I guess he knowed you was comin' — an' I did n't! Here's your supper ready, dear. Set where you be, an' I'll bring it to ye. Taste good?"

"Better than anything I've eaten since I was here last."

"That's a good hearin'. Now don't give it all to Dash. I'll have a good duck dinner to-morrow, an' on Monday —"

"I'm going back Monday."

Mrs. Henderson looked at her keenly. There was an indescribable look of lassitude and weariness about the girl's face; a sentinel who has been on guard too long and will presently fall asleep at his post and betray his trust might have such a look.

"I won't say a word to keep ye, dearie, if — if 't is what you pictured it to be off-Island. But if 't is a disappointment —"

"It's no disappointment," said the girl sullenly. "I like it. I'm going to

bed now, mother. We'll talk to-morrow."

"I'll just run out, an' see to my creatures, an' then I'll go too. Come, Dash!"

Dash followed slowly. He preferred the stove, but the night is full of evil, and the post of danger is the place for a faithful dog. The fog had lifted, and the stars overhead looked very bright and near; the Island had a curious feeling of isolation and detachment, as if it had slipped its earth-anchor, and was drifting out to sea, far and away from a dangerous coast.

Mrs. Henderson clasped her toil-worn hands together. "If the Lord would send a tempest, so't the Boat would n't go a-Monday, an' I'd have time to look about me! If He would!"

She uttered her prayer, if prayer it could be called, without much hope. It did not seem likely to this woman, who was bent with labor and sorrow, that the Lord in heaven would stoop down and listen, and send his winds to do her bidding. Care was near, and sin was near, and poverty, and weariness, but help was as far away as the stars in the sky.

"She looks — as if things was gettin' too hard for her — an' she wun't stay with me! Come, Dash! Stop barkin'! You an' me might as well go to bed."

A little wind came out of the northwest that night, blowing softly. By daylight it had grown into a big wind; by noon it was blowing half a gale, rattling everything that would rattle about the house, shaking everything that would shake, howling across the moors, lashing the sea into fury, making the whole Island into a place of torment.

"The Boat will never go to-morrow," said Marian, looking from the window.

"Think not?"

"I'm sure it won't. Don't you want me to stay over till Tuesday, mother?"

"I guess mebbe I do. An' I'll cook you up a nice chicken."

"It won't be any better than the duck was. Where are you going, mother?"

"Just steppin' over to Forbes's. I wun't be gone long. You don't need to come."

"Look out you don't blow away. What are you going for?"

"I got some little telephonin' to do. I wun't be long."

An hour later she fought her way back through the wind with Dash at her heels. The pair had a look of great contentment, also an air of guilt, like two unrepentant sinners.

"The wind's going down, is n't it?"

"T is pretty high still."

"How does the sea look?"

"All white caps as fur as you kin see."

"I guess I won't think about going to-morrow."

"Best not," said Mrs. Henderson, without too much enthusiasm. "An' I'll see about that chicken."

George Raynes drove up to the kitchen door the next morning and shouted Mrs. Henderson's name. She had telephoned him the afternoon before to be sure to stop on his way in town if the storm abated sufficiently for him to take his twenty-four hours off.

"Run out, an' see who 't is, dear," said that scheming woman within. "My hands is in the water. Shut the door, so's Dash won't get out. Some horses'll kick a dog."

Instead of a fine, worn face, with no beauty save what lines of self-restraint and kindness had graven upon it, George found himself confronted by a pretty young one, with no lines at all, but dimples, and a curly head that shone in the sun like gold. Being no physiognomist, but a mere man, he liked it better, and was weak enough to smile and call out, "Hello, Marian. I did n't know you was here."

"Would n't have cared, if you had known, I guess."

"Why, yes, I would," said honest George. "Yes, I would."

She had come out to the wagon, and was standing by the wheel. He was glad of that; it was easier to talk to her that way, easier to explain how he really did feel toward her, as a friend and well-

wisher, not as a lover, for it was a leading article in George's creed that a man must never "ask" a girl twice, that being subversive of his dignity and unworthy of his proper place in the universe. He knew exactly what he wanted to say to her. He had rehearsed it often in lonely midnight patrols along the beach, with only the stars and the tides to bear him company. He had his speeches by heart. Here was his chance — and he was dumb!

"What's the matter, George?" she said softly. "Why won't you talk to me?"

She did not look at him, but stood with downcast eyes, beating a tattoo on the wheel, first with one hand, then with the other. She had pretty hands, little and soft, with delicately tapering fingers.

"You'll get them pretty fingers of yourn muddy," some one said hoarsely. It could not have been George; perhaps it was his subliminal self that spoke.

The girl folded her hands submissively.

"Ain't it considered manners off-Island to look at folks when they talk to you?"

"No one has been talking to me, George."

She spoke so low that George had to lean down from the wagon to hear what she said. It did not occur to him to get out. Suddenly she raised her head and looked straight into his eyes.

"What's the matter, George?"

"What's always the matter?" said George brokenly.

"Well?"

"You're the only girl in the world, that's all. You won't never find any off-Island man to love you any better than I do. Would n't you have me — this time?"

"You did ask me before, did n't you?"

"Sure I did. Three years ago — just before you went away. You had n't no time for me. All you wanted was to get away."

The girl was silent. It was true; all she had wanted was to get away, to "seek her fortune," and "see the world" — fine

phrases, that had soon resolved themselves into a bare livelihood and the terrified perception of a relentless force that frightened and fascinated her, held and repelled in turn. When the terror grew too great, she took a hasty flight homeward, only to be drawn back again by the very charm of the danger — for she was but clay!

"I remember, George. I'm sorry I was so disagreeable to you."

The ease with which her little victory had been won took away from the pleasure of it. She drew back a little. She had half a mind to go into the house again. The turn of a hand would have decided her.

The curtain at Mrs. Henderson's kitchen window, a much washed, much darned rag of convention, moved a little, and an anxious old face peered out. Then the curtain dropped again, and hung in seemly folds.

George cleared his throat. "I've got some arrants to town," he said. "I guess I'll drive on."

"All right, I would."

George flushed a dark red. Was that the way she talked? He would go when he chose, and not before.

"You might tell your ma I'll stop by next week and see her. She'll be alone by then, I calculate."

"I'll tell her."

George cast an indignant glance at the curly head. When he was ready he would go — not one moment sooner.

"Wind dropped sudden, did n't it?"

"Yes, it did."

"That's the way with a nor'west wind," continued George, enchanted with his own fluency; "blows almighty hard, and then drops just as quick — as quick."

"You ought to know."

"What do you mean by that?" cried George, stung by something in her tone.

Marian flashed an indignant look at him. "You're nothing but a nor'west wind yourself," she broke out. Then she turned, and ran into the house.

George swore softly. Then he looked hard at the house, but the rag blocked his view.

"Damn them curtains! She was most cryin'. Mebbe she was mad, mebbe she — wa'n't."

He got down from the wagon slowly and took out of the back of it a weight to which a long strap was attached. This he hooked into the ring of the bridle. It took him an unconscionable time to do it and to find a suitable place on the ground for the weight. Then he collected stones and built a small retaining wall behind each wheel. It was unnecessary, but it took time, and time was what George wanted. Then he straightened himself to his full height, and turned towards the house. He had made up his mind.

"'T will make three times, but if 't was six — I'd do it," he said, and with his head well up, strode manfully into the house.

Susan came out two or three hours later. She had been given a lift as far as the Gray Barn, so she arrived full of breath, and words.

"Loren wanted I should come out an' see if there was anythin' doin'."

"Marian's here."

"They was sayin' so to town, Saturday. Some seen her when she come."

"There's goin' to be a weddin' in the family 'fore the year's out — guess who!" said Mrs. Henderson jubilantly.

"They're tellin' to town that George an' Marian's made it up," said Susan stolidly.

"Why, Susan Henderson! They have

n't knowed it themselves more'n a couple of hours."

"Mis' Forbes's garret window looks out this way — an' her sister's got a telephone," suggested Susan, "but I don't know. Loren wanted I should come out."

"Mebbe Loren'll come to the weddin'," said Mrs. Henderson, with deep sarcasm.

"I should n't wonder but he would. I'm calculatin' on George's drivin' me in town."

"I guess he will."

"Where is he now?"

"They're off drivin' somewheres."

Susan sighed. "They're happy."

"Yes, they be. I tell you, Susan, I believe in the Lord."

"Why, Mother Henderson! I've always believed in the Lord."

"You believed He knew about — the — winds — same's a seafarin' man would?" said little Mrs. Henderson humbly.

"Why, yes."

"You're a believin' woman, Susan, an' I — guess I wa'n't, but I be now. I — I be now!"

"You've got a realizin' sense of His mercy," explained Susan glibly. "Ain't that what you mean? I've always had it."

"That's just what I mean," said Mrs. Henderson reverently. "Them's the words I would have said, if I'd knowed them. An' now, Susan, if you'll just sit quiet here in the best rocker, I guess I'll slip out an' look at the hens. Come, Dash!"

SATURDAY NIGHT

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

THE lights of Saturday night beat golden, golden over the pillared street;
The long plate-glass of a Dream-World olden is as the footlights shining sweet.
Street-lamp — flambeau — glamour of trolley — comet-trail of the trains above,
Splash where the jostling crowds are jolly with echoing laughter and human love.

This is the City of the Enchanted, and these are her Enchanted People;
Far and far is Daylight, haunted with whistle of mill and bell of steeple.
The Eastern tenements loose the women, the Western flats release the wives
To touch, where all the ways are common, a glory to their sweated lives.

The leather of shoes in the brilliant casement sheds a lustre over the heart;
The high-heaped fruit in the flaring basement glows with the tints of Turner's art.
Darwin's dream and the eye of Spencer saw not such a gloried race
As here, in copper light intenser than desert sun, glides face by face.

This drab washwoman dazed and breathless, ray-chiseled in the golden stream,
Is a magic statue standing deathless—her tub and soap-suds touched with Dream.
Yea, in this people, glamour-sunnied, democracy wins heaven again;
Here the unlearned and the unmoneyed laugh in the lights of Lover's Lane!

O Dream-World lights that lift through the ether millions of miles to the Milky Way!
To-night Earth rolls through a golden weather that lights the Pleiades where they
play!

Yet . . . God? Does he lead these sons and daughters? Yea, do they feel with a
passion that stills,
God on the face of the moving waters, God in the quiet of the hills?

Yet . . . what if the million-mantled mountains, and what if the million-moving sea
Are here alone in façades and fountains—our deep stone-world of humanity—
We builders of cities and civilizations walled away from the sea and the sod
Must reach, dream-led, for our revelations through one another—as far as God.

Through one another—through one another—no more the gleam on sea or land
But so close that we see the Brother—and understand—and understand!
Till, drawn in swept crowd closer, closer, we see the gleam in the human clod,
And clerk and foreman, peddler and grocer, are in our Family of God!

MARMOLATA OF THE DOLOMITES

BY LUCY SCARBOROUGH CONANT

WHEN I was a child the sea was my desire and the horizon of its gray my magnet. What a mountain might be, I little knew or cared.

Later, I faced the Alps. For a short time my confused vision wandered confined over palisaded lakes and looked with intense loneliness over uninhabitable heights, lacking the vivifying mark of man's ploughing and kneading. Just once, however, the need of mankind, the suspicion of solitude, were forgotten. Far above the black Sacred Wood a trailing cloud wavered and recoiled. A flashing radiance, silver-smooth, lifted far within toward the sun. That, then, was why men climbed!

Then, for long, sea and inlet, marsh and the sound of waters claimed me, and filled all my memories of youth as the tides fill, silently, completely.

Years later, the gates of high Alps opened, and as I wandered over pasture and *col* came the silent power and influence of high places. After I had watched a faint white cone grow higher and rosier as we drew up the great terraces of valley moraines all day, had seen the writing of the past on worn rocks below crumpled glaciers, and had faced the slow pageant-tries of sunset and moon and morning across great plains and drifts and peaks of snow, then only came a haunting desire: it was to walk at peace on still paths beside the mountains' quietude, breathe the air drifting past their cool brows, and sleep where the pine made music.

Then I began to wonder. And most of all I wondered at the latent strength of a mountain range. The power of this array of chained giants terrified me. Not the demons of steam, nor the genii of electricity, so stirred me.

I remember once looking from chestnut-shaded terraces, deep in a vale, up broken precipices to the white edge that masked the vast unseen reservoir of a dozen glaciers. White and streaming torrents shot from the height. The June thunder of Bregaglia spoke of a fearful power that should cleanse and cool the gasping plain of Lombardy and lead the proud husbandmen to sing among ripening fields.

This unquestioning servitude of withdrawn high places, solace of an unknown humanity, endowed them with mentality. The hills were foreordained, predestined to be guard and savior. Even the wild ruin their burdened water-courses flung in spring, the waste of power, but ultimately led to that which was not evil. One only had to trust the far-off mountain, seeing whole cities and provinces refreshed, sustained, as by springs of plenty. The farmer planted and digged in accordance with the almanac of the waters. Districts never dreamed of by the passer on routes of men flourished remotely, renewed and graced by the bounty and splendor of streams. When the last rivulets died in July, and lovely sounds in valleys were stilled; when the great river shrunk to a coil of bluish silver, a mirage over the burning dazzle of white-hot sand, then, by the token, the passes were free of snow.

But already the vine was a garland of beauty, maize springing tall and silken, the market supplied. As locust and cicada sighed in heavy August heat, and leaves wilted while cattle lowed for water, the divide caught up vapors from the superb plain, massed them in white confusion.

Thus, after the work of the ground avalanche is done, that of the cloud continues. It gives its life back that the valley may drink. Then the unwearied mountain spins again the white aureole about her venerable head and, Mother of Abundance, sits above the herdsman and his rude pipe, broods over her bare downs and lightning-struck goat, her wizened Arolla pine and fairy flowers. Her great brow, scarred with the weariness of ages we barely can compute, faces the vale. Far down, they call her wiseacre, soothsayer. Still and terrible amid the uproar of boulders leaping down her glaciers, the whistling of her shrieking winds, she divides her gifts blindly, equably. For be it north or south, she quickens harvest and gives the boon of bread.

She rends clouds with thunder, cleaves by lightning, casts them out of her icy alembic, down, rattling down the steep. Then the hill peasant hears the roar and sees the bore of the waters, racing down the dry torrent bed, raiding village garth and field, rolling stones and muttering over them, a yellow coiling dragon. Branches, dead wood ripped from pine and alder, wisps of grass, refuse, such are its burdens. Long after the pass has finished with its heavenly chemistry, shining pale and uncertain in that light of gratitude the opening west sheds on it, the flood growls over pebble and boulder. Far off, the plain is to know that on the mountains there was rain.

On the water-shed least of all, may her gifts be known. There, on a day of beauty, sighting two kingdoms and the rivers deep below, flashing in summer channels, only cloud and dreaming sky and the top of the world are to be seen, all at gentle play. Never a trickling in the short coarse grass. But these lovely high moors, swept by an air of ice, danced on by shadowy clouds, hold little marshy pockets here and there. They are the mossy beginnings of such a stream as rushes under the old wooden bridge at Bassano and waters the plains of Veneto. From cleft and gorge, threads of water issue to join

drops trickling through moss and short grass. Wasting snow-banks, low-arched over black dripping earth, let through musical streams that whiten the hillsides below their dirt and soil. Every spring, every rill, carving the mountain, hurries by miniature gully and ravine to join that headstrong brook which shall rise in an hour when clouds burst on the mountain, carrying the very alp itself to raise the valley's level.

Such a pass is untired. Never far from frost, never forgetful of long snows, visited by summer hail, bitter tempests, she broods in short weeks of sun over her children, — fragile, passionate blossomings of intemperate sudden heats, white dervishes of butterflies, sturdy bees. Energy and vitality, immense, far-reaching, leap from the very marrow of this concentrated abundance.

After the long loneliness of winter, as the snow recedes, flowers follow. Every hollow first becomes a drift of blue or delicate purple. Heartsease, drifts of forget-me-nots, blue bubbles of great bells. The patines of yellow poppies shine against precipitous talus. Highest of all, rude crannies give soil for hardy *edelweiss*; on barren ledges, defiant, remote, starts the *edelraute*.

I have loved many a pass, — for outlook on broad glaciers, for ice tarns, for ragged peaks, for a homely inn. One is best loved. Deep in the Dolomites is the Sellajoch, where Sella guards the pass to the east with its walls and towers. Thence one sees the Marmolata.

You may mount the velvet moor sweeping to the ridge, and find the casque of Marmolata's hanging glacier shining out beyond you. You may drop beside the feeding sheep and watch soft summer clouds playing little fleeting layers of lilac shadow over the glacier, dimpling and clustering about the lazy mountain, lying in summer splendor above ravines and ferny streams and wide high pastures. The great *bergkraxler*, proud mountaineer, will pass, wreathed in manila and *crampons*, yet you, poor *jochvogel*,

bird of passage, are contented to breathe this air and face that glacier.

Coral islands or not, you often dream of atolls and the sea in these forever curious Dolomite regions. Surely here washed the wave. The mountain groups are islanded, concise, compact, isolated by clasping valleys. No melting each to other, no sliding of ridge to peak. From the Brenner line the careless traveler may get two or three glimpses of odd serrated reefs, like pen-drawings of Doré, walled in summer gardens by far lower cliffs and outposts. The south blows gently over pass and ridge, and Italy enters this enchanted sequence of cloisters. One range may simulate a vast secluded monastery, chapter-house, or bishop's chair; another may rise like domed choir or ruined chapel from a flower-tufted close.

Farther still within, this Marmolata of Italian Tyrol is guarded from vulgar gaze by jealous ranges. If you love her, you must seek. Not like the virgin Weiss-horn, glowing from miles away, nor Tödi, startling you from the clouds, nor that ranged splendor of Jungfrau and her court.

Once discovered, you long to see her from every side. Style in a mountain counts for more than brute size.

Marmolata, in lonely white, shines among the warm rock-pinnacles and grass alps. Her south side is horror of precipice. Her hanging glacier, the only one of like size in the Dolomites, faces the north. Edges of blue ice are shorn as clean as the lip of a conch-shell; wrinkled spaces of green, stains of dull rose, tint the modulated surface. This glacier, below the compact snows forming the mountain cap which stands free from surrounding higher peaks (itself the highest in the country), receives but little waste or drain from the small ridges that rise above the ice. It is therefore bare of the grime and weathering of the larger glaciers.

Italy and Austria share the crest followed by Grohmann in 1864. He looked

down the sheer southern cliffs, now fitted with irons, from the Punta Penia (11,020 feet), but returned to Caprile by glacier and pass, leaving the conquest up and over to Michael Innerkofler, who died on Cristallo's ice. So died a certain Terza in 1804, one of the first to feel the magnetism of Marmolata — lost on her snows.

Italy and Austria divide the deep Fedaja — valley and pass at once — of chattering stream and green lake. Tyrol speaks a strange dialect where the mountain flings shadow in afternoon. It is a region of images. Punta Vernale — how wintry and bleak! The Ombretta Pass — a stony way of shadows. Marmolata suggests in her name a wall of marble in this green land or, when lit at sunset, brings up the name and color of the rosy "mandorlata" quarried above Verona, which deepens in the well-patted friendly lions by dim old church doors into the true tones of the porphyry Dolomites. The new Bindelweg, literally, the binding or connecting path of frontiers, runs at a height of seven thousand feet across the Fedaja grass alp facing the glacier.

We have so loved the Marmolata that the jealous gods have been kind to us. All the well-trodden ways of the Dolomites are left behind. From dust, noise, and the tourists' whip-snapping way, faint paths or mule-tracks lead up and away to larch-curtained alcoves. Beside the bee on the moor, or the cattle on the sixty-mile Seiser Alp, we have followed the click of bergstock, the pipe aroma of silent lusty Germans, into uplands where no dust lies on the poppy, and where hill folk are calm and kind. Over pasture and pass lies the good Tyrol.

Of all my memories of Marmolata, I hold fast three.

We had walked the Falzarego Pass to Andraz by wood-paths rosy with rhododendron. From the new road, built high along the hills, came that startling view of Civetta, amber across gulfs of air, rising from the tragic green waters of Alleghe, where a drowned village sleeps. To the right, rough shaggy hills above

the rushing Cordevole opened like Limoges doors of a reliquary. Marmolata, Madonna of Snows, in splendor of opal-tinted glacier, stood within.

We sat in silence where the forest ended, gnarled, terribly scarred in age. Down its precipitous darkness came a blind fagot-bearer, grandmother of all good witches, slowly following trails known since childhood. Tawny bent peasants of Buchenstein, quaint in high-waisted, gathered skirts, embroideries, and steep Welsh hats, passed smiling, — good-natured gnomes. Behind them the vast mountains ripened in the autumn of evening to the mellow bloom of fruit, long and slowly sunned.

A year later, one noon, we climbed from Wolkenstein, engaged a room at Sella-joch clubhouse, white as a nun's cell, piled with crimson feather-beds, and turned to the pass.

Stretched like skin, the brown yet greening moor was moulded over core of rock. Three gaunt groups of terrible pinnacles sat down on it to the right, Langkofel and the rest. To the left, Sella hid the Boé. The air was tingling bright. Sheep were cropping the small close flower that looks an orchid. We reached a hooded crucifix, that all the winds may shake, yet it stands; looked over and out. Marmolata returned the gaze. Her glacier took the sun. The desolate rock amphitheatre and scarred empty ravines of wild Contrinthal, the splendor of light and purple shadow playing about lower wood and warm headland gave Marmolata's white beauty distinction. I remember how Rodella's crag hung out over the fiord of Fassathal; how silver jodels dropped out of the sky

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where guides and men wrestled with rock chimneys and crannies in the Five Finger. All day, even after the three menacing rocks crouched there sent a shadow chill that we inhaled like ether, we watched bending clouds touch the glacier and fleet into the immense air with their light burden of freshness.

It is a serious thing to watch the earth at her renewal.

Later, following the Bindelweg, perhaps an old smuggler's trail, now a new club path, we climbed the Padon grass alp to its pass, looking from nearly eight thousand feet into the very heart of Marmolata glacier.

Not from the deep ravine do we know a mountain. Not from the long valley, where ice and water have long since bossed and scooped rock-folds; where we must plod and toil to near the crest, to get above worn-off angles, and face the up-thrown crag, its teeth set against ravaging winds that blow along the mountain wall.

That strong quiet elusiveness of a mountain draws our heart to it. Once at its altitude, we begin to share. Priest-like, through dazzling air and shining ice, it offers a nobler deliverance than the plain, gives clean youth to them that ask.

For this then, men climb! To the valley, harvest; to us, a heavenly wine.

Where great golden foxgloves nodded against a broad sky of untroubled blue, we turned to Marmolata last of all before going down into the cornfields. The mountain was grave. Like a Holy Grail, the glacier cup was upheld in a white light of noon.

And so we left it then, — that which we still must follow.

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS

II

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

AFTER several abortively offensive movements by each of the armies during the autumn of 1863, they went into winter quarters: Lee, with his army well in hand, on the south bank of the Rapidan; Meade, between the Rapidan and the Rappahannock. The former's headquarters were among some pines and cedars at the foot of Clarke's Mountain, his principal depot of supplies at Orange Court House. The latter's were on a knoll covered with tall young pines about a mile and a half northwest from Brandy Station. The bulk of the army of the Potomac was around Culpeper and Stevensburg; one corps, the 5th, under Warren after Hancock returned to duty, stretched northward along the Orange and Alexandria Railroad — at present the Southern — as far as Calverton. Our principal depot for supplies was at Brandy, where I passed the greater part of the winter in charge of the ordnance depot.

The town then consisted of only three or four houses, and is about midway between Culpeper on the south and the Rappahannock on the north. A good deal of military history of interest is connected with it; for in the rolling fields of the plantations about, Lee, just before setting out for Gettysburg, reviewed Stuart's cavalry, ten to twelve thousand strong. The dew was still on his great victory at Chancellorsville, won in the month before, and the review, according to all accounts, was a pageant, drawing people from far and near. Ladies, young and old, of Culpeper, Charlottesville, and more distant points in Virginia, were there, and around some of the horses' necks, and

hanging from the cantles of the saddles, and at the heads of the fluttering guidons, were bouquets and bunches of wild flowers which they had brought with them. They were proud, and justly so, of their sons, brothers, and lovers; and I really believe that the future of the Confederacy never looked so fair to them, or to those at its helm, as on that June day.

It will be remembered that in the deep mist of the morning following the review our cavalry crossed the Rappahannock and gave Stuart desperate battle right around Brandy; and it is a matter of history that it had its baptism on that field. For two years it had been a negligible quantity, and scorned by its enemy; but from then on to the end our cavalry met the enemy sternly, with increasing bravery and effectiveness. The battle lasted nearly all day and was very severe; Buford, Gregg, Custer, Merritt, Kilpatrick, and the lamented Davis, were all there. My tent at the station, pitched after dark and partly floored, I discovered later was over the grave of some one who had fallen in those repeated charges. I wandered over those same fields the other day: cattle and sheep were grazing up the slopes where the squadrons had marched in the June sunshine; killdeers with banded necks and bladed wings, turtle doves, meadow-larks, and serenely joyous little sparrows were flying and singing where the flags had fluttered and the bugles sounded.

In view of the fact that about all the supplies to meet the daily wants of the army, then consisting of a hundred thousand men, and between forty and fifty thousand animals, were sent to Brandy,

it is easy to imagine that it was a very busy place. Supplies came by rail from Washington and Alexandria. Those for the ordnance, hospital, and clothing departments were put under cover in temporary buildings, while forage, and unperishable quartermaster and commissary stores were racked up and covered by tarpaulins along the track and sidings. Some of the piles were immense, and from morning till night trains of army wagons were coming and going, or stood occupying all the open space around the station, waiting for their turn to load.

In the history of the Fifth Massachusetts is the following letter from one of the sergeants of the battery. It is dated April 30, 1864.

"The next battle will be a rouser! The rebels of Lee's army are all ready for us, and are said to be ninety thousand. They will give us a tough pull if my opinion amounts to anything.

"To-day I was up to Brandy Station. You can form no idea of the bustle and confusion at this depot when the army is getting ready to move. It looked to me as if a thousand or more wagons were waiting to load, and there were immense piles of ammunition and all kinds of Ordnance Stores, etc., etc., and piles of boxes of hard bread as high as two and three-story houses. It reminded me some of a wharf in New York with twelve or fifteen ships loading and unloading."

The trains were generally in charge of sergeants, but were often accompanied by the brigade and division officers in charge of special departments, so that those of us at the head of depots gained a wide acquaintance throughout the army. Frequently these officers staid with us for dinner; and as my fellow mess-mate was Dr. J. B. Brinton of Philadelphia, in charge of the medical supplies, and as doctors and surgeons, like certain aspiring lawyers, never cease to talk about their cases, I knew a good many surgeons well, and understood at least a part of their professional lingo.

The wagons were generally drawn by

four mules driven by negroes, who rode the nigh wheeler and managed the team by a jerk line to the nigh leader. In these days it may seem like a shiftless way to drive a team, but it worked well, and possibly because the darkies and the mules, through some medium or other, understood each other perfectly; at any rate, the drivers talked to their teams as if they comprehended every word said to them. And sometimes it was worth listening to, when the roads were bad and some of the wagons ahead of them were stuck in the mud. "Calline" (Caroline, the nigh leader), giving her an awakening jerk of the line, "stop dreamin' with dem y'ears of yourn." "Jer'miah" (Jeremiah, the off wheeler), "you'll think the insex is bit'n you if you don't put dem sholdahs agin dat collah." "Dan'l" (Daniel, the wheeler he is on), giving him a sharp dig in the ribs with his boot-heels, the road getting heavier every minute, "no foolin', you old hah-dened sinnah!" "Member, Mrs. N'nias" (Mrs. Ananias, off leader), reaching for her left hip with the tip of his black snake, "if dis yere wagon sticks in dat hole ahead o' you, you'll wish your down in dakh grave 'longside dat lie'n husband o' yourn." And, on reaching the worst place in the road, yelling "Yep! Yah!" loud enough to be heard half-way from Washington to Baltimore, every prophet and lady mule in the team knew what to expect if the wagon stuck, and generally the faithful creatures pulled it through.

In one of the teams of the ammunition trains that came to the depot, there was a little bay mule, the leader, that wore a small and sweetly tinkling sheep-bell. I stroked her silky nose and neck often and was always glad to see her. On the Mine Run campaign, one of the abortive campaigns referred to above, in December, 1863, while riding from Ely's Ford to Meade's headquarters at Robinson's Tavern on the Orange and Fredericksburg pike, a road which will be mentioned over and over again later, I overtook a long train. My progress by it was necessarily

slow, for it was a pitch-dark night and the road narrow and very bad. But when I got near the head of the train I heard the little tinkling bell, and soon was alongside the faithful creature tugging away to the front. It may seem ridiculous, but I felt I had met a friend, and rode by her side for quite a while. I do not remember seeing her again till the army was crossing the James near Fort Powhatan.

While I do not wish to encumber the narrative with a burden of figures, yet it may interest the reader to know that we had in the Army of the Potomac, the morning we set off on the great campaign, 4300 wagons and 835 ambulances. There were 34,981 artillery, cavalry, and ambulance horses, and 22,528 mules, making an aggregate of 57,419 animals. The strength of the Army of the Potomac was between ninety-nine and one hundred thousand men. Burnside, who caught up with us the second day of the Wilderness, brought with him about twenty thousand more.

My original telegraph book, now before me, shows that I called for and issued between April 4 and May 2, the day before we moved, in addition to equipments and supplies of all kinds for infantry, artillery and cavalry, 2,325,000 rounds of musket and pistol cartridges as a reserve for what was already on hand. When Sheridan returned from his Trevillian Raid and battle, we then had gone as far on our way toward Richmond as the White House, Mrs. Washington's attractive old home on the Pamunkey. At the mention of the memorable place, back comes the odor of mint being brewed in a julep, mint gathered in the famous war-stricken garden; and back come also the dust-covered soldiers removing the bodies of their gallant commanders, Porter and Morris, from ambulances, and bearing them aboard the boat for home. While at White House I ordered 88,600 rounds of pistol and carbine ammunition for Sheridan's command alone. When we reached City Point a few days later, the Wilderness,

Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor lay behind us; I called, on one requisition, for 5,863,000 rounds of infantry and 11,000 rounds of artillery ammunition, this 11,000 in addition to a like amount received at White House.

I should be untrue to my memory of Brandy if I did not record my high regard for my messmate through all that long winter of '63 and '64, Dr. J. B. Brinton, an assistant surgeon in the regular army. Transparency in minerals is rare, and always carries a suggestion of refinement; in the characters of men it is supreme, overtopping genius itself. It was Brinton's steady characteristic, and in all the long procession of friends that have blest my way through life I recall no one more humanly real, or who had more natural sweetness, or who cherished better ideals. Moreover, there was a fountain of joyousness about him, too. I fondly believe that the recording angel has but little in his book against either of us for those winter days and nights. For I know we passed them without envy, hatred, or malice toward any one in the world.

There was an incident in our life at Brandy, connected with Gettysburg, which possibly is worth relating. Batchelder, whose map of the battlefield of Gettysburg is authority, and whom we had fallen in with while we were there, asked to join our mess at Brandy when he came to the army to verify the positions of the various commands. One night we had just sat down to dinner when he entered our big hospital tent, quite tired. "Well," he announced, after taking his place at the table, "I have been down in the Second Corps to-day, and I believe I have discovered how Joshua made the sun stand still. I first went to — regiment and had the officers mark on the map the hour of their position at a certain point. Then I went to — regiment in the same brigade; they declared positively it was one or two hours earlier or later than that given by the other. So it went on, no two regiments or brigades agreeing, and if I hinted that some

of them must certainly be mistaken, they would set me down by saying, with severe dignity, 'We were there, Batchelder, and we ought to know, I guess;' and I made up my mind that it would take a day of at least twenty hours instead of thirteen at Gettysburg to satisfy their accounts. So when Joshua's captains got around him after the fight and they began to talk it over, the only way under the heavens that he could ever harmonize their statements was to make the sun stand still and give them all a chance." Any one who has ever tried to establish the exact position or hour when anything took place in an engagement will confirm Batchelder's experience; and possibly, if not too orthodox, accept his explanation of Joshua's feat.

My duties called me daily to Meade's headquarters; and when my chief was away on leave I took his place there permanently. Meade at this time was in his forty-ninth year, and his Gettysburg laurels were green. His face was spare and strong, of the Romanish type, its complexion velvety pallid. His blue eyes were prominent, coldly penetrating and underhung by sweeping lobes that were inclined to channel. His height was well above the average, and his mien that of a soldier, a man of the world, and a scholarly gentleman. He wore a full, but inconspicuous beard, and his originally deep chestnut, but now frosted hair, was soft and inclined to wave on good, easy terms with his conspicuous and speaking forehead. His manners were native and high-bred, but unfortunately they laid an air of restraint on all subordinates around him, the most serious defect in critical times that a good cause ever encounters in a commander. I doubt if the Army of the Potomac would ever have rallied around him had he been relieved and reappointed, as it did around McClellan. In social hours, when things were going well, no man in civil or military life would outshine him in genial spirits or contribution of easy and thoughtful suggestive speech.

He had, too, that marvelous instrument, a rich, cultivated voice. But nature had not been altogether partial: she had given him a most irritable temper. I have seen him so cross and ugly that no one dared to speak to him, — in fact, at such times his staff and everybody else at headquarters kept as clear of him as possible. As the campaign progressed, with its frightful carnage and disappointments, his temper grew fiercer — but, save Grant's, everybody's got on edge, and it was not to be wondered at. Notwithstanding, Meade was a fine, cultivated, and gallant gentleman, and as long as the victory of Gettysburg appeals to the people he will be remembered gratefully, and proudly too. In camp his military coat, sack in cut, was always open, displaying his well-ordered linen, vest, and necktie; when mounted, he wore a drooping army hat, yellow gauntlets, and rode a bald-faced horse with a fox-walk which kept all in a dog-trot to keep up with him, and on more than one occasion some one of the staff was heard to say, "Damn that horse of Meade's! I wish he would either go faster or slower."

Hancock, who commanded the Second Corps, was, like Hooker, a very handsome, striking-looking man; both looked and moved grandly, satisfying every atavistic ideal of chieftainship. He was symmetrically large, with chestnut hair and rather low forehead, but great authority was in his open face, which, when times were storming, became the mirror of his bold heart; "so that in battle, where his men could see him, as at Williamsburg and Gettysburg, he lifted them to the level of his impetuous valor. But when he was surrounded by woods and he could not see his enemy, as at Ream's Station and the Wilderness, he was restless and shorn of much of his effectiveness, very unlike the great commander he was as he rode up and down his lines, inspiring them with his electrical energy, until severely wounded, when Pickett was coming on." When he returned to duty I happened to be at Meade's headquarters. Some one

called out, "There's Hancock." He was just dismounting and Meade was coming out from his quarters, bare-headed and with illuminated face. I can hear his rich-toned voice saying, "I'm glad to see you again, Hancock," as he grasped the latter's outstretched hand with both of his. They had not seen each other since the great day.

Sedgwick, who commanded the Sixth Corps, was stocky, and was called, endearingly, Uncle John. No one served with him who did not love him. He had curling chestnut hair, was a bachelor, and spent lots of time playing solitaire. His whole manner breathed of gentleness and sweetness, and in his broad breast was a boy's heart. I saw him only a few hours before it ceased to beat at Spottsylvania.

Sheridan I saw much less of than of any of the other corps commanders, for he joined the army just before we moved and was generally detached. He was not of delicate fibre. His pictures are excellent, and preserve faithfully the animation of his face, with its large, glowing dark eyes. With his close army associates, I have no doubt he was companionable, and Lee's final overthrow is due in great measure to him. He had some of the hard mystery of greatness about him, and his name will last long.

Meade's chief of staff was Humphreys, and as so much of the success or failure of an army hangs on that position, a word about him will not be out of place. Moreover, his services were great as a corps commander, for after we got in front of Petersburg, Hancock, on account of his Gettysburg wound, had to give up command, and Meade assigned Humphreys to succeed him at the head of the famous Second Corps. He was a small, bow-legged man, with chopped-off, iron gray mustache; and when he lifted his army hat you saw a rather low forehead, and a shock of iron-gray hair. His blue-gray unconquerable eyes threw into his stern face the coldness of hammered steel. I never saw it lit up with joy but once, and

that was long after the war, as he met an old classmate at West Point on graduation day. Look at him well: you are gazing at a hero, one who has the austere charm of dignity and a well-stored mind. Like a knight of old, Humphreys led his brigade squarely up against the heights of Fredericksburg; and at Gettysburg on the second day he was only driven from the Emettsburg road salient after a most desperate defense, probably saving the line. He graduated in the class of 1831, Meade in that of 1835.

And now I come to two men on Meade's staff whose names appear and reappear in the history of the Army of the Potomac: General Seth Williams, who was the Adjutant-General, and General Henry J. Hunt, Chief of Artillery. To set them forth so that the reader would see them and know them as they were, would give me keen pleasure, for there never was a sweeter-tempered or kindlier heart than Williams's, or a braver one than Hunt's. Williams's hair was red, his face full, open and generous, and always lit up as if there were a harp playing in his breast. At Appomattox, when Lee was going through the trying ordeal of surrendering his army, the only one of all in the room whom he greeted with anything like cordiality was Williams; for all others his face wore its native dignity. Williams was from Maine, and had been Lee's adjutant at West Point when he was superintendent.

Hunt, the chief of artillery, whose complexion was about the color of an old drum-head, had rather dull black eyes, separated by a thin nose. His West Point classmates loved him, and called him "Cupid." He was lion-hearted, and had won brevet on brevet for gallant conduct. At Gettysburg it was Hunt, riding through the storm, who brought up the fresh batteries and put them into action at the critical moment of Pickett's charge. Both he and Williams have long since made their bed in the grave.

There is a great temptation to dwell on other members of the staff. On In-

galls, a classmate of Grant's, the chief quartermaster, a chunky, oracular-looking man who carried sedulously a wisp of long hair up over his otherwise balding head, and who, besides being the best quartermaster the war produced, could hold his own very well with the best poker players the old army or the new could show. On McParlin, the head of the medical department, Duane, the chief engineer, Michler, Wendell, and Theodore Lyman of Boston, of Meade's staff. All were my seniors, and their character and services I remember with veneration. Especially would I love to dwell on those who were about my own age, not one of us over twenty-five, mere boys as it were: Sanders, Bache, Bates, Cadwalader, Biddle, Pease, George Meade; with several of whom I passed many a happy hour. So far as our services or personalities had significance, we were like little feathery clouds fringing great ones as they bear steadily on. And, like them, we have melted away. The big clouds, on the other hand, that we accompanied, at more or less distance, with such light hearts, Grant and Meade, are lying richly banded low down across the glowing sunset sky of History. When I visited the knoll, a few weeks ago, where Meade had his headquarters, — it is now bare, clothed only in grass, with here and there an apple tree or a locust in bloom, that have taken the places of the young pines, — I thought of them all. It is needless to say that the scene from the old camp offered its contrasts. Where desolation had brooded, clover was blooming; in the fields where the bleaching bones of cattle, horses, and mules, had stippled the twilight, the plough was upturning the rich red earth with its sweet, fresh breath of promise. In short, the choral songs of Peace and Home had replaced the dirge which underlies the march of glory.

Grant had his headquarters in the Barbour house in Culpeper, now the site of the county jail. At this time he was in his forty-second year, having graduated at West Point in 1843. I am not vain

enough to think that anything I may say will add to the world's knowledge of him. Several of his aides, many friends and admirers, have all told us about him in a friendly way, and lit their lamps about him. Now and then, too, a predaceous critic has driven his beak into him, and yet the mystery of his being is unpenetrated.

When he came to the Army of the Potomac — I remember the day well — I never was more surprised in my life. I had expected to see quite another type of man: one of the chieftain type, favored with a commanding figure, flaunting the insignia of rank, and surveying the world with dominant, inveterate eyes and a certain detached military loftiness. But behold, what did I see? A medium-sized, mild, unobtrusive, inconspicuously dressed, modest and naturally silent man, with a low, gently vibrant voice and steady, thoughtful, softly blue eyes. Not a hint of self-consciousness, impatience, or restlessness, either of mind or body; on the contrary, the centre of a pervasive quiet which seemed to be conveyed to every one around him — even the orderlies all through the campaign were obviously at their ease. I often looked at Grant as I might have looked at any mystery, as day after day I saw him at his headquarters, especially after we had reached City Point, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor, with their frightful losses lying behind us.

There was nothing in his manner or his tone or his face that indicated that he had ever had anything to do with the victories of Fort Donaldson, Vicksburg, and Missionary Ridge, or that his unfinished task, so momentous for the country, troubled him. I felt, what all observers felt, that I was in the presence of a man built on a great plan. There was certainly something evoking about him; what of the earth, earthy, what of exceeding greatness, what dim constellation of virtues, were looking out of that imperturbable but sadly earnest face? At one time,

and not long before the period dealt with, lean Want had sat at his table. Few tried companions frequented his door or cheered his fireside then. The war comes on, the spirit of the age, as I believe, in the guise of Opportunity knocks at his door, and without powerful friends to back him, and with no social or political influence to clear the way for him, in less than four years, never courting advancement, never resenting malevolent criticism or ill treatment, tempted always, there he was aloft in the country's eye, the winner of its telling victories, a Lieutenant-General in command of all the armies of the North, and with the destiny of the Republic hanging on him! Has Genius ever shown her transcendency more masterfully?

It is needless for me to add that, marvelous as this career had been, the future was to unfold it rising far above the level of Wonder. If his antagonist Lee be the culmination of the gentleman and soldier of our land, and of all lands, Grant made the splendor of his background for him by putting into the hitherto hard face of war two humanizing features, magnanimity and modesty in the hour of Victory.

There was one man on Grant's staff whose name should not be forgotten; in fact, it ought to be carved on every monument erected to Grant, for it was through him, Colonel John F. Rawlins, his chief of staff, that Grant's good angel reached him her steadying and uplifting hand. He was above medium size, wore a long black beard, and talked in a loud emphatic voice. Sincerity and earnestness was the look of his face.

He had on his staff three of my West Point acquaintances, Comstock, Babcock and Porter. Comstock had been one of the instructors in mathematics; Babcock and Porter had been in the corps with me. Captain Hudson of his staff I have good reason for remembering. I was playing "seven-up," with him and the late Admiral Clitz of the navy, when my ordnance depot at City

Point was blown up by a torpedo. It was made in Richmond, and placed by a couple of daring Confederates clothed in our uniform on the deck of a barge loaded with artillery ammunition. Our innocent game was going on in the tent of Captain Mason, who commanded Grant's escort. First came the explosion of the depot, that shook the earth and was felt for miles, then a solid shot tore through the tent. I doubt if a game of cards ever came to an end quicker than that one. We fairly flew from the tent, and at once came under a shower of bursting shells and falling wreckage. One of the barge's old ribs, that must have weighed at least a ton, fell immediately in front of Clitz. Changing his course, he uttered only one remark, the first half of the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of the Holy Gospel of Saint John. Then, with eyes on the ground, and wondering, I suspect, what would come next, he passed at great speed right by Grant, who in his usually calm voice asked, "Where are you coming, Clitz?" The admiral hove to, and then streaked it for his war vessel, and we never finished the game.

The youngest and nearest my own age on Grant's staff was "Billy" Dunn, one of the best and truest friends I ever had. He had reddish hair and naturally smiling eyes, and died not long after the war. Peace, sweet peace be on the spot where the brave and sweet-hearted fellow lies!

The looming gravity of the situation North and South, which I have tried to depict, left no doubt, I think, what the coming campaign called for in the minds of Grant and Lee. Of Lee's plans we can rest assured, for a crushing defeat of Grant at the very outset of the campaign would drive him back across the Rapidan, stunned and helpless for months, as Burnside and Hooker had been left before him. Lee knew, and every observer of the times knew, that such a defeat would give to the Peace Party, on whom the last hope of the Confederacy hung,

immediate and bold encouragement. At once, "the War a failure" would be the political cry, and at the coming presidential election Lincoln's administration, pledged to the continuance of the War for the Union, would be swept away. In that case, leader and private in the Confederate Army knew that, once their milky-hearted friends got hold of the helm, under the cowardly cloak of humanity they would ask for an armistice. That granted, the goal would be reached and their weary, staggering Confederacy, weighted down with slavery, would be at rest. The children of the leaders of the Peace Party of the North are very fortunate that their fathers did not succeed, for where would their present pride of country be? The situation called on Lee for a victory; on Grant, on the other hand, for the complete destruction of Lee's army, for until then there could be no peace with safety and honor.

It does not seem necessary to discuss the military problem that confronted these two great Captains. The moves they made were determined primarily by the natural features of the country and the safety and facility of obtaining supplies.

As I have said, Grant's and Lee's armies were on the Orange and Alexandria, now the Southern, Railroad; the former between the Rapidan and the Rappahannock, the latter at Orange Court House and beyond. Each was about the same distance from his capital, whose capture meant in either case the end of the war. The Confederacy would have its place among nations if Lee took Washington, its death beyond resurrection if Grant took Richmond. Grant's headquarters at Culpeper were about sixty miles southwest from Washington; Lee's at Orange Court House, sixteen or eighteen miles farther south, were in the vicinity of seventy miles northwest from Richmond; in geometrical terms, the armies were at the apex of a flat isosceles triangle, its base a line running almost due north and south from

Washington to Richmond. Twenty odd miles to the west, beyond the camps of both armies, rose the incomparable Blue Ridge, whose azure sky-line, stars, sun and moon were arrayed in matchless splendor, lifting the hearts of the sentinels of both armies, I have no doubt, above the passions of war to a sense of adoration. Down from this beautiful range come the Rappahannock and the Rapidan, — rivers whose names we shall repeat so often, — which, after flowing through many an oak and chestnut wood and by many a smiling plantation, meet in the northern belt of the Wilderness, about twenty miles as the crow flies east of Culpeper, and nearly the same distance west of Fredericksburg.

These rivers, the Rappahannock somewhat the larger, hold many secrets of the struggle, for the armies camped on their banks again and again, crossed and re-crossed them, sometimes in victory, sometimes in dismal defeat. And now that I speak of them, I see them once more. Sunrise is breaking on them, and I hear their low musical tongues. The Rapidan is much the faster. The country through which they run, and the positions our corps occupied, can best be seen from the top of Mt. Poney, a wooded detached foothill of the Blue Ridge, that rises abruptly on the edge of Culpeper. We had a signal station on it. Looking north the railroad is seen bearing on southwestward from the Rappahannock, through an undulating farming section, that is green and lovely: first past Elkwood, then Brandy, and by one plantation after another, on into the old and attractive town of Culpeper. To the northeast, and four or five miles away, and about equidistant from Brandy and Culpeper, is a hamlet of a half-dozen age-worn houses called Stevensburg, sitting at the foot of a lonely bare hill that looks like a giant asleep. It is Colés or Lone Tree Hill, so called from a single tall primeval tree that spread its leafless limbs against the winter morning and evening skies. On and around this hill

were the camps of Hancock. Warren's Fifth Corps was at Culpeper and beyond; the Sixth, under the beloved Sedgwick, near Brandy and Welford's Ford on the Rappahannock, several miles northwest from Meade's headquarters. A short while before we moved, Sheridan assembled the second and third divisions of his cavalry near Stevensburg. Custer had his headquarters in the Barbour House, and Wilson at the old Grayson Manor, known as Salubria, where Jefferson on many an occasion was a guest. Stevensburg, like so many of the old dreaming country towns of Virginia, has proud memories of her distinguished sons.

From the northwest comes into the little village the road from Brandy, and from the southwest that from Culpeper; and a mighty pleasant one it is to follow in May, when the rolling fields on either hand are dotted with herds of grazing steers and the meadow larks are piping their clear, high skyey notes. Meade and his staff came down the road from Brandy, Warren with all the troops around Culpeper down the Culpeper road, when we set off for the Wilderness. At the village these roads enter the main one that was built in Washington's boyhood to connect Stevensburg and the upper settlements on the Rappahannock with Fredericksburg. This old highway is narrow, and its course from Stevensburg is almost due east, warping its way most of the time through sombre woods, woods with a natural deep silence, but flaming here and there with clumps of azaleas in their season. It crosses the Rapidan at Ely's Ford, three or four miles above the point where it falls into the Rappahannock. At Sheppard's Grove, a hamlet midway between Stevensburg and Ely's Ford, a road branches from it to the right that runs to Germanna Ford on the Rapidan.

Alone in the woods along this road, and standing close by it, is a little frame house painted white. In its narrow doorway and under each window to the right

and left of the door is a yellow rose-bush. On passing it lately, attracted by the beautiful roses then in full bloom and the open door, I ventured to call. — In the name of the Pilgrim's Progress, will you tell me what this has to do with the Campaign of the Wilderness? — Yes, I discovered that one of our old cavalry soldiers lives there. He was not at home, but his wife, a frank, naturally pleasant gray-haired woman, told me that she was born near by, her people rankly Southern, and that she fell in love with her husband while he was a sentinel at her father's house. After the war — and she remembered the volleys in the Wilderness well — her Yankee lover came back, they were married, bought the little farm, built the house, and transplanted the roses from the old home.

About a mile and a half beyond their little clearing is Germanna Ford on the Rapidan. From there runs a road to Stevensburg; in our day it was called the Plank Road. All the roads that I have mentioned and over which we moved are intersected by many country roads that are but little more than tracks through the woods and fields.

There are two streams flowing through the landscape that spreads from Mt. Poney, which I should like to mention, for I am indebted to them for many a pleasant murmur, and because their mingled waters, pouring over the dam at Paoli Mills, now known as Stone's, told me where I was in the still hours of the night, when misled by a guide while carrying Grant's first despatches from the Wilderness. They are Jonas and Mountain runs. The former, much the smaller, rises in the fields beyond Brandy, the latter among the foothills of the Blue Ridge. They meet near Lone Tree Hill. From there Mountain Run winds on northeastwardly to the Rappahannock, through stretches of oak, pine, and cedar forest, where wild turkeys breed and redbirds sing.

When I was down there the other day, the miller at Clarico's Mill, three or four

miles above Stone's, told me that a tame turkey, perfectly white, had joined a flock of wild ones and roamed the neighboring woods with them — which suggests that our natures, like theirs, perhaps, are not changed by the feathers we wear.

Finally, before leaving Mt. Poney there is one more feature to which I wish to call attention. Away to the south, after traversing a gently sloping country sprinkled with farms and woods, the eye catches the top of a blue veiled peak. It is Clarke's Mountain, beyond the Rapidan, and was Lee's signal station. The particular feature to which I wish to direct the reader's eye is a vast expanse of forest green that lies east of Clarke's Mountain. In spots, as you see, it is almost black, and reaches clear to the distant circling horizon. That is the Wilderness.

What is known as the Wilderness begins near Orange Court House on the west and extends almost to Fredericksburg, twenty-five or thirty miles to the east. Its northern boundaries are the Rapidan and the Rappahannock, and, owing to their winding channels, its width is somewhat irregular. At Spottsylvania, its extreme southern limit, it is some ten miles wide. There, as along the most of its southern border, it gives way to a comparatively open country.

This was the battle-region, for in its wooded depths three desperate engagements were fought between the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia, — Chancellorsville, Wilderness, and Spottsylvania, — in which, first and last, over sixty thousand men, whose average age did not exceed twenty-five years, were killed and wounded. A circle described from Piney Branch Church with a radius of five miles will take in all these fields.

This theatre of bloody conflicts is a vast sea, so to speak, of dense forest — a second growth more than a century old. It is made up chiefly of scrubby, low-limbed, stubborn oaks, and disordered,

haggard pines, — for the soil is cold and thin, — with here and there scattering clumps of alien cedars. Some of the oaks are large enough to cut two railroad ties, and every once and a while you come across an acre or two of pines some ten to twelve inches in diameter, tall and tapering, true to the soaring propensities of their kind. But generally, and above all where the battle was fought, the trees are noticeably stunted, and so close together, and their lower limbs so intermingled with a thick underbrush, that it is very difficult indeed to make one's way through them.

The southern half of the Wilderness may be designated as low or gently rolling; but along the rivers and at the heart, where the engagement took place, it is marked by irregularly swelling ridges. Where the actual fighting was done, the surface of the ground resembles a choppy sea more than anything else. There, like waves, it will heave, sometimes gradually and sometimes briskly, into ridges that all at once will drop and break in several directions. Soon recovering itself, off it will go again, smoothly ascending or descending for awhile, then suddenly pile up and repeat what it did before, namely, fall into narrow swales and shallow swamps where willows and alders of one kind and another congregate, all tied together more or less irrevocably by a round, bright-green, bamboo-like vine.

There is something about the feeble, moss-tagged pines, the garroted alders, and hoary willows, that gives a very sombre look to these wet thickets; and yet, for a few weeks in May and June, from them a swamp honeysuckle, and now and then a wild rose, will greet you joyously. As might be expected where the trees stand so thickly as they do in the Wilderness, a large number are dead. Here and there a good-sized oak has been thrown down by a storm, smashing everything in its way and pulling up with its roots a shock of yellowish earth, making a bowl-shaped pool behind it,

on whose banks the little tree-frogs pipe the solitude. But most of them are only half-grown and are still standing, some broken off half-way; and others in falling have been caught in the arms of their living competitors and rest there with their limbs bleaching. The woods everywhere abound in tall huckleberry bushes, from whose depending limbs hang racemes of modest, white, bell-shaped flowers.

As in all the woods in Virginia, there are many dogwoods scattered about. Both they and the huckleberries were in full bloom when the battle was going on, the dogwoods, with outspread, shelving branches, appearing at times through the billowing smoke like shrouded figures. I wonder how many glazing eyes looked up into the blooming bushes and trees and caught fair visions!

The Wilderness is penetrated from west to east by two roads that set out from Orange Court House for Fredericksburg. The northernmost is called the Pike, the other, the Plank Road; both in the time of war had lapsed into common mud roads. Where the battle of the Wilderness was fought they are about two miles apart, and shortly after join at Chancellorsville. There is a road bearing south that leaves the Pike about a mile east of Wilderness Run, a little less than halfway to Chancellorsville, known as the Brock Road. It winds through the woods by Todd's Tavern, and on to Spottsylvania. There is another that starts at Germanna Ford, crosses the Pike at Wilderness Run, climbs diagonally up to the leaning bridge, enters the timber, and unites with the Brock about midway between the Pike and the Plank Road.

If a map be available and the reader has interest enough in the narrative to consult it, their relations to each other, to the Lacy farm, and to the runs which I shall now mention, will, I hope, be measurably clear.

The Lacy farm, which may be called the heart of the Wilderness, lies just

south of the Pike where the Germanna Ford road crosses it. It is a part of a once large domain known as Elkwood, and has what in its day was a stately homestead. Its fields, leaning against a ridge, all face the east. The two runs I have in mind are Wilderness and Caton's, and they may well be called Warrior Runs, for at their cradle and along their voiceless banks more men lost their lives, and more blood mingled with the leaves that fall around them, than along any two runs in our country, I believe. Caton's is much the smaller and heads among the swales, heretofore described, in the angle between the Germanna Road and the Pike. It loiters down out of the woods till it meets the former, and then follows it south to within a few rods of the Pike, when it strikes across and falls into Wilderness Run. The latter is born in and drains all the trapezoid between the Pike, the Plank and the Brock roads, or, in other words, the battlefield. Having gathered in all of the crimson-dyed waters, it flows noiselessly under willows and alders, gleaming in the sunlight and moonlight in front of the Lacy house, on to the Rapidan.

The clearings throughout the Wilderness, save the Lacy farm and the openings about Chancellorsville, at the time of the war, and it is almost as true now, are few and small. Many of them are deserted, and their old fields preempted by briars, sassafras, dwarf young pines and broom, beneath whose waving, dun, lifeless tops the rabbits in great numbers, and now and then a flock of quail, make their winter homes. There are several of these little clearings lying in the battlefield, but they were not large enough, and the lines so ran in reference to them, that they did not allow the artillery of either army to play a part. These lonely places are connected with one another and the roads by paths that are very dim and very deceitful to a stranger. Their real destination is known only to the natives and the lank cattle that roam the woods, getting a blade here and a blade

there, oftentimes up to their knees in the swales and swamps for a tuft, the lonely kling-klang-klung of their bells pensively sweet to hear.

This whole mystery-wrapped country is a mineral region, holding pockets of iron ore and streaked with insidious veins of gold-bearing quartz. On account of these ores Colonel Spottswood, for whom the County of Spottsylvania is named, became the owner of large tracts of the Wilderness. He built iron furnaces, and the primeval forest was cut down and converted into charcoal to feed them. Some of the pits, and many of the wood roads from them, and from the ore-beds to the furnaces, are still traceable. All this was at an early day, as far back as the reign of King George II, for the colonel speaks of him in his deeds as his Sovereign Lord. The present timber aspect is due entirely to the iron furnaces and their complete destruction of the first noble growth.

And now, in reference to these furnaces, I beg to hint at something which is very real to me, and throws a note every once and a while into the narrative. There were gangs of slaves from Virginia sold to Georgia and the Southwest. Who knows whether some of the ore

smelted in those furnaces did not find its way at last into hammered manacles around the wrists and ankles of the very men who had mined it, and who night after night had faithfully tended the smoldering pits? Who knows what happened there, what wrongs, what heart-breakings due to slavery, and to slavery alone, which the Wilderness was witness to, or had had borne to it on a moaning south wind?

Finally, has the Wilderness a memory? Else why did it strike at slavery twice, when Jackson and Longstreet fell, one at Chancellorsville, the other in the Wilderness, on the same road, not two miles away, both generals being taken for enemies by their own men? Answer this as you may, something tells me that there is something deep here. Reader, I do not know what it is, but let me say this to you in all seriousness. Add a few more bars to the ear, develop a few more lobes of delicate cells in the brain, and man will come near sharing in his Creator's relation with sun, moon, and stars, and above all with his fellow mortal robed in green, called Nature. Then, then, perhaps, the woods of the Wilderness will tell us why it struck at the Confederacy twice.

(To be continued.)

THE PASSING OF INDOORS

BY ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

INDOORS is going. We may just as well make up our minds on this revolutionary point, and accept it with such degree of hardy rejoicing or shivering regret as our natures prompt in us.

The movement has been long under way, gradually working the perfect ejection which seems now at hand. We might have recognized the dislodging process long ago, had we been far-sighted enough. It began — who shall say when it did begin? Surely not in the shaggy breasts of those rude ancestors of ours whom we hold in such veneration, and to whose ways we seem to ourselves to be so wisely returning. They dragged their venison into the depths of a cave darker and closer than any house, and devoured it in great seclusion. Perhaps it began in the San Marco Piazza at Venice, with the little open-air tables under the colonnades. "So delightful! So charming!" Thus the tourists, as they sipped their coffee and dallied with their ices. They were right; it was delightful and charming, and so it is to this day, but it was perhaps the thin edge of the wedge which is turning us all out now.

Supper was the first regular meal to follow the open-air suggestion, country supper on the piazza in the warm summer evening. That also was delightful, of course, and not at all alarming. All nations and ages have practiced the sport of occasional festive repasts out of doors when the weather has permitted. But breakfast was not long in following suit; and, when dinner, that most conservative, conventional of meals, succumbed to the outward pressure and spread its congealing gravies in the chilly air, we were in for the thing in good earnest, the new custom was on. No longer a matter of times

and seasons, the weather had nothing to do with it now; and in really zealous families the regular summer dining-room was out of doors. Summer dining-room — that sounds well; since summer and warmth go together traditionally. But not always actually in New England, where bleak rains overtake the world now and then, and clearing northwest winds come racing keenly. It was soon essential to introduce a new fashion in dinner garments: overcoats, sweaters, and heavy shawls, felt hats and mufflers.

"Excuse me while I run upstairs to get a pair of mittens?"

"Finish your soup first, dear; it will be quite cold if you leave it."

The adherents of the new doctrine are very conscientious and faithful, as was only to be expected. We are a valiant race in the matter of our enthusiasms and can be trusted to follow them sturdily, buckling on armor or overcoats or whatever other special equipment the occasion demands. Conscientiousness is a good trait, but there is perhaps more of the joy of life in some other qualities.

Sleeping outdoors was the next great phase in the open-air movement. That also began casually enough and altogether charmingly. One lingered in the hammock, watching the stars, musing in the still summer night, until, lo! there was the dawn beginning behind the eastern hills. A wonderful experience. Not much sleeping about it truly, — there is commonly not much sleeping about great experiences, — but so beautiful that the heart said, "Go to! why not have this always? Why not sleep outdoors every night?" Which is of course exactly the way in which human nature works; very reasonable, very sane and convincing,

but unfortunately never quite so successful as it should be. That which has blessed us once must be secured in perpetuity for our souls to feast on continually; revelation must fold its wings and abide with us. So we soberly go to work and strip all the poetry of divine chance, all the delight of the unexpected, from our great occasions by laying plans for their systematic recurrence.

He who bends to himself a joy,
Does the wingèd life destroy;
But he who kisses a joy as it flies,
Lives in eternity's sunrise.

It is a pity that William Blake could not teach us that once for all. As a matter of fact, of course, great occasions care nothing at all for our urging; and a plan is an institution which they cordially abhor. The stars and the dawn do not condescend to such paraphernalia for waylaying them as sleeping-bags, rubber blankets, air-pillows, and mosquito netting, with a stout club close at hand in case of tramps or a skunk.

One experience of my own recurs to my memory poignantly here, and I think I cannot do better than set it forth. I had passed an unforgettable night all alone in a meadow, detained by the evening almost insensibly into "solemn midnight's tingling silences," and thence into the austere dawn. It was an episode such as should have sealed my lips forever; but I profanely spoke of it, and at once the contagion of interest spread through the little village.

"What fun! Did you have your rubbers on? Did you sit in a chair? I should think you would have sat in a chair — so much more comfortable! Well, I tell you what, let's do it together, — a lot of us, so we won't be afraid, — and let's climb a mountain. The sunset and dawn will be beautiful from a mountain."

We did it; I blush to confess that some twenty-five of us did it. It was an excursion planned and discussed for a matter of two weeks (a full moon being part of the programme), and there was no accident unforeseen, no event unprovided

for. The procession that wended its way, toiling and puffing, up the ascent of Haystack, — the favored mountain selected for the high pedestal of our rapture, — on the auspicious night, was about as sad, and withal as funny, an affront as the secrecy of beauty ever received. Blankets, steamer-rugs, pillows, shawls, hammocks, whiskey-flasks — how we groaned beneath the burden of all these things! We lost the way, of course, and had to beat the woods in every direction; we were tired and hot and — cross? Perhaps. But we knew what our rôle was, and when we reached the top of the mountain, we all of us stood very solemnly in a row and said, "How beautiful!"

It was beautiful; that was just the fineness of the night's triumph over us — over me at least; I cannot speak for the other twenty-four. To this day, be it said in parentheses, whenever we mention that night on Haystack we lift our eyes in ecstasy, and no one of us has ever confessed any sense of lack. But honestly, honestly at the last (dear stalwart relief of honesty!), that experiment was a failure — so beautiful that the spirit should have been lifted out of the body, and would have been, had it stood alone, had it not already exhausted itself in plans and expectations. Beneath us, a far-spreading sea of misty, rolling hills, all vague and blended in the light of the soaring moon; above us, such a sweep of sky as only mountain-tops command; around us, silence, silence. Yet the unstrenuous orchard at home, with its tranquil acceptance of such degree of sunset light as was granted to it, and of the moon's presence when she rose above the apple trees, would have conveyed the night's message a thousand times more clearly.

It is seldom worth while to describe any failure of the spirit very minutely, and tragedy is not the tone this paper would assume; but one slight episode of the dawn following that fatal night must be related. We were gathered on the eastern edge of our mountain top, a tousled,

gray, disheveled lot, heavy-eyed and weary. Does the reader understand the significance of the term "to prevent the dawn"? He does if he has stood and waited for the sun to rise—or the moon or any of the constellations, for that matter. All heavenly bodies retard their progress through the influence of being waited for. "Surely now!" a dozen times we warned one another there, with our faces toward the quickening east; yet no glittering, lambent rim slid up to greet our eyes.

At last a decent comely cloud came to the rescue of the sun, halting and embarrassed, and settled snugly all about the mountain of the day-spring. Into this the sun was born, so obscurely that it rode high above the mountain's edge, shorn and dull, a rubber ball, before we discovered it. "Why—why—" some one began, stammering; and then there was a dramatic pause. Brave and determined though we were in our pursuit of ecstasy, we could not burst forth into song like Memnon statues at the sight of that belated orange, "Lo, the Lord Sun!" Not at all. It was the merest varlet. In this dilemma of our hearts, a funny little wailing cry came from the cliff's edge. "I want my money back! I want my money back!" It was a perfect commentary on the whole situation, as fine and humorous and true an utterance as could be asked on the foiled occasion. We laughed at it, and all the air was straightway clearer for us. Then down the mountain-side we trooped, and went home to bed.

Of course I am not unaware of the impatience of some readers, if they have taken pains to scan so far this earnest exposition. The outdoor movement is not one primarily of sentiment, but of health and happiness; and the story just related is aside from the point. That may be true. I certainly stand in respect of the great claims of the physical side of the subject, and would not deal with them. By all means, let all people be as well as possible. But it is still the other side, the side

of sentiment and rapture, which is most pleadingly and often brought home to me.

It is pitiful how helpless we are against the invasions of a new enthusiasm like this—we sober, conservative folk. I still sleep in my bed, in my room, but the satisfaction I used to take in the innocent practice is broken of late by haunting fears that I may not be able to keep it up. My friends will not let me alone.

"Of all things! why don't you sleep out here, on this little upper piazza? Precisely the place! I can't understand how you can ignore such an opportunity."

"Well, you see,"—my answer was glib at first,— "the piazza overhangs the road, and the milk-wagons go by very early. I don't want to get up at four o'clock every morning."

"They could n't see much of you, I should think,"—with a thoughtful measuring glance,— "not more than your toes and the tip of your nose."

"Oh, thank you, that's quite enough!"

"Well, you might saw off the legs of a cot, to bring it below the railing. Or just a mattress spread on the floor would do very well."

Just a mattress spread on the floor! That closes the argument. I have no spirit left to prefer any other objections to these dauntless souls, such as the rain (the piazza has no roof). But what would a cold bath be if not distinctly so much to the good in view of the toilet operations of the following morning? There is no course left me but that final one,— which should in honesty have come first,— of damning myself by the hopeless assertion, "I don't want to sleep out of doors." This locks the argument, and the barrier stands complete, shutting me off in a world by myself, interrupting the genial flow of sympathetic friendship. But I love my friends. Therefore it follows that I tremble for my further repose in my bed. I fear I shall yet utter midnight sighs on that piazza floor.

Indoors, dear indoors! I would I might plead its cause a little here. Does no one

ever pause to reflect that there was never any outdoors at all until indoors was created? The two had a simultaneous birth, but it was an appurtenance of the latter that marked the distinction and gave the names. A little humiliating that might have seemed to any creatures less generous than woods and mountains — to have been here really from the beginning, ages and ages in glorious life, and then to take their first generic name, find their first classification, all of them in a lump together (what a lump!) as the other side of a fragile barrier to a mushroom construction. One wonders that those who exalt the outdoors as everything nowadays, do not find some better title for it than its dooryard term. But those who love the indoors too, though they may smile at the calm presumption of its dubbing the universe, accept the conclusion without any question. Man is after all the creature of creatures, and his life is of first importance. We do not hear that the woodchuck speaks of *out-hole*, or the bird of *out-tree*.

Such life of man is an inner thing, intensely inner; its essence lies in its inwardness. It can hardly know itself "all abroad;" it must needs have devised for itself a shelter as soon as it came to self-consciousness, a refuge, not only from storm and cold but from the distracting variety of the extensive world. Indoors is really an august symbol, a very grave and reverend thing, if we apprehend it rightly. It stands for the separate life of man, apart from (though still a part of, too) the rest of the universe. Take any one room inhabited daily by a person of strong individuality, — how alive it is! How brisk and alert in the very attitudes of the chairs and the pictures on the walls! Or, more happily, how serene and reposeful! Or how matter-of-fact! Morbid and passionate, flip-pant, austere, boisterous, decorous, — anything, everything a room may be which a human creature may be; and that range, as most of us know, is almost unlimited.

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It is hard to understand how any person can fail to respond to the warm appeal of his own abode. Say one has been abroad all day (another term that assumes the house as a starting-point), climbing the mountains, exploring the woods, ravishing eyes and heart with the beauty of the excellent world. Night comes at last, and weariness droops upon the flesh. Enough! Even the spirit's cry finds a pause. Enough, enough! The wide world suddenly spreads so vast that it overwhelms and frightens; there is something pitiless in the reach of the unbounded sky. Then, as fast as they can, the lagging feet make for a point on the hillside where the eyes can command the valley, and swiftly, eagerly flies the glance to one dear accustomed goal. A white house nestled among the trees, — that is all, yet it thrills the heart with a potent summons which mountain-peaks and sunsets do not know. Home! Ah, hurry, then!

Down the hill, across the pasture, in at the white gate, and up the two marble steps. The front door stands open unconcernedly. The house makes no stir at receiving its inmate back, — its inmate whose life it has held and brooded during his absence, waiting to reinvest him with it when he wants it again, — but there is a quiet sense of welcome, a content of returning, which is among the sweetest and most establishing of human experiences. The clock ticks steadily in the hall, its hands approaching the genial hour of supper-time. Within the open library door, the books dream on the shelves. Little sounds of a tranquil preparation come from the dining-room; the tea-kettle sings, the black kitten purrs. Blessed indoors! It draws a veil gently over the tired head, bewildered with much marveling, lays a cool hand over the eyes, says, "Now rest, rest." Indoors is like the Guardian Angel in Browning's poem.

After supper, one sits by the lamp and reads peacefully. Aunt Susan reads, too, on the other side of the big table, and

Cousin Jane sews. The books and the pictures look on benignly, and even the furniture is instinct with a mute eloquence of companionship. The song of the night insects throbs without, and millers hurl themselves with soft thuds against the windows; an owl mutters to himself in the maple tree. But not for anything would one go out, not for anything would one leave this glowing, brooding, protecting indoors which one has regained. After a while, one goes upstairs and lays one's self in the safe white bed in one's own room. The windows are open to the night, but solid walls are all round about; and, before the sleepily closing eyes, gleam one's own peculiar cherished belongings in the creeping moonlight. Into the very heart of one's life one has returned at the close of the day, and there one goes to sleep. "In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."

And we will not? Is the discouraged clause, promptly succeeding to that most beautiful verse of Isaiah, true, then, of us? Are we going to despoil ourselves of all the poetry, the intimate meaning of our indoor life?

"A place in which to dress and undress — that is all I want of a house," an energetic young woman said.

A bath-house would suit her perfectly. Perhaps that is what we are coming to — rows of bath-houses, with sleeping-bags stored up in them against the night. Alas for the pictures! Alas for the music! Alas for the books!

The books! There is a happy suggestion. I believe the books will save us. There is certainly nothing that objects

with greater decision and emphasis to sleeping out of doors than a book — yes, even a volume of Walt Whitman. Books are obstinate in their way; they know their own minds, and there are some things which they will not do. The effect of leaving one in the orchard inadvertently over night has a final melancholy about it which most book-lovers understand poignantly. Could books be printed on india rubber and bound in waterproof cloth? Perhaps; but the method does not sound attractive enough to be feasible even in these practical days. No, I believe the books will save us. They are a great army and they have power; a steady conservative hold is theirs on their restless owners. Other threatening situations they have saved and are constantly saving.

"I sometimes think I'd give up house-keeping, and not have a home any more," one woman said, "if it were n't for my books. But I can't part with them, nor yet can I get them all into one room; so here I stay."

"Buy books?" exclaimed a New York man. "No; it hurts them too much to move them."

Which innocent implication has caused me many a thoughtful smile.

Essentially human, — with the humanity of the ages, not of a few decades, — books understand what man really wants, and what he must have, better than he does himself. In the serene and gracious indoors, they took up their places long ago, and there they remain, and there they will always make shift to abide. Perhaps, if we sit down close at their feet, we, too, may abide.

THE BRINGING-OUT OF BYRA KLACK

BY ANNIE STEGER WINSTON

THERE were frivolous young teachers at Jefferson School who never gave their scholars a thought after school-hours; but Miss Hickerson, of the Eighth Primary, was not of them. She was as proud of the progress of Hattie Klack at 10 P. M. as at 10 A. M., and as ready to consider seriously the problem of Byra Klack's backwardness.

Some teachers in her place would have felt that the problem resolved itself into how to get rid of a pupil who threatened to become a permanency in the Eighth Primary, but not so with Miss Hickerson. Hers was a purely altruistic and professional concern at the failure of Byra Klack to advance as became her years; a concern wholly unshared by Byra Klack herself.

"How can I draw her out?" she would ask Mr. Dresser, the principal.

With the care of something like eight hundred other pupils upon him, — including a considerable percentage of poor scholars, — Mr. Dresser would willingly have been excused from minute consideration of Byra Klack's case.

"There will always be some like that," he would say, pardonably enough regarding Byra Klack, whom he did not know by sight, categorically rather than personally.

If he had known her by sight, it is at least doubtful whether his interest would have been materially increased. An undersized girl of fourteen, shabby of clothes and rather tousled of hair, she was in no way conspicuous in the ranks of the Eighth Primary except for somewhat longer skirts, poor scholarship, and blameless deportment. Hattie, on the other hand, was always to the fore, acquitting herself of every task with daz-

zling distinction, and frantically signaling eagerness to tackle supernumerary problems.

It was currently reported in Eighth Primary circles that Hattie Klack was Miss Hickerson's "pet;" and, as a matter of fact, twenty-five years of teaching in the public schools had deepened rather than diminished Miss Hickerson's appreciation of a good pupil. That she was still capable of earnest endeavor in behalf of one so poor as Byra argued her, what in truth she was, no ordinary woman.

"There is simply nothing to take hold of," she would confide to Mr. Dresser; "not a spark of ambition — or anything!"

"You'll just have to do the best you can," Mr. Dresser would pronounce, in default of any more definite counsel. As if there could be any doubt of her doing her best!

Certainly she had done her best for Byra Klack, enforcing every penalty made and provided for poor scholarship, exhausting every incitement to good — including appointment to the honorable position of Collector of Papers. This last move she subsequently considered ill-advised. The small concern which Byra Klack had hitherto manifested as to her scholastic standing dwindled to the vanishing point.

"No, I did n't get through," she would say cheerfully, after a "test," in answer to inquiries, — "but I took up the papers!"

Hardly more successful was Miss Hickerson's attempt to prod her slumbering ambition with the splendid example of Hattie. Not yet eleven, Hattie had caught up with her in the Eighth

Primary and was reasonably sure to pass her.

"Hattie's caught up with me," Byra would tell people, overflowing with pride in Hattie's powers. "Hattie never has missed promotion yet." And Hattie would volubly confirm the statement.

"And she's nearly as tall as me, too," Byra would add. "Soon she'll be bigger 'n me!"

That Hattie should surpass her in everything, even in the matter of inches, she obviously accepted as the most natural thing in the world.

Quite unabashedly, she got Hattie to help her with her lessons, and congratulated herself on the feasibility of doing so; Hattie, with dresses to her knees, and a mouth showing disproportionately large new teeth protruding in unexpected places, conceding the service with no lack of buoyant patronage.

The first mark on deportment that Byra got that session she incurred by her eagerness to communicate to a friend the news of an exceptionally brilliant achievement of Hattie's. The lines were forming in the hallways to march out to recess, and the Eighth Primary pupils were thus in close contiguity to the Sixth Grammar.

"Hattie got ninety-seven!" she seized the opportunity to announce to Herbert Hopkins.

"What did you get?" he inquired in a gruff whisper. It was not an ill-natured gruffness, but one which went with the downiness of his freckled face. Herbert Hopkins was not as old for the Sixth Grammar as Byra Klack was for the Eighth Primary, but he was old.

"I ain't going to tell you," she said, with a jerk of her shabby, gray-cloaked shoulder.

But the monitor had her name down, and after recess, when it was read out, she laid her head down on her desk and wept.

Subsequently it developed that his name had been taken down too.

"But that wa'n't nothing," he said.

Habitually, Herbert Hopkins declined to submit to the trammels of formal grammar. A certain roughness and readiness of diction was but suitable to one who had seen so much of life—in consequence of being put to work by a drunken grandmother, his only relative, at the earliest age eligible to unregulated child-labor; and who, at that very time, enjoyed the dignity of being employed after school hours in a green-grocery. It was the one, as it happened, upon which the Klacks bestowed their not particularly welcome patronage. Byra had got to know him by being sent there on errands, and she appreciated to the full the honor of the acquaintance.

Actually, he did n't have to bring excuses to school for absence or anything!—because, the drunken grandmother being dead, he had n't anybody to write them. It was a unique distinction, making emphatically for respect, though he himself took it modestly. There was in him no disposition to boast of his advantages; not even of living alone in a little room back of the green-grocery, completely his own master in the small remnant of the day which remained after school and business hours, and on the whole of Sundays.

There was about him a manly carelessness which made him almost venerable in the eyes of Byra, despite the fact that he was nearly as short for his age as she was for hers. It was, though, with him, a very sturdy brevity.

"That wa'n't nothing," he said of the demerit. "It takes fifty to expel you."

His way and hers lay along the same narrow, hilly side street. It was not a prosperous section of the city, and the back views of premises are not apt to be the best; particularly under the fallow afternoon light of a November day.

"The only thing is," he added, "I have n't got no time to be kept in."

"I reckon dinner'll be all over when I get home," Byra remarked with her customary placidity. Not to be on hand at dinner, in the Klack establishment,

might well mean more than a cold meal, — or rather somewhat less, — there were so many mouths to feed! For a married daughter and her family shared the not too abundant space in the Klack home; while common to son-in-law and father-in-law was a chronic difficulty in finding and keeping “places,” to the serious disturbance of systematic provision for the joint housekeeping expenses.

“I won’t have time for no dinner,” Herbert remarked — not as boasting. It was simply not in human nature not to bring out the fact of such pressure of occupation — merely as a fact. “You don’t have time for nothing much, staying in a green-grocery. ’T was ’most eleven last Saturday night before we shut up.”

He whistled slightly to add to the off-hand effect of his words.

“Two of my sisters stay in stores,” Byra remarked. “They come home awful tired sometimes.”

She was glad she could contribute something to a topic so much above the level of her own experience. Not that she felt any imperative need of keeping up the conversation. It would have seemed to her entirely fitting that she should receive with mere passive gratitude such verbal crumbs as he should throw her over his shoulder, as he walked homeward half a pace ahead of her, at the width of the pavement.

“I dunno but what I’ll have a green-grocery of my own, some o’ these days,” he let fall, with admirable indifference.

With speechless respect, Byra received the announcement. Already he wore cuffs on Sundays. No superiority of destiny upon his part could have surprised her.

“Hattie says she’s going to be a school-teacher,” she said, with a dim impulse to match glories. “Hattie ’most never is kept in!”

“Being kept in ain’t nothing,” said Herbert. He picked up a pebble, aimed it with accuracy at a cat reposing peacefully on a shed-roof, and discharged it with telling effect. “I’d just soon been kept in to-day as not.”

“’T ain’t so awful bad,” Byra agreed. Even the disgrace of a mark on deportment was enormously alleviated by sharing it with one who could take it with such high distinction of bearing.

The street sloped upward. Notoriously hill-climbing should be done with a certain measure of deliberation. Therefore it was, no doubt, that instead of using to the full the advantage of his manly stride, he kept unincreased the distance between them, going on just a little ahead, at the extreme verge of the sidewalk, his books slung over his shoulder by the encompassing strap.

“I reckon the books are awful hard in the Sixth Grammar,” Byra said, gazing deferentially upon his burden.

“They are pretty hard, if you don’t have no time, hardly, to study,” he conceded, with manifest pride of preoccupation.

“Hattie gets her lessons awful quick,” said Byra. “Hattie can do denominate numbers!”

“Denominate numbers!” said Herbert. “Denominate numbers ain’t nothing. You got to be doing denominate numbers *all* the time in a green-grocery!”

Never in all her acquaintance with him had she enjoyed so extended a conversation; their intercourse, indeed, except that incidental to the purchase and vending of green-groceries, having been limited to cordial interchanges of “Hello, Byra!” and “Hello, Herbert!” though it is true that in his professional capacity he had always shown a friendly interest by no means warranted by the anxiety of his superiors for the Klack patronage. He positively would not allow her to buy frost-bitten potatoes or wilted greens or doubtful eggs. Nay, he even gave her what snatches of instruction he might, in the hurried moments at his disposal, in the eternal principles of green-grocery selection. “Pick out kind o’ rough eggs,” for example, he adjured her earnestly. “Slick eggs ain’t no good!”

Much as she appreciated his professional consideration, his personal con-

descension was more. Putting from her eyes the filaments of neutral-tinted hair, blown out from the abundant mass under the faded red felt hat, she looked about her with a feeling of expansion. The unkept-*ins* were at play in the streets.

"Hattie can beat everybody hop-scotching," she said.

He made no pretense of interest in Hattie's hop-scotching; but she had expected none in that, or any other subject which she might introduce. She spoke but from the fullness of her content in the honorable comradeship which was, for the nonce, vouchsafed to her.

"Hazel's cutting another tooth," she hazarded again. "It makes her cry a lot; but she's *awful* cute!"

"Who's Hazel?" he demanded.

"Hazel's my sister's baby. She ain't but ten months old, and she can say bish and coo-coo, and a whole lot o' things. I mind her when I'm at home, and I'm making her a dress at school, in sewing lessons. Only Miss Hickerson says she don't know whether I can go on with sewing lessons, I do so awful poor in arithmetic and things."

"Shucks!" he said. "Arithmetic and things ain't nothing! You beat 'em on some things all right!"

Unaffected astonishment reigned upon Byra's face.

"I don't reckon I'll get a certificate on deportment," she said, "now I've got this demerit."

"Certificates on deportment ain't nothing," he said. "I wa'n't talking about no deportment."

"I can sew some," she recommenced — "but not so awful good."

"I ain't talking about no sewing!" he rejoined.

She was too nonplussed even for a further guess at his meaning.

"What's the matter with being the prettiest girl at Jefferson School?" he said.

Hattie, triumphantly hop-scotching in the street, greeted her with friendly derision as she approached the undesirable

residence, forlornly in need of paint, which sheltered the Klack and Pinner families — or overflowed with them into the surrounding area.

"Kept-in scholar,
Ain't worth a dollar!"

chanted Hattie with shrill exuberance from among the juvenile friends and connections swarming upon the uneven brick pavement.

The keenness of Byra's sensitiveness upon the subject of being kept in might well have become blunted by the familiarity of the experience; and yet, so goaded, she was accustomed to grow red and tearful, and tacitly plead for mercy. To-day she went on through the front gate, unmoved.

"Being kept in ain't nothing," she said, with spirit and idiom alike superb and alike surprising.

Being kept in, I repeat, had always been a common incident in her school career, on account of the weakness of her scholarship. It became more common than ever when the impeccability of her deportment departed, and her name began to figure with frequency in the monitor's fatal list.

"It takes fifty demerits to expel you!" she said, in answer to Hattie's scathing commentary upon the growing imperfection of her record.

Every day when the lines were forming to march out to the stirring strains evoked by Miss Jones of the Kindergarten Department from the cabinet organ at the head of the central stairway, there came from the Sixth Grammar ranks the splendid temptation of a "Hello, Byra!" How could she refrain from an answering "Hello, Herbert"? It was not possible for the monitor always to catch one in the reckless act. When she did, she was very apt to put down *both* names. Duly Byra would decline her head upon her desk and cry — but the subsequent walking home together was not unpleasant.

The dress of Hattie, as has been remarked, was to her knees, Byra's was

almost to her shoe-tops. Otherwise they were the same, except as chance differences were introduced in the utilization of cast-off dresses of the older sisters, who, working in stores, were precluded from shabbiness.

In the public schools there was perfect liberty to be shabby; and there was this advantage in that, among others — if Byra and Hattie had not been so shabby all the week they could not possibly have had the right “dressed-up” feeling on Sundays. Nevertheless, Byra, without consultation with Hattie, began suddenly to wear her Sunday dress to school. Nor could she give any reason for the innovation. When pressed by Hattie for an explanation, she could only say that she did it “just so.”

From Mrs. Klack, who bore up under her many cares through a disposition which took care lightly, no opposition was to be looked for. Constitutionally indulgent, she was perfectly willing for Byra to wear what she pleased when she pleased; the more so, as Byra’s wardrobe was a perfectly fixed quantity, and the wearing-out of her Sunday dress entailed consequences to no one but herself.

Despite Byra’s lapse from the high perfection of her former standard of conduct, Miss Hickerson began to be encouraged.

“She is beginning to get some ideas of neatness and order,” she told Mr. Dresser; “and she really is learning denominate numbers, at last. I can’t help thinking that hitherto she has been perfectly satisfied with getting a deportment certificate, and that her losing all chance of that — though why she has fallen back in deportment so, I can’t imagine — has been a blessing in disguise.”

It was a case unique in her pedagogical experience; reminding her in a shadowy way of that of Donatello in the *Marble Faun*.

Always she had had an illogical liking for Byra. She was glad to embrace any opportunity of encouraging her.

“You get on very well with denominate numbers, now, Byra,” she said kindly.

Byra looked up with animation from her example. For the first time Miss Hickerson noticed the clear green-gray of her eyes, the low curve of her dun eyebrows, the way her dun hair grew upon her forehead, the faint young bloom of her cheeks.

“You have to do denominate numbers all the time in a green-grocery,” she said, with a spontaneous application of the subject to practical life which at once pleased and astonished her teacher.

Passing the green-grocery on her way to and from school, it was no wonder that the thought of it was familiar to her mind. It was not a very splendid green-grocery, but, really, with trays of oranges and apples set out on one side of the door, winter vegetables on the other, plumply nude fowls garnishing the entrance, there was something about it not unattractive, even to the passer-by.

For the mere sake of long acquaintance, it was but natural that Byra should look in as she passed; the more so as she no longer went in. The strained relations between the Klack-Pinner household and the management had culminated in a decisive break, and all her errands now in quest of supplies lay in the direction of a rival store. Personally she had not been involved in the unpleasantness, nor had Herbert Hopkins. Both had been at school when an order from her family — transmitted through the oldest Pinner — had been dishonored, and the youthful emissary sent back, empty-handed, bearing a message more curt than courteous. The next day, Byra held her head down, when the lines were forming to march out at recess, and did not respond to Herbert’s “Hello, Byra!” though the monitor was not even looking, and Miss Jones was playing the organ with the loudest stops pulled out. But she need not have been ashamed. So elaborately he demonstrated his entire ignorance of the affair, — abstaining even from any comment upon the cessation of her vis-

its to the establishment, — that insensibly her ease with him returned. Once more the perilous exchange of "Hello, Byra!" and "Hello, Herbert!" in the hallway was a purple patch upon the day of each.

Then, suddenly, it ceased. The Sixth Grammar line which had known Herbert Hopkins, for the time being knew him no more. And through the school percolated the news that Herbert Hopkins was "suspended."

"For fighting," Hattie could add, with her usual unctuous superiority of information.

It was not strange, as I have said, that Byra should glance into the familiar recesses of the green-grocery as she went by; but there was small chance of the issuance of a "Hello, Byra!" — the green-grocery existence of Herbert Hopkins, when he was not, with professional deftness, doing denominate numbers, being passed, as a rule, with his nobler half engulfed in the depths of potato, apple, and other barrels. Sometimes, though, he withdrew his head in the nick of time; for example, on the Friday following his retirement from school, when she was going by, with Hattie, in the morning.

The customer to whom he was selling turnips poked him with her umbrella.

"I have n't got time for you to be staring into the street!" she said, with asperity.

On Sunday, in all the glory of cuffs of the largest purchasable size, he was standing as usual on the pavement in front of the church with the other "fellows," when the congregation broke up. As the Klacks and Pinners straggled homeward, — the older girls with their respective beaus, Hattie with a flock of her contemporaries, — Byra lagged in the rear, accommodating herself to the short steps of the next-to-the-youngest Pinner, who had remained over from the infant class to the church services, to the considerable disturbance of the congregation. In a casual way, Herbert caught up with her.

"I s'pose you've heard about me being suspended," he said.

She would have liked to tender her sympathy; but it was hard to find words adequate to the crushing occasion.

"Yes, I've heard," she answered in awe-stricken tones.

"Being suspended ain't nothing," he said. And he seemed to mean it. He had the effect almost of being tall, as he walked beside her, at the width of the pavement — so high he held his head. "I beat him good — and I'd do it again. I ain't going to have nobody writing your name up on walls."

"Writing my name up on walls?" she queried blankly. "What's anybody writing my name up on walls for?"

"It's about me — about me loving you," he said. "And it's all right about that. Only it ain't none o' Joe Garber's business; and shan't nobody write up your name on a wall!"

Hattie, skipping up behind from an excursion part way home with a friend, caught an imperfect fragment of the conversation.

"My name's been on the blackboard five weeks," she remarked. "Byra don't *never* get on the Roll of Honor."

"The Roll of Honor ain't nothing," said Herbert. Hattie had skipped on.

"Seems like," he said, "ain't nothing nothing to me — but just you!"

Hattie was very bright, unquestionably; but it was not until she perceived that Herbert was actually walking with Byra up to her own gate, — the gate upon which Hattie at that good moment was engaged in swinging, — that her fine intelligence really took hold of the case.

The instant he left, came her question.

"Herbert Hopkins is your sweetheart, ain't he?" she demanded, her face illumined with characteristic greediness for knowledge.

Byra turned toward the house.

"I don't know," she said absently. Not that there was any shadow of doubt in her own mind — but little girls can't expect to be told everything.

THE DIARY OF GIDEON WELLES¹

VI

THE ANXIOUS SUMMER OF '63

Monday, July 13, 1863.

The army is still at rest. Halleck stays here in Washington, within four hours of the army, smoking his cigar, doing as little as the army. If he gives orders for an onward movement and is not obeyed, why does he not remove to headquarters in the field? If this army is permitted to escape across the Potomac, woe be to those who permit it!

The forces which were on the Pamunkey have been ordered up, and are passing through Baltimore to the great army which is already too large, four times as large as the rebels who have been driven onto the banks of the Potomac, and are waiting for the river to fall so that they can get back into Virginia, without being captured or molested, and Meade is waiting to have them. Drive them back, is Halleck's policy.

Wrote a congratulatory letter to Porter on the fall of Vicksburg. Called on the President and advised that Porter should be made a Rear Admiral. He assented very cheerfully, though his estimate of Porter is not so high as mine. Stanton denies him any merit, speaks of him as "a gas bag," who makes a great fuss and claims credit that belongs to others. Chase, Seward, and Blair agree with me, that Porter has done good service. I am aware of his infirmities. He is selfish, presuming, and wasteful, but is brave and energetic.

[On Saturday, July 11, the new draft began in New York City and was followed by four days of wild rioting.]

Tuesday, July 14, 1863.

We have accounts of mobs, riots and disturbances in New York and other places in consequence of the conscription act. Our information is very meagre; two or three mails are [over]due, the telegraph is interrupted. There have been powerful rains, which have caused great damage to the railroads and interrupted all land communication between this and Baltimore.

There are, I think, indubitable evidences of concert in these riotous movements, beyond the accidental and impulsive outbreak of a mob or mobs. Lee's march into Pennsylvania, — the appearance of several rebel steamers off the coast, the mission of A. H. Stephens to Washington, seem to be parts of one movement, are all concerted schemes between the rebel leaders and northern sympathizing friends — the whole put in operation when the government is enforcing the conscription. The conjunction is not all accidental, but parts of a great plan.

In the midst of all this, and as a climax, comes word that Lee's army has succeeded in re-crossing the Potomac. If there had been an understanding between the mob conspirators, the rebels, and our own officers, the combination of incidents could not have been more advantageous to the rebels.

LINCOLN'S DEJECTION

The Cabinet meeting was not full today. Two or three of us were there when Stanton came in with some haste and

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asked to see the President alone. The two were absent about three minutes in the library. When they returned, the President's countenance indicated trouble and distress. Stanton was disturbed, disconcerted. Usher asked Stanton if he had bad news. He said, "No." Something was said of the report that Lee had crossed the river. Stanton said abruptly and curtly he knew nothing of Lee's crossing. "I do," said the President emphatically, with a look of painful rebuke at Stanton. "If he has not got all of his men across, he soon will."

The President said he did not believe we could take up anything in Cabinet today. Probably none of us were in a right frame of mind for deliberation; he was not. He wanted to see General Halleck at once. Stanton left abruptly. I retired slowly. The President hurried and overtook me. We walked together across the lawn to the departments and stopped and conversed a few moments at the gate. He said, with a voice and countenance which I shall never forget, that he had dreaded, yet expected, this; that there has seemed to him for a full week a determination that Lee, though we had him in our hands, should escape with his force and plunder. "And that, my God, is the last of this Army of the Potomac! There is bad faith somewhere. Meade has been pressed and urged, but only one of his Generals was for an immediate attack. [He] was ready to pounce on Lee. The rest held back. What does it mean, Mr. Welles, Great God, what does it mean?"

I asked what orders had gone from him, while our troops had been quiet with a defeated and broken army in front, almost destitute of ammunition, and an impassable river to prevent their escape. He could not say that anything positive had been done, but both Stanton and Halleck professed to agree with him and he thought Stanton did. Halleck was all the time wanting to hear from Meade. "Why," said I, "he is within four hours of Meade. Is it not strange

that he has not been up there to advise and encourage him?" I stated I had observed the inertness, if not incapacity, of the General in Chief and had hoped that he, who had better and more correct views, would issue peremptory orders.

The President immediately softened his tone and said, "Halleck knows better than I what to do. He is a military man, has had a military education. I brought him here to give me military advice. His views and mine are widely different. It is better that I who am not a military man should defer to him, rather than he to me."

I told the President I did not profess to be a military man, but there were some things on which I could form perhaps as correct an opinion as General Halleck, and I believed that he, the President, could more correctly, certainly more energetically, direct military movements than Halleck, who it appeared to me could originate nothing, and was, as now, all the time waiting to hear from Meade or whoever was in command.

I can see that the shadows which have crossed my mind have clouded the President's also. On only one or two occasions have I ever seen the President so troubled, so dejected and discouraged.

Two hours later I went to the War Department. The President lay upon a sofa in Stanton's room completely absorbed, overshadowed with the news. He was, however, though subdued, sad, calm and resolute. Stanton had asked me to come over and read Dana's ¹ report of the materials found at Vicksburg. The amount is very great, and the force was large. Thirty-one thousand, two hundred prisoners have been paroled. Had Meade attacked and captured the army above us, as I verily believe he might have done, the rebellion would have been ended. He was disposed to attack, I am told, but yielded to his generals who were opposed. If the war were over those generals would drop into subordinate positions.

¹ Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War.

Wednesday, July 15, 1863.

We have the back mails this morning. The papers are filled with accounts of mobs, riots, burnings, and murders in New York. There have been outbreaks to resist the draft in several other places. This is anarchy, the fruit of the seed sown by Seymour and others.

Thursday, July 16, 1863.

It is represented that the mob in New York is about subdued. Why it was permitted to continue so long, and commit such excess, has not been explained. Governor Seymour, whose partisans constituted the rioters, and whose partisanship encouraged them, has been in New York talking namby-pamby. This Sir Forcible Feeble is himself chiefly responsible for the outrage.

Lee's army has re-crossed the Potomac unmolested, carrying off all its artillery and the property stolen in Pennsylvania. When I ask why such an escape was permitted, I am told that the generals opposed an attack. What generals? None are named. Meade is in command there. Halleck is General in Chief here. They should be held responsible. There are generals who, no doubt, will acquiesce without any regret in having this war prolonged.

In this whole summer's campaign I have been unable to see, hear, or obtain evidence of power or will, or talent or originality on the part of General Halleck. He has suggested nothing, decided nothing, done nothing, but scold and smoke and scratch his elbows. Is it possible the energies of the nation should be wasted by the incapacity of such a man!

Friday, July 17, 1863.

At the Cabinet Council Seward expressed great apprehension of a break-up of the British ministry. I see in the papers an intimation that should Roebuck's motion for a recognition of the Confederacy prevail, Earl Russell would resign. I have no fears that the motion will prevail. The English, though mischievously

inclined, are not demented. I wish the policy of our Secretary of State, who assumes to be wise, was as discreet as theirs. He handed me consular despatches from Mr. Dudley [our consul] at Liverpool who is exceedingly alarmed, fears England will let all the ironclads and rovers go out, and that the sea-robbers will plunder and destroy our commerce. Mr. Dudley is an excellent consul, vigilant, but somewhat, and excusably, nervous, and he naturally presents the facts which he gets in a form that will not do injustice to the activity and zeal of the consul. Seward gives, and always has given, the fullest credit to the wildest rumors.

[Three days earlier, General Meade, stung by criticism, had asked to be relieved of the command of the army, but the request had been refused.]

Some remarks on the great error of General Meade in permitting Lee and the rebel army with all their plunder to escape, led the President to say he would not yet give up that officer. He has committed, said the President, a terrible mistake, but he would try him farther. No one expressed his approval, but Seward said that excepting [for] the escape of Lee, Meade has shown ability. It was evident that the retention of Meade had been decided [upon].

In a conversation with General Wadsworth who called on me, I learned that at the council of General Officers, Meade was disposed to make an attack, and was supported by Wadsworth, Howard, and Pleasanton, but Sedgwick, Sykes, and the older regular officers dissented. Meade, rightly disposed, but timid and irresolute, hesitated and delayed until too late. Want of decision and self-reliance in an emergency has cost him and the country dear, for had he fallen upon Lee it could hardly have been otherwise than the capture of most of the rebel army. Had Meade done his duty, we should have witnessed a speedy change throughout the South.

It is a misfortune that the command of the army had not been in stronger hands and with a man of broader views, and that he had not a more competent superior than Halleck. The late infirm action will cause a postponement of the end. Lee has been allowed to retreat unmolested, with his army and guns, and the immense plunder which the rebels have pillaged. The generals have succeeded in prolonging the war. Othello's occupation is not yet gone!

Friday, July 24, 1863.

This being Cabinet day, Mr. Seward spent an hour with the President, and when the rest came in, he immediately withdrew. Some inquiry was made in regard to army movements and Meade in particular, but no definite information was communicated. Meade is watching the enemy as fast as he can since he let them slip and get away from him.

[In the operations against Charleston, the fleet under Dahlgren was coöperating with a land force under Gen. A. Gilmore.]

Sunday, July 26, 1863.

Despatches from Admiral Dahlgren under date of the 21st were received. He says Gilmore had but 8000 men when he commenced operations, that of these he has lost by casualties, killed, wounded, and prisoners about 1200, and a like number are useless by illness, the result of over-exertion, etc., so that he has actually less than 6000 effective men. The War Department does not propose to strengthen him. Dahlgren three or four times has said the force was inadequate, and expressed a hope for reinforcements. I sent Assistant Fox with these despatches to Halleck, who rebuffed him, said General Gilmore had called for no more troops, and if he would take care of the navy, he would take care of the army.

I went this noon (Sunday) to the President with Dahlgren's despatches, [and] told him the force under Gilmore was insufficient for the work assigned him; that it ought not now to fail, that it ought not

to have been begun unless it was understood his force was to have been increased; that such was his expectation, and I wished to know if it could not be done. It would be unwise to wait until Gilmore was crushed and repelled, and to then try and regain lost ground, which seemed to be the policy of General Halleck; that instead of remaining inactive till Gilmore, exhausted, cried for help, his wants should be anticipated.

The President agreed with me fully, but said he knew not where the troops could come from, unless from the Army of the Potomac. but if it was going to fight it would want all its men. I asked if he really believed Meade was going to have a battle. He looked at me earnestly for a moment and said, "Well, to be candid I have no faith Meade will attack Lee. Nothing looks like it to me. I believe he can never have another as good opportunity as that which he trifled away. Everything since has dragged with him. No, I don't believe he is going to fight."

"Why then," I asked, "not send a few regiments to Charleston. Gilmore ought to be reinforced with ten thousand men. We intend to send additional seamen and marines."

"Well," said the President, "I will see Halleck. I think we should strain a point. May I say to him that you are going to strengthen Dahlgren." "Yes," I replied. "But it would be better you should say you ordered it, and that you also ordered the necessary army increase. Let us all do our best."

Our interview was in the library, and was earnest and cordial. If, following the dictates of his own good judgment, instead of deferring to Halleck who lacks power, sagacity, ability, comprehension and foresight to devise, propose, plan, and direct great operations, and who is reported to be engaged on some literary work at this important period, the President were to order and direct measures, the army would be inspired and the country benefited. A delicacy on the part of Gilmore

to ask for aid is made the excuse of the inert General-in-Chief for not sending the troops which are wanted; and when he learns from a reliable source of the weak condition of the command he will not strengthen it, or move till calamity overtakes it, or he is himself ordered to do his duty. Halleck originates nothing, anticipates nothing to assist others, takes no responsibility, plans nothing, suggests nothing, is good for nothing. His being at Headquarters is a national misfortune.

Monday, July 27, 1863.

Had a strange letter from Senator John P. Hale ¹ protesting against the appointment of Commodore Van Brunt to the command of the Portsmouth Navy Yard, because he and V[an] B[run]t are not on friendly terms. He wishes me to become a party to a personal controversy, and to do injustice to an officer for the reason that he and that officer are not on cordial relations. The pretensions and arrogance of Senators become amazing, and this man, or Senator, would carry his private personal disagreement into public official actions.

Tuesday, July 28, 1863.

The Secretary of War promises that he will reinforce General Gilmore with 5000 men. I thought it should be 10,000 if we intended thorough work, but am glad of even this assurance. General Halleck excuses his non-action, by saying Gilmore had not applied for more men. Vigilance is not one of Halleck's qualifications.

AN INTERVIEW WITH RAWLINS

Friday, July 31, 1863.

I met at the President's, and was introduced by him to, Colonel Rawlins, of General Grant's staff. He arrived yesterday with the official report of the taking of Vicksburg and capture of Pemberton's army. Was much pleased with him, his

¹ Chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs, and a source of constant irritation to Secretary Welles.

frank, intelligent and interesting description of men and account of army operations. His interview with the President and Cabinet was of nearly two hours duration, and all, I think, were entertained by him. His honest, unpretending, and unassuming manners pleased me, the absence of pretension, and I may say the unpolished and unrefined deportment of this earnest and sincere man, patriot and soldier pleased me more than that of almost any officer whom I have met. He was never at West Point and has had few educational advantages, yet he is a soldier, and has a mind which has served his general and his country well. He is a sincere and earnest friend of Grant, who has evidently sent him here for a purpose.

It was the intention of the President last fall that General McClelland, an old neighbor and friend of his, should have been associated with Admiral Porter in active operations before Vicksburg. It was the expressed and earnest wish of Porter to have a citizen general, and he made it a special point to be relieved from associations with a West Pointer; all West Pointers, he said, were egotistical and assuming, and never willing to consider and treat naval officers as equals.

The President thought the opportunity a good one to bring forward his friend McClelland in whom he has confidence, and who is a volunteer officer of ability, and possesses moreover a good deal of political influence in Illinois. Stanton and Halleck entered into his views, for Grant was not a special favorite with either.

Rawlins now comes from Vicksburg with statements in regard to McClelland which show him an impracticable and unfit man. He has not been subordinate and intelligent, but has been an embarrassment, and, instead of directing or assisting, has been really an obstruction to any movements and operations. In Rawlins's statements there is undoubtedly prejudice, but with such appearance of candor, and earnest and intelligent conviction, that there can be hardly a doubt McClelland is in fault; and Rawlins has

been sent here by Grant in order to enlist the President rather than bring despatches. In this I think he has succeeded, though the President feels kindly toward McClelland. Grant evidently hates him, and Rawlins is imbued with the feelings of his chief.

["Appreciating the benefit and even the necessity," says Rhodes, "of support from the Democratic Executive of the chief State of the Union, the President wrote Seymour a serious letter, with the design of becoming 'better acquainted,' and with the wish for 'a good understanding' in the common purpose of 'maintaining the nation's life and integrity.'" During the course of the correspondence thus originated, the military arrest of Vallandigham roused Seymour's wrath and widened the breach between one of the more patriotic of the Democratic leaders and the Republican President.]

Tuesday, August 4, 1863.

The President read to us a letter received from Horatio Seymour, Governor of New York, on the subject of the draft, which he asks may be postponed. The letter is a party political document, filled with perverted statements, and apologizing for and diverting attention from his mob.

The President also read his reply, which is manly, vigorous, and decisive. He did not permit himself to be drawn away on frivolous and remote issues, which was obviously the intent of Seymour.

Sunday, August 9, 1863.

Have not been well for the last two days, and am still indisposed, but cannot omit duties.

Monday, August 10, 1863.

Admiral Farragut has arrived in New York, and telegraphs me that he will report in person when I direct. I congratulated him on his safe return, but advised repose with his family and friends during this heated term, and to report when it should suit his convenience.

At the Cabinet Council the President read another letter from Governor Seymour. I have little respect for him. It may be politic for the President to treat him with respect in consequence of his position.

Wednesday, August 12, 1863.

The President has a brief reply to Governor Seymour's rejoinder, which is very well. Stanton said to me he wished the President would stop letter-writing, for which he has a liking, and particularly when he feels he has facts and right reasons. I might not disagree with Stanton as regards some correspondence, but I think the President has been more successful with Seymour than [with] some others. His own letters and writing are generally unpretending and abound in good sense.

Thursday, August 13, 1863.

Chase spent an hour with me on various subjects. Says the administration is merely departmental, which is true, that he considers himself responsible for no other branch of the government than the Treasury, nor for any other than financial measures. His dissent to the war management has been very decided, though he says he is on particularly friendly terms with Stanton. In many respects, he says, Stanton has done well, though he has unfortunate failings, making intercourse with him at times exceedingly unpleasant. He thinks he is earnest and energetic, though wanting in persistency, steadiness. General Halleck, Chase considers perfectly useless, a heavy incubance — with no heart in the cause, no sympathy for those who have. These are Chase's present views. They are not what he at one time entertained of Halleck, but we all know H[alleck] better than we did.

We had some talk on the policy that must be pursued respecting slavery, and the relation of the state and Federal government thereto. It was, I think, his principal object in the interview, and I was glad it was introduced, for there has been on all sides general avoidance of the

question, though it is one of magnitude, and has to be disposed of. His own course, Chase said, was clear and decided. No one of the rebel states must be permitted to tolerate slavery for an instant. I asked what was to be done with Missouri, when the recent convention had decided in favor of emancipation, but [with the proviso] that it should be prospective [and that] slavery should not be extinguished until 1870. He replied that the people might over-rule that; whether they did or not, Missouri is one of the excepted states, where the proclamation did not go into effect.

Friday, August 14, 1863.

Had a call from Governor Tod of Ohio who says he is of Connecticut blood. Governor Tod is a man of marked character, and of more than ordinary ability — has a frank and honest nature that wins confidence and attaches friends.

PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF GENERAL MEADE

General Meade called at the Executive Mansion whilst the Cabinet was in session. Most of the members, like myself, had never met him. Blair and he were classmates at West Point, but they have never met since they graduated until to-day. He has a sharp visage and a narrow head. Would do better as second in command than as General-in-Chief. Is doubtless a good officer, but not a great and capable commander. He gave some details of the battle of Gettysburg clearly and fluently. Shows intelligence and activity, and on the whole [I] was as well or better pleased with him than I expected I should be, for I have had unfavorable impressions, prejudiced perhaps, since the escape of Lee. This interview confirms previous impressions of the calibre and capacity of the man.

Seward leaves to-day for a rambling excursion with the foreign ministers. Stanton did not come to the meeting whilst I remained. Chase left early, followed by Mr. Bates and myself.

Saturday, August 15, 1863.

I had to-day a very full and interesting account of the campaign and fall of Vicksburg from General F. P. Blair, who has done good service in the field and in politics also. He was a fearless pioneer in the great cause of the Union, and breasted the storm in stormy Missouri with a bold front. Of the factions and feuds in St. Louis, I pretend to no accurate knowledge; and am no partisan of either [side]. Frank is as bold in words as in deeds, fearless in his utterances as in his fights. He is uncalculating, impolitic it would be said, rash without doubt, but sincere and patriotic to the core. I detect in his conversation to-day a determination to free himself from personal and local complications, and if possible to reconcile differences. It is honorable on his part, but I apprehend he has materials to deal with that he cannot master.

CHASE'S VIEWS ON RECONSTRUCTION

[Ex-Governor Chase of Ohio had, from the outset, been the Cabinet representative of the more aggressive Emancipationists.]

Saturday, August 22, 1863.

Mr. Chase called and took me this evening for a two hours' ride. We went past Kalorama north, crossed Rock Creek near the Stone Mill, thence over the hills to Tenallytown, and returned through Georgetown. The principal topic of conversation, and the obvious purpose of this drive, was a consultation on the slavery question, and what in common parlance is called the reconstruction of the Union with the incidentals. After sounding me without getting definite and satisfactory answers, he frankly avowed his own policy and determination. It is unconditional and immediate emancipation in all the rebel states — no retrograde [step] from the Proclamation of Emancipation, no recognition of a rebel state as a part of the Union, or any terms with it except on the extinction, wholly, at once and forever, of slavery.

I neither adopted nor rejected his em-

phatic tests, for such he evidently meant them. The questions are of vast magnitude and have great attending difficulties. The re-establishment of the Union is a practical and important question, and it may come up in a way and form which we cannot now anticipate, and not improbably [may] set aside any hypothetical case which may at this time be presented. I consider slavery, as it heretofore existed, has terminated in all the states, and am not for intruding speculative political theories in advance, to embarrass official action.

North Carolinians are just now beginning to discuss the subject of disconnecting their state from the Confederacy. I asked Chase if he believed Congress would refuse to recognize her, and the government attempt to exclude her from the Union if she came forward and proposed to resume her place, with slavery, like Maryland and the other border states. He said much would depend on the President, — all, in fact; for, were the President to acquiesce in her return, it could not be prevented. But, on the other hand, if he planted himself firmly, and with Jacksonian will, on the proclamation, he had no doubt North Carolina would be excluded or refused her original place in the Union unless she modified her constitution and abolished slavery. He was confident, if the government persisted in emancipation, the state would ultimately yield.

"That," said I, "brings up other questions touching the powers and limitations of the Federal Government. Where is the authority for Congress, or a fraction of Congress, to exclude a state, or to prescribe to one of the original states new conditions upon which one of the original commonwealths which founded and established a government shall hereafter [be permitted to] compose a part of the Federal Union? Where is the authority for the President, or Congress, to deprive her of rights preserved and guaranteed to all, or to dictate her local policy? [such] restrictive conditions being

new, not a part of the Federal compact or known to the constitution. The state must have equal political rights, or the government cannot stand on the basis of 1789."

He replied that those states had severed their connection with the Union without cause, had broken faith and made war on the government. They had forfeited their rights. They no longer retained the positions they once had. They were to be subjugated, conquered. In order to be restored to the Union, they must be required to put away the cause of disturbance, the source of rebellion, disunion, and strife. The welfare of the nation, the security and perpetuity of the Union, demanded this. To admit them now to a full and equal participation with ourselves, without extinguishing slavery, would be, with the aid of their sympathizing friends, to place the government in the hands of the slave-holders.

WELLES'S OWN VIEWS

"That there may be something to be apprehended were all the rebels and their old party associates in the free states to reunite and act in concert, I admit may be true, but this is not a supposable case. The rebels would not all come back at once, were pardon and general amnesty extended to them. There is also, bear in mind, deep and wide hostility to the Confederate proceedings through almost the whole South; and the old party associates of Davis and others in the North are broken up and pretty thoroughly alienated. The re-establishment of the Union and harmony will be a slow process, requiring forbearance and nursing, rather than force and coercion. The bitter enmities which have been sown, the hate which has been generated, the blood which has been spilled, the treasure, public and private, which has been wasted and lost, and, saddest of all, the lives that have been sacrificed, cannot be forgotten and smoothed over in a day; we can hardly expect it in a generation. By forbearance and forgiveness, by wise and judicious

management, the states may be restored to their place and the people to their duty, but let us not begin by harsh assumptions, for even with gentle treatment the work of reconciliation and fraternity will be slow. Let us be magnanimous. Ought we not to act on individuals, and through them on the states?"

This enquiry seemed to strike him favorably, and I elaborated it somewhat, bringing up old political doctrines and principles which we had cherished in other days. I reminded him that to have a cordial union of the states they must be equal in political rights, and that arbitrary measures do not conduce to good feeling and are not promotive of freedom and good will. As regards individuals who have made war on the government and resisted its laws, they have forfeited their rights, and could be punished and even deprived of life, but I know not how we could punish states as commonwealths except through its people. A state could not be struck out of existence like an individual or corporation.

Besides, it must be remembered, we should be classing the innocent with the guilty, punishing our true friends, who had already suffered severely in the Union cause, as severely as the worst rebels. We could have no *post facto* enactments, could not go beyond existing laws to punish rebels; we should not [then] do this with our friends, and punish them for wrongs committed by others. We could now exact of rebels the oath of allegiance before pardon, and could perhaps grant conditional or limited pardons, denying those who had been active in taking up arms the right to vote or hold office for a period. Such as came in on the terms granted would build up loyal communities.

In these general outlines we pretty much agreed; but there is, I apprehend, a radical difference between us as regards the status of the states, and their position in and relation to the general government. I know not that I clearly comprehend the views of Chase, and am not sure that he

has fully considered and matured the subject himself. He says he makes it a point to see the President daily and converse on this subject; that he thinks the President is becoming firm and more decided in his opinions, and he wants me to second him. Stanton, he says, is all right, but is not a man of firm and reliable opinion. Seward and Blair he considers opponents. Bates, he says, is of no account, and has no influence. Usher he classes with himself, though he considers him of no more scope than Bates. Seward, he says, is unreliable and untruthful. The President, he compliments for honesty of intentions, good common sense, more sagacity than he has credit for, but [thinks him] greatly wanting in will and decision, in comprehensiveness, in self-reliance, and clear well-defined purpose.

The re-establishment of the Union is beset with difficulties. One great embarrassment, the principal one, is the intrusion of partyism. Chase, I see, is warped by this. It is not strange that he should be, for he has aspirations which are likely to be affected by these issues. Others are in like manner influenced. I believe I have no personal ambition to gratify, no expectations. There is no office that I want or would accept in prospect, but my heart is [in] beholding us once more United States and a united people.

This subject should not become mixed with partyism, but yet it can scarcely be avoided. Chase gathers it into the coming presidential election. [He] feels that the measure of emancipation which was decided without first consulting him has placed the President in advance of him on a path which was his specialty.

Saturday, August 29, 1863.

Have reluctantly come to the conclusion to visit the Navy Yards. It is a matter of duty, and physicians and friends insist it will be conducive to health and strength. If I could go quietly it would give me pleasure, but I have a positive dislike to notoriety.

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Friday, September 11, 1863.

I left Washington on the 31st ult., on an official visit to the several Navy Yards. Have a good report of affairs during my absence. Met the members of the Cabinet, with the exception of Stanton, at the regular meeting. All glad to see me; none more so than the President, who cordially and earnestly greeted me. I have been less absent than any other member, and was therefore perhaps more missed.

Had a call from Admiral Farragut, of a most cheerful and friendly character.

Saturday, September 12, 1863.

Exceedingly busy in bringing up and disposing of matters which accumulated during my absence. Admiral Farragut and a few friends to dine with me. The more I see and know of Farragut the better I like him. He has the qualities I supposed when he was selected; the ardor and sincerity which struck me during the Mexican War when he wished to take Vera Cruz, with the unassuming and the unpresuming gentleness of a true hero.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE JUDGES

[The suspension of the writ of Habeas Corpus by Presidential proclamation in the autumn of the preceding year had raised such a storm of protest that Congress, in whom this power was properly vested, had passed, on March 3, 1863, an act authorizing the President to suspend the writ "during the present rebellion . . . whenever in his judgment the public safety may require it."]

Monday, September 14, 1863.

The President called a special Cabinet council this morning at 11. The course pursued by certain judges is, he says, defeating the draft. They are discharging the drafted men rapidly under *habeas corpus*, and he is determined to put a stop to these factious and mischievous proceedings if he has the authority. The Secretary of State and Attorney General have each been consulted, and declare they have no doubt of his authority. Mr.

Blair was satisfied the President had the legal power, but [thought that] the measure proposed (which is an order from the President directing the provosts-marshal [either] to disregard the writ, or make return that the person to be discharged was held by the authority of the President) was perhaps not the best process. Mr. Chase feared civil war would be inaugurated if the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus was suspended. Mr. Usher had doubts and uncertainties.

The President was very determined, and intimated that he would not only enforce the law, but if Judge Lowry and others continued to interfere and interrupt the draft he would send them after Vallandigham. As considerable discussion had taken place, he was prepared to act, though willing to listen, and, if mistaken, to defer to others. Up to this point neither Mr. Stanton or myself had taken part in the discussion, though Stanton had undoubtedly expressed his opinion and prompted the proposed action.

I remarked that the subject was not new to me, that I had two or three times experienced this interference by judges to release men from service, not in relation to the recent draft, but that we were and had been suffering constant annoyance. Vessels were delayed on the eve of sailing, by interference of state judges, who assumed jurisdiction and authority to discharge enlisted men in the national service in time of war, on *habeas corpus*. I had as high regard and reverence for that act as any one, but it seemed to me there should be some way to prevent its abuse. A factious and evil-minded judge, and we had many such holding state appointments, could embarrass the government, could delay the departure of a vessel on an important mission, involving perhaps war or peace, or interrupt great military movements by an abuse of service of this writ. I had questioned whether a local state or municipal judge should have this power to control national naval and military operations in a civil war during the existence of hostilities, and

suggested that, especially in time of war, United States judges were the only proper officers to decide in these naval and military cases affecting the law and service of the United States. Hitherto the army had suffered less than the navy, and I was not sorry the subject had been brought forward by others.

The President said he would prepare and submit a paper at an adjourned meeting for criticism to-morrow at 9 A. M.

Tuesday, September 15, 1863.

The President read the paper which he had drawn up. Mr. Chase proposed as a preferable course that the President, pursuant to the Act of the 3d of March last, suspend by proclamation the issuing of the writ of *habeas corpus* on military questions. This proposition after discussion met with favor from all, and the Council adjourned to 1 P. M. [to enable] Mr. Seward to prepare a proclamation. On meeting at one o'clock the draft which Mr. Seward had prepared was criticised and, after some modifications, was ordered to be re-copied and carried into effect. All came into the arrangement cordially after Stanton read the reports of sundry provosts-marshal and others, detailing the schemes practiced for defeating the draft.

The question is raised whether the Executive can suspend the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* without Congressional action. If the Executive can suspend in the cases specified, which is generally admitted, the policy of falling back on the Act of 3rd of March last is more than questionable; for if Congress has, as claimed, the exclusive right, can it delegate away that right? If the right is in the Executive, it is not wise nor proper to place the proclamation on the delegated grant in the law of last March, which is made the basis of the proclamation. I think I am not mistaken in my impression that Mr. Chase is one of those who has claimed that the President had the constitutional right to suspend the privilege of this writ, yet he was to-day

sensitive beyond all others in regard to it, and proposed relying on the act of Congress instead of the constitutional Executive prerogative. He feared if the President acted on Executive authority a civil war in the free states would be inevitable. I have none of his apprehensions and, if it is the duty of the President, would not permit legislative aggression, but maintain the prerogative of the Executive.

Thursday, September 17, 1863.

A new panic is rising respecting the ironclads in England, and some of our sensational journals foster the excitement. It does not surprise me that the *New York Times*, Raymond's paper controlled by Thurlow Weed, and all papers influenced by Seward, should be alarmed. The latter knows those vessels are to be detained, yet will not come out and state the fact, but is not unwilling to have apprehension excited. It will glorify him if it is said they are detained through protest from our minister.

If he does not prompt the *Times*, he could check its loud apprehensions. I am under restrictions which prevent me from making known facts that would dissipate this alarm. The *Evening Post*, I am sorry to see, falls in with the *Times* and its managers, and unwittingly assists those whom it does not admire. Both these journals are importunate, and insist that the Roanoke shall be returned to New York. But the Navy Department is not under newspaper control, though they have the coöperation of distinguished men. To station a steam frigate in New York would involve the necessity of stationing one also in the Delaware, and another at Boston. There would be no limit to the demand for naval defences, yet it is claimed the coast defences belong exclusively to the military.

Friday, September 18, 1863.

The proclamation suspending the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* has been generally well received. I have never feared the popular pulse would not beat

a healthful response even to a stringent measure in these times, if the public good demanded it.

A MYSTERIOUS INTERVIEW WITH
SEWARD

At the Cabinet meeting Chase enquired of Seward how he and the Secretary of War got along with the English ironclad rams. Seward treated the matter lightly, and turned the conversation aside skillfully I thought, for I was interested in the question. No one could do this more adroitly than he. On returning from the Cabinet I found upon my table two letters received by the noon mail, one from Consul Dudley of Liverpool of the 5th, and one from Consul Cleaveland at Cardiff of the 3rd, both private, but each warning me, earnestly, that the English government manifested no intention to detain these vessels, and expressing their belief that they will be allowed to leave.

I went directly to the State Department with these letters, which I read to Seward, and reminded him of our conversation in August, when he quieted my apprehension so far that I left Washington to visit the Navy Yards, by assurances which he had received that we should not be disturbed by these formidable vessels.

He answered very pleasantly that he remembered the interview and the assurance he gave me, and seemed not in the least disturbed by the information of the threatened danger. On the contrary, he appeared gratified and self-satisfied. After a remark or two of assumed indifference, he saw I was in earnest, and not to be put off with mere words, [and] suddenly asked if I was a Mason. I replied I was, but [that] this [subject before us] was a matter of public concern. He said he wanted to tell me a secret which I must not communicate to a *living* person, and he should be unwilling to tell it to me on other consideration, while things were in their present condition. He must enjoin upon me especially not to tell the President nor let him know

I had been informed, for he should himself probably let the President have the fact which he was about to disclose to me. "You must promise me," said he, "that you will neither communicate nor talk about it."

I said that any matter thus communicated I should not be likely to repeat, but I must necessarily talk about these rams and communicate with others concerning them. It was my business and duty to do it. I had come to him to talk about them, and I must, from the information I had, some of which I had just submitted, take action unless I had something from him to justify my abstaining to move.

He had a hesitating and enquiring look. "If," said he, "England lets these vessels out, we must let loose our privateers."

This I had repeatedly said on previous occasions (and I now fully concurred), but I had delayed extra efforts in consequence of his assurances, and we are in no condition for these troubles. We must act, and with promptness and energy, unless he has something to say as a preventive.

"Well, they won't come out," said he. "The English Ministry are our friends, with the exception of the Chief. His course and conduct are execrable, and his organs are *damnable*. I don't know," continued Seward "what he, the Premier [Lord Palmerston], means. For certain reasons they gave out on the 4th of November that the government would do nothing to prevent the rams from coming out. On the 5th of November, the next day, they gave us assurances they should not come out. They will be retained in port, but you must not know this fact, nor must any one else know it. Mr. Adams is not aware of it. No one but you and the President and I must know it here, and it is best that he should not know that you know it."

"Do you mean to say," I asked, "that this state of facts was communicated to you last November — nearly one year

ago?" "No," replied he, "did I say November, I meant September. I have despatches here. I have not read all. I left the Cabinet early as you observed."

After some farther remarks, some additional injunctions, assurances that no member of the Cabinet knew or must be allowed to know anything on the subject (there being a necessity that I should be informed, but yet appear to the world as if I were not informed), some allusions to the Emma recently captured and taken into service, our interview terminated. Before leaving, however, he expressed the wish that we had a fast steamer off Brest to capture the Florida, without recollecting that neither of our good neutral friends of England and France will allow us to coal or remain in port over twenty-four hours.

The information thus given in confidence relieves me of much labor and anxiety, yet I am not without some anxiety. I dislike this mystery, this reticence, toward our colleagues in the government. Should the English fail us, or Seward find it convenient under a calamitous condition of affairs to deny what he has told me, or claim that he was misunderstood, I could not escape censure and condemnation. There is no record or writing in my possession. I, with only verbal, confidential assurances, [have] omitted to take precautionary measures, which, without those assurances, I should have taken, and it was my duty to take last August and now. If the rams come out and damage us, the denunciations against me will be severe, and I am without remedy but must bear the odium of neglect and inaction, for I cannot make public what has been told me.

THE DREADFUL NEWS OF CHICKAMAUGA

[On September 20 the army of the Cumberland under General Rosecrans was disastrously defeated, and might have been destroyed but for the determined stand of General Thomas. Rosecrans telegraphed Halleck, "We have

met with a serious disaster. . . . Enemy overwhelmed us, drove our right, pierced our centre and scattered troops there." This despatch, reinforced by another from Charles A. Dana, that "Chickamauga is as fatal a name in our history as Bull Run," was the cause of the President's tense anxiety.]

Monday, September 21, 1863.

A battle was fought on Saturday near Chattanooga and resumed yesterday. Am apprehensive our troops have suffered, and perhaps are in danger. As yet the news is not sufficiently definite.

The President came to me this afternoon with the latest news. He was feeling badly. Tells me a despatch was sent to him at the Soldiers' Home shortly after he got asleep, and so disturbed him that he had no more rest, but arose and came to the city and passed the remainder of the night awake and watchful. He has a telegram this P. M., which he brings me, that is more encouraging. Our men stood well their ground and fought, Union heroes for their country and cause. We conclude the rebels have concentrated a large force to overpower Rosecrans and recapture Chattanooga. While this has been doing, Halleck has frittered away time, and dispersed our forces. Most of Grant's effective force appears to have been sent across the Mississippi, where a large force is not needed. Burnside is in northeastern Tennessee, two hundred miles away from Chattanooga. While our men are thus scattered, a large division from Lee's army in our front has been sent under Longstreet to Bragg; and Hill's and Ewell's corps, it is reported, are there also. I trust this account is exaggerated, though the President gives it credence. I do not like [to think] nor can I ascertain that General Halleck was apprised of, or even suspected what was being done. Certainly he has made no preparation. The President is, I perceive, not satisfied, but yet he does not censure or complain. Better, perhaps, if he did.

I expressed surprise to the President at the management [of the troops] and his forbearance, and it touched him. I asked what Meade was doing with his immense army and Lee's skeleton and depleted show in front. He said he could not learn that Meade was doing anything, or wanted to do anything.

"It is," said he, "the same old story of this Army of the Potomac. Imbecility, inefficiency — don't want to *do*, — 'Defending the Capital.' I inquired of Meade," said he, "what force was in front. Meade replied he thought there was 40,000 infantry. I replied he might say 50,000 and if Lee with 50,000 could defend their Capital against our 90,000, — and if defence is all our armies *are* to do — we might, I thought, detach 50,000 from his command, and thus leave him with 40,000 to defend us. Oh," groaned the President, "it is terrible, terrible, this weakness, this indifference of our Potomac generals, with such armies of good and brave men."

"Why," said I, "not rid yourself of Meade, who may be a good man and a good officer, but is not a great general, has not breadth or strength, certainly is not the man for the position he occupies. The escape of Lee with his army across the Potomac has distressed me almost beyond any occurrence of the War. And the impression made upon me in the personal interview shortly after was not what I wished, had inspired no confidence. Though he is faithful, he can't originate."

The President assented to all I said, but "what can I do," he asked, "with such generals as we have? Who among them is any better than Meade. To sweep away the whole of them from the chief command and substitute a new man would cause a shock, and be likely to lead to combinations and troubles greater than we now have. I see all the difficulties as you do. They oppress me."

Alluding to the failures of the generals, particularly those who commanded the armies of the Potomac, he thought the selections, if unfortunate, were not im-

putable entirely to him. The General-in-Chief and the Secretary of War should, he said, know the men better than he. The Navy Department had given him no trouble in this respect, perhaps naval training was more uniform and equal than the military. I thought not, [and] said we had our troubles, but they were less conspicuous. In the selection of Farragut and Porter, I thought we had been particularly fortunate; and Dupont had merit also. He thought there had not been, take it all in all, so good an appointment in either branch of the service as Farragut, whom he did not know or recollect when I gave him command. Dupont he classed, as he has often, with McClellan, but Porter he considers a busy schemer, bold but not of high qualities as a chief. For some reason he has not so high an appreciation of Porter as I think he deserves, but no man surpasses Farragut in his estimation.

Thursday, September 24, 1863.

I am more desponding than I care to acknowledge. The army management distresses all of us, but we must not say so. It is no time for fault-finding, besides I understand there is a move to reinforce the army in Tennessee.

Friday, September 25, 1863.

The President was not with us to-day at the Cabinet meeting, being at the War Department with Stanton. All were present but they. Little known of army movements, but anxiety on the part of each. The English government has interposed to prevent the armored ram built by Laird's from coming out. Seward announced the fact, and also that he had placed me under injunctions of secrecy. This was the reason why no explanation had been given for my non-action for which I had been much blamed.

The Russian fleet has come out of the Baltic and is now in New York, or a large number of the vessels have arrived. They are not to be confined to the Baltic by a Northern winter. In sending them to

this country at this time there is something significant. What will be its effect on France and the French policy we shall learn in due time. It may moderate — it may exasperate. God bless the Russians!

[At a conference in the War Department on the night of the 23d, the President, after much hesitation, acquiesced, at Stanton's urgent request, to the plan of detaching two corps under Hooker from the Army of the Potomac and sending them to relieve Rosecrans, now intrenched in Chattanooga. Reinforcements sent from orders by Grant were also hurrying to his assistance.]

Saturday, September 26, 1863.

General Halleck has earnestly and constantly smoked cigars and rubbed his elbows while the rebels have been vigorously concentrating their forces to overwhelm Rosecrans. We all, except General Halleck, know that Longstreet with 20,000 men has gone from Lee's army somewhere. The information does not

seem to have reached Halleck; if it has, he has taken no measures in regard to it. Not a man, until within three days, and probably too late, was sent to Rosecrans, who has the key that controlled the rebel centre, and of which they must dispossess him or their cause is endangered. H[alleck] has never seemed to realize the importance of that position, nor, I am sorry to say, of any other.

I learned from the President that two divisions of the army under Hooker are moving to strengthen Rosecrans. It was decided at the War Department that an effort should be made. Seward and Chase were there, and I think the latter suggested the movement, which was warmly seconded and adopted by Stanton. The President does not say how active a part he took, but from our conversations I knew his anxiety for this step has been great.

The most reliable account we have of the battle leaves little doubt we were beaten, and only the skill and valor of General Thomas and his division saved the whole concern from a disastrous defeat.

WAYFARING

BY JAMES BRANNIN

THE road winds over the hill
Where sets a rose-white star:
O tired heart, be still:
The end is far.

Down in the darkening west
The chill winds fail and veer:
O wild heart, rest, rest!
The end is near.

THE GERMAN WAY OF MAKING BETTER CITIES

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER

IN no other country has the art of city-planning been carried to so high a degree as in Germany to-day. This is due to several important factors. Among them are the extraordinary industrial progress in the past quarter century, the highly organized character of German institutions, the thoroughness with which the Germans attack their problems, and the strongly idealistic quality of the national temperament. The unification of Germany in 1871 made possible the development of large plans and vast enterprises, political, economic, and industrial. The great industrial movement, favored by a generation and more of uninterrupted peace, has vastly enhanced national prosperity and created an enormous volume of new wealth. The growth of urban population — the creation of new centres, the expansion of villages into cities, of small cities into large ones, and of the larger ones into complex metropolitan communities — has not been surpassed by similar movements of population in newer-settled countries like our own.

The German urban movement in a great measure is marked by elements of conscious development, of finish, of well-considered attainment of definite ends deliberately aimed at. The same skill, the same deliberately conscious determination, that has given Germany the industrial primacy of Continental Europe, has been applied to the development of her cities. Here the demand has induced the supply. With the creation of so many new centres of trade and industry, and with the certainty that this meant an indefinite continuance of urban expansion, it was felt that this growth should be intelligently provided for. Thereby what is practically a new art, a new science, came

into being. Like architecture, it is both a fine art and a technical science. Like landscape architecture, it may be regarded as a phase of architecture. It is akin both to landscape architecture and to structural architecture, but it has qualities that carry it beyond the limits of either profession. The members of both are drawn to practice it, but to practice it successfully needs further training and the acquisition of new points of view. It means something more than planning. The planning of cities, both intelligently and unintelligently, is something very old. Were it merely city-planning, it would hardly be worth ranking as a new profession. The German name has the merit of a greater precision than English speech can impart. *Städtebau*, literally translated, would be "city-building." But the term is a shade more inclusive than that would imply; "city-development" more nearly expresses the comprehensively formative nature of the task.

In Germany, the new profession numbers many scholarly and able members, headed by leaders like Stübben, Baumeister, Gurlitt, Henrici, and Theodor Fischer. Their practice is by no means confined to Germany. The success of a master like Stübben, for instance, with his admirable plan for the expansion of Cologne, led to his being commissioned with a like scheme for the expansion of Antwerp — a community where a dominance of French, rather than of German, influences might naturally be looked for. The profession has a handsomely illustrated organ in the monthly magazine *Der Städtebau*, which finds no end of fascinating subjects in the problems involved. The planning for the new growth of hundreds of communities in all parts

of Germany presents an ample field for professional activities. This German school naturally includes Austria within its scope, for the lamented Camillo Sitte of Vienna may be said to have founded it no further back than when, in 1889, the appearance of his important book, *Der Städtebau nach künstlerischen Grundsätzen* (City-Building according to Artistic Principles), gave definite form and correlation to ideas that had been gradually shaping themselves in the minds of architects.

Within the sphere of influence of this German school, Switzerland and the three Scandinavian countries are also to be reckoned, as well as Belgium. It is significant that its ideas are also dominant in giving shape to the remarkable "town-planning" movement that is now gaining headway in Great Britain. It may be noted that in probably no other part of the civilized world is there such need of its good offices. British cities, like Topsy, have "jest growed;" the new industrial centres of Germany, have been developing intelligently. Hence in stamina, and correspondingly in intelligence, their populations present a marked contrast with the ill-housed, ill-nourished, anæmic, and ignorant swarms that characterize the squalid manufacturing centres of Great Britain, — a factor that must more and more seriously handicap that country in the contest for commercial and industrial supremacy wherein Germany is ever becoming a closer second.

The new art, as practiced in Germany, is a gradual development away from formal and geometrical ideas embodied in the checker-board and gridiron plans that, in fact, derive themselves from a remote antiquity rather than from a Philadelphian modernity, and from the diagonal and radial systems for which the plans of Paris and Washington, as masterworks of their kind, are prototypes. Vienna, with its radical reconstruction in the middle of the nineteenth century, also furnished another master-example. Here, as in Paris, the razing of fortifications

struck the keynote. It created the typical circumferential way: the boulevards of Paris, the Ringstrasse of Vienna. So the word boulevard, a French attempt to speak the German military term *bollwerk* (English *bulwark*), harking back to its ancestral home, gave rise to the *Anlagen*, or "layings-out," — the irregular rings of promenades, drives, and gardens replacing the ancient walls, so charmingly typical of nearly all the old German cities.

These first innovations agree so well with the character of the old cities that they make all the more discordant the effects produced by the second main elements in the new growth that induced an extensive cutting through of new streets to accommodate increased traffic. These streets led to the development of needed radial arteries, but their rectilinear character did violence to the picturesque aspects of many old towns. Hence there arose a keen antagonism to the ruthless procedure. The increasing value attached to such qualities made the demand for their retention a leading impulse in the development of the new art. "Something new can be made any day, but it requires hundreds of years to produce something old," remarks Gurlitt. And he continues: "Although for centuries people may have had the good sense to preserve an ancient structure, the folly of a moment is sufficient to destroy it."

Considerations like this led to the observation how much easier, more sensible, economical, and convenient, as well as genuinely artistic, it was to proceed along the lines of least resistance, to respect what existed, — particularly what had existed for generations and perhaps centuries, — and make the new conform therewith in plan and character. The scientific procedure was the way indicated by nature. Many an old city has been sadly marred by the reckless slashing of new streets straight through its picturesque quarters, regardless of property lines, of treasured landmarks, and having a view only to achieving the shortest cut from point to point. In the growth of

cities, modern traffic-requirements and the needs of trade — often hygienic considerations as well: the necessity for reforming slum districts, and the opening up of alleys and of narrow streets to admit light and air — usually made the cutting through of new streets and the widening of old ones absolutely essential. But careful studies showed that invariably the better method was to adapt with extreme nicety the new thoroughfares to the old-time conditions. The most direct lines often proved the most undesirable routes.

The turnpike period, that in our own country just preceded the railway era, was distinguished by a mania for straight lines. But when, in rugged New England, adherence to this principle carried the highway in a bee-line up and down the sides of steep hills, it demonstrated the truth of the proverb, "The longest way round is often the shortest way home." So it was discovered that, in dealing with the traffic problems of an old city with narrow, crooked streets, some sacrifice of distance in laying out a new thoroughfare found rich compensation in various advantages thus gained. For example, a somewhat circuitous route, by serving a wider district, makes one new street take the place of two or more that otherwise would be called for. This increases the area of betterment, and makes the improvement yield more profitable returns.

The reckless planner cuts and slashes at will in pursuit of his "ideals." All this makes improvements unduly costly, and often prohibits them altogether. The modern German school, however, keeps a constant eye upon the taxpayer; it cherishes a tender regard for the "pocket-nerve" and the city treasury. Economy in money, as well as in energy, is a cardinal principle. Hence a careful adjustment of plan to property lines, and a thorough studying of all existing conditions, is precedent to taking any given work in hand. Great savings have been effected, for instance, through observing that the cutting of new traffic routes across an old quarter with narrow streets only served

to aggravate the congestion by inviting new traffic into a district. It was therefore found to be much more important to devise means for conducting traffic around such a district than across it. The observation that heavy traffic through a city between given points often follows a circuitous route rather than a direct one, simply because the grades of the longer way are easier by even a few feet, indicates how this end may best be achieved. Heavy teams will go a mile out of the way in crossing a river to gain the benefit of a low-level bridge.

The systematic study of old cities instituted by this school has served to bring out many interesting facts, which show that certain aspects, in their apparently rambling ways and planless lay-out, were the results of deliberate and very sensible taking of thought. Dr. Stübben, for instance, has pointed out some very nicely conceived features in the plan of Ghent. One is that when a street crosses another diagonally, acute intersections are avoided by diverting the lines to right angles, or something approaching them. By this simple device congestion at junction-points is avoided, and points of possible collision are greatly diminished.

Another important matter, in which the old-time architects thoroughly understood what they were about, was the placing of their churches and other public buildings. The nineteenth century was marked by a general disposition to "improve" things by opening up to view great cathedrals and other monumental edifices. The cathedrals of Cologne, of Milan, and of Notre Dame in Paris, are famous examples of the procedure. While the buildings are thereby placed in striking relations to the vistas thus developed, the results on the whole are disappointing. In fact, the impressiveness of an old-time building thus dealt with is diminished rather than enhanced. A modern building, like the Capitol at Washington and other monumental structures there, or like such stately European examples as the Opera House in Paris,

carefully planned with particular reference to vistas, axes, etc., may be superbly effective in its deliberate adjustment to its environment. Cities planned in this grandiose fashion have a festal and spectacular splendor. We would not have Washington or Paris otherwise. But when such an all-pervading formality sets a fashion to be followed, the sameness that comes from set rules makes one city too suggestive of another, and becomes tiresome — just as, in a still worse way, the aping of New York and Chicago sky-scraping precedents by our minor cities, all the way from Atlanta to Oshkosh, makes for monotony. In city-development, as in landscape design, the spontaneous or unpremeditated effects in grouping and in the relations of monumental landmarks to their surroundings are what most charm and delight.

In the designing and placing of mediæval cathedrals it now appears that certain principles were intelligently followed. Symmetry in plan was avoided for the very good reason that, in actuality, symmetry of effect is never secured in that way. The harmonious balancing and proportionate adjustments of part to part thus sought are better obtained by taking intelligent thought of the relations produced from changing points of view, just as the trained architect studies his elevation, not with reference to itself, — since his structure is never seen purely in elevation, — but for the sake of the way in which it causes his edifice to reveal itself from certain points of departure thus conveniently indicated. So in those old days, the architect never located his cathedral in the very middle of an open place: he made subordinate structures, like cloisters, chapels, and arcades, grow out of it; he took no heed of the houses that might be clustered about the site, and often he even took pains to make them nestle close about the huge edifice. He knew that these would furnish scale for comparison, — his work the more majestic by contrast.

As a rule, the bodies of these great

structures were not intended to be externally interesting, except perhaps for ornamentation developed at certain points and so designed as to be scrutinized in detail and not to be effective at a distance. It was not the purpose to have these large buildings declare themselves to the eye all at once — *auf einem Guss*, in one big lump, as it were. It was abundantly sufficient to leave enough free room to see the building in its essential parts, and from a point of view satisfactorily remote. Such a treatment made the structure look much larger than it really was, and conferred upon its surroundings a quality of mystery, of intricacy. Theodor Fischer points out how, with only the tower and the big roof looming above the wreath of surrounding houses, “the church itself, whose base is invisible, recalls the Eternal Providence whose ground and foundations we may not know!”

An appreciation of these considerations has taught the exponents of the new school to study their problems from like points of view. For example, the *Stadtkirche*, the City Church, in Darmstadt, a picturesque, but not ostentatious building, needed more air and space about it. So it was “opened up” with a finely studied regard to keeping it in relation with its surroundings, and particularly to maintaining the seclusion demanded by its character. A most notable instance is that of the great cathedral in Ulm on the Danube — a thoughtfully modernized old city which in various respects furnishes a model for enlightened procedures in city-planning. Only a generation has passed since the cathedral’s surroundings were “improved” in the accepted fashion of that period, and with the inevitably lamentable consequences.

A competition for the revision of these conditions, lately held, has attracted uncommon attention throughout Germany. The innovations of 1874–1879 had swept away a group of buildings, consisting of a monastic church and cloistered connections, that occupied a corner of the Münsterplatz in front of the cathedral.

This left a featureless and desolate expanse that sadly impaired the impressiveness of the great edifice. It is significant that all three of the prize designs provided for restoring in a large measure the original character of the place, including a new group of buildings on the old site — the winners of the first prize showing a market-house and other structures disposed in a rambling, mediæval-like cluster, the lofty Gothic tower of the ancient minster completing a superb composition from the most effective point of view, looming out of a saddle-shaped depression in the group. In thus undoing a costly piece of well-intentioned mischief, by practically doing over what had been so well done centuries before, Ulm has set an example which doubtless will lead to like atonements for similar offendings in other cathedral cities — possibly inducing Cologne, and perhaps even Paris, to resort to analogous procedures for remedying their own shortcomings.

The new school is particularly severe upon the “handsome-picture plan” method which seeks a symmetrical layout and aspects of balance that are effective mainly upon paper, the qualities aimed at seldom counting for anything in practice. It has been remarked that to practice this method the sole equipment called for consists of nothing but straight lines and some circles. This academic procedure induces peculiarly involved street relations. Gurlitt remarks that the author of such planning, one might almost believe, appears to be influenced by considerations of arabesque ornament in his endeavor to bring together many lines at one spot, in order to create crossing-points for artistically working up his lacework of streets. Invariably typical of the “handsome-picture plan” is the circle always created at such points of intersection. Open spaces of this sort are objected to as tending not only to monotony, but to obstructiveness — complicating, confusing, and entangling traffic, by causing several main thorough-

fares to converge, thus tying up the streets into a sort of enlarged knot. These circles are monotonous; a city thus conventionally planned is dotted with them. But the proper sort of open space is developed out of local circumstances thoughtfully considered in careful planning according to topographical conditions. Each individual instance thus obtains a character of its own. It is true that the monotony of the circle may be mitigated by a diversified architectural development — just as in Washington, for instance, Scott Circle differs from Thomas Circle. On the other hand, the supersaturation of Washington with equestrian statuary intensifies this objectionable quality.

The leaders of the new school confess that it is still in its infancy, that the future is stored with things yet to be learned as they gradually feel their way to solutions, — each task a new problem to be considered according to its own peculiar circumstances: topographical, climatic, industrial, economic. The old procedure would apply some conventional formula to the case regardless of everything else: a misfit the inevitable resultant. The new methods assure individuality of treatment: an endless diversity that is the expression of a wholesome vitality. Historic examples are reverently studied, not in an antiquarian mood, but to ascertain and assimilate the spirit whereby such admirable results were achieved. Irregularity is often aimed at, not for its own sake, not because the delightful thoroughfares of the picturesque old cities were irregular, but because thereby monotony is avoided, the interest of the city scene heightened, and often most practical results, in the way of easy gradients, economy of construction, and other desirable ends, are best attained.

It is pointed out that a long arterial thoroughfare should occasionally change in direction, at least slightly, and likewise in width and in other distinctive characteristics, in order to avoid the tedium proceeding from keeping on and on in a straight line, as if interminably. A trip

over a route diversified by changes in direction and in the character of the way seems much shorter and more interesting than a straight route of the same length. Capital illustrations of this principle are to be found in the new quarters of Munich, where the main streets, keeping in the same general direction, curve very slightly here and there, according to topographical circumstances; the distance is not appreciably increased and the interest of the street is very considerably enhanced. These streets are instinctive features of Henrici's masterly plan for the extension of Munich, which is considered one of the most successful achievements among modern examples of the kind.

One feature of these new Munich streets is the way in which they break with one of the most venerated dogmas of conventional planning, — that the lines of a street must invariably be parallel. These long streets broaden out here and there in gentle curves, giving space perhaps for a cab-stand, for a group of trees, or to make some notable architectural feature more conspicuous. In this sort of planning advantage is taken of any circumstance that may lend diversity to the work. Old roads or cart-paths suggest ways to be followed; property lines likewise indicate how best to run the new streets in order to effect the most economical distribution of building sites, as well as the desirable individuality in development.

Gurlitt points out that modern city-planning, as regarded by the German school, is distinguished by the predominance of the artistic motive. At the same time the artistic implies the practical. The architect is truly an artist only when he plans his edifice with complete adaptation to its purposes, expressing utility in terms of beauty. Likewise, artistic city-planning ignores systematic rules and regards only the specific conditions of the case in hand. Hence, to be artistically creative, the city-planner must take all the peculiarities of his problem into consideration, emphasizing each according

to its individuality; reconciling, wherever possible, every contradiction between his own operations and the natural aspects of the site. "He should take into account irregularities of surface, existing streets and ways in their normal configuration, the property lines, and each natural feature — even if nothing but some old trees. Moreover, he should develop for traffic requirements, for circumstances of habitation, and for the utilization of individual properties, all the advantages practicable. Finally, he should supply architects with opportunities for interesting solutions of their problems, while he draws from the case in hand inspiration for achieving the most individual and diversified results imaginable. It must always be borne in mind that diversity in working up a plan encourages the architect with opportunities for developing his own ground-plan and his façades in interesting fashion, with corresponding embellishment of the city internally and externally."

Little or none of this extraordinary activity, which for some years now has been inspiring this enthusiastic school of city-planners with all manner of delightful problems, has to do with the creation of cities *de novo*, as in past centuries Carlsruhe and Mannheim were planned. But the results are practically very much the same as if such were the case. The almost marvelous growth of German cities in the course of the past generation has entailed the addition of extensive new quarters that practically mean new cities built up about a comparatively small nucleus of the old.

A good example of the characteristically German thoroughness with which these problems are dealt with, is to be found in the plans prepared a few years ago for the extension of Stuttgart. The Württemberg capital lies in the comparatively narrow valley of the Neckar, and its expansion must largely spread up the fairly steep slopes that for the greater part have been long covered with vineyards. The original plans for the city's

extension were of the conventional old sort, involving permanent inconvenience with their execution. The new plans were intended to overcome these difficulties and turn the peculiarities of the situation to the best account. A resident architect of high standing, the *Stadtbaurat Kölle*, commissioned with the work, devoted more than five years to his task. The plans were then thoroughly discussed and subjected to expert criticism from various points of view. Finally, for the information of the public, the plans were published by the city authorities, together with the various criticisms and other documents relating to the case — altogether an important contribution to the literature of the subject.

First came an introduction from the Oberbürgermeister, the mayor-in-chief, — in itself an able review of the case. It was not the expression of the off-hand ideas of some politician, business man, or other prominent citizen, who had chanced to be at the head of the city for the time being, but was the utterance of a man thoroughly versed in municipal affairs. In German cities all leading officials are trained specialists, or experts. Then came a detailed explanation of the plans by their author, accompanied by expert criticisms from Professor Baumeister of Carlsruhe, and from Theophil Frey, city councilor and resident architect. Each of these criticisms was accompanied by notes in reply, made by the author and inserted in the text in different type. The next thing was an elaborate critical essay considering the question from a social-economic point of view, written by Dr. Rettich, second salaried city councilor and head of the municipal statistical office. Following this was a correspondingly elaborate reply from the author. Then came two hygienic criticisms, one from the city physician, Dr. Knauss, considering both the work of the author of the plan and the counter propositions of Dr. Rettich, together with suggested modifications of his own; the second, a review of the

several preceding propositions, including that of the city physician, by Professor Nussbaum, of Hanover. Finally, the æsthetic point of view was embodied in the report of a special commission of architects and other artists appointed to consider the plans. In conclusion, came a summary of the main considerations that had been brought out in all the discussions of the subject, made by another Dr. Rettich, also a member of the city council. A supplementary paper was by Dr. Erck, of Munich, devoted to a consideration of the natural ventilation of the valley of Stuttgart, as affected by the prevailing air-currents — a factor of no little moment in determining certain phases of a city's plan. In this way the public was given the advantage of all the different points of view concerning a measure of vital concern for the city's future.

This statement of the Stuttgart case is of value, both as an example of the practical fashion in which the Germans consider a question of the sort, — all the parties to the discussion being men either trained in municipal practice or professionally competent in the special aspects involved, — and as an illustration of the numerous elements that enter into a problem of city-planning.

Indeed, the mere planning, the laying out of streets and open spaces, is but one factor, though a fundamental one. The plan has largely to be determined by the character which a given section or quarter is to possess: whether, for instance, the manner of building is to be close or open, whether a certain part of the city is to be residential, mercantile, industrial, or commercial. In Germany it is generally the custom to restrict the character of the various city quarters accordingly, and even to establish the minimum cost and specify the character of the houses that may be built in a certain district. The housing question is regarded as all important, — a chief element in determining a city plan; an immense amount of study is given as to how best to avoid the congestion that means disease and pov-

erty, and how best to make life for the masses of the people happy, wholesome, and prosperous.

It should not be inferred, however, that the way to better things has been wholly a smooth one. The Germans have found the path beset with a due amount of obstacles. Human nature in Germany is very much the same as human nature elsewhere, and no nearer perfection. Their large measure of success has chiefly been due to the organizing capacity which has been encouraged by the development of their national institutions. This has made them open to regard such problems in a rational, logical manner. Extraordinary progress has been made. The art, considered definitely as such, dates its conscious beginnings from the appearance of the last part of Camillo Sitte's important work, *Der Städtebau nach künstlerischen Grundsätzen*, previously referred to. Sitte demanded liberation from the intellectually desolate schematic methods of the day, and urged the artistic procedure that comes with freedom of treatment. Naturally, the greatest impediment has been presented by the obstacles imposed by selfish real-estate interests, which, in Germany as elsewhere, look at such matters purely with regard to their own profit. Excellent as municipal government is in Germany, the landed interests tend to be unduly influential in the city councils. The extraordinary expansion of the cities has led to corresponding opportunities for land speculation. Many great fortunes have been made in this way.

It is related that in one of the Berlin suburban towns alone there are as many as forty "peasant millionaires," men who a few years ago were peasant proprietors, and are now made rich by the values that the growth of the great capital has given to their land. To land speculation is largely attributed the house famine that has afflicted many German cities in recent years. Both governmental authorities and city-planners have been studying how to counteract this evil. In 1901

the Prussian government issued a notable series of decrees on the housing question, recognizing the need of a persistent co-operation between the economic and social influences of the community and the legislative and administrative powers of the state, together with a comprehensive treatment of the question by the municipalities. The state recognized that all social and hygienic considerations require the abolition of the evils connected with the housing of the poorer classes, and urged the municipalities to do their utmost toward bringing about better conditions. Various practical suggestions of great value were made to this end.

In this connection it is instructive to note how, in a highly organized state, one function may be made to facilitate the operation of another; and how, when a new activity is entered upon, the powers and the resources of established functions that apparently bear no relation to it may be employed most efficiently in its behalf. A most admirable example is to be found in the great national insurance institutions of Germany, organized to protect the working classes against the suffering and destitution caused by accidents, sickness, and the infirmity of old age. The law requires employers and employees to contribute to funds established for the purpose, the national government also giving financial assistance. These funds are administered by great insurance organizations carried on coöperatively by the imperial government in association with employers and employees. These organizations, having large sums at their disposition, are important factors in the money market. Very sagaciously they give preference, where possible, to objects of a beneficent character. For example, the sick-funds insurance organizations thus assist the establishment of sanatoriums for the treatment of tuberculosis, an enlightened self-interest teaching that it is a paying investment: the more sanatoriums the less tuberculosis, consequently the lighter the draft upon their treasuries. In the same way, these

insurance organizations perceive that, by issuing loans, at lower rates than could be procured from ordinary financial sources, for the building of better houses for the working classes, they are more than repaid for the difference between these and the higher rates that might be obtained in the open market, since their dwellings mean better health, and, consequently, lessened expenditures for sickness and death.

Likewise, the cause of better housing is promoted by such public institutions as the municipal savings banks, and by financial institutions organized with special reference to these ends. The arms of the public service have also contributed enormously. In thirteen years, Prussia built something like twenty-eight thousand dwellings for the small-salaried officials and the workmen of the State railways, and of the War Department. Municipalities also very extensively build houses for the members of the civil service, both minor officials and workmen. This makes for contentment, health, and efficiency, attracting the better grades of workers to the public service. Consequently a modest compensation goes much further than otherwise. Is this not better, both for the city employee and the public, than our American practice of paying municipal employees in excess of the market rate, and encouraging them to "loaf on the city"?

German procedure in the encouragement of better housing is remarkably flexible. Methods vary according to circumstance. There is no cut-and-dried formula. In some instances, the municipality builds the houses directly; again, it encourages in various ways, by loans or otherwise, building societies organized for the purpose; and it even offers extraordinary inducements to regular builders to supply the demand. Frankfurt-on-the-Main has pursued all three courses with signal success in relieving an acute famine in dwellings. Mutual building societies (*gemeinnützige Bauvereine*) have long been a popular institution in Ger-

many. Upon these were modeled the "copartnership tenants" societies that in recent years have come into favor in England. Societies of this sort, whose resources would be slender when unaided, are often powerfully supported by municipalities or other public institutions, in ways that vastly increase their efficiency, and at the same time amply secure the parties advancing the funds against possible loss. Occasionally a municipality will aid such a society with land for building, and perhaps with financial assistance as well.

A striking instance of coöperative activity is that whereby the imperial government recently bought a tract of land in a Dresden suburb for about \$60,000, and leased it on a ground-rent of about \$1340 a year for eighty years to a local savings and building society, which has covered it with model dwellings for nearly one thousand people. Upon the security of the lease the National Insurance Institution of Saxony advanced something like \$250,000 at three and four-fifths per cent, — a rate that covers sinking-fund charges. A second loan of about \$50,000 at four per cent was advanced by the Interior Department of the empire. The controlling motive of the imperial government in this procedure was to provide minor officials of the postal service with suitable homes, a condition being that at least a third of the dwellings should be let to post-office employees. In a similar way, through loans to building societies, the Prussian government, in the last seven years of the nineteenth century, built twelve hundred workmen's dwellings in rural places for employees of the Department of Agriculture, State Lands, and Forests.

Several states have recently enacted elaborate laws in relation to city-planning and the housing question. The conditions imposed by the old Prussian law were too inflexible. Residential streets had to be needlessly wide, and uniformly so, regardless of varying circumstances of site. In fact, the procedure was such as to

encourage the erection of high, barrack-like blocks of dwellings, while the spaces between the streets were so great as to promote the occupation of the back land by blocks with sunless courts. New legislation has aimed to remedy such evils.

The building law enacted by Saxony in 1900 is a model of enlightened legislation. It provides in the outset that no land can be built upon until it has been made to conform with the city plan in regard to streets and building-lines. With the health, convenience, and good looks of the community in view, the new parts of a city must be divided into building districts, in which the closeness of building and the consequent density of population are regulated, respectively, according to distance from the urban centre.

In planning for a new quarter of a city it is often found impossible to reconcile the interests of land-owners with a plan that otherwise would best meet the requirements of the site. The land-owners very naturally want to cut up their properties into lots, in a way to bring them the greatest profit. But the interests of individual owners often conflict with one another, as well as with those of the public. Unsuitable plans are likely to result. The law of Saxony meets this difficulty by requiring that, in cases where individual properties cannot be subdivided into suitable lots in accordance with a proper plan, such lands shall be expropriated as a preliminary to an equitable redistribution among the owners after the plan has been determined upon. The law lays down very carefully many requirements that must be observed in behalf of such demands as fire-protection, the needs of traffic, sanitation, water-supply, drainage, to meet the need for dwellings according to local conditions, and even to protect streets and open spaces against disfigurement. Street lines, building lines, and the location of buildings, must be adapted both to the configuration of the land and to giving all rooms an adequate supply of sunshine. The width of streets and footways must be governed by the

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traffic requirements of the locality, according to whether a street is to be a main thoroughfare, a by-street, or one used only for dwellings. A street of detached or semi-detached buildings, without through traffic, may have a roadway about twenty-seven feet wide. But where through traffic, particularly a tramway line, is eventually expected, adequate space between such a roadway and the building lines on both sides must be allowed for, such space to be occupied as front yards until a widening may be needed. All streets with open building and a moderate through traffic, or with close building, must be at least thirty-nine feet wide, while all main streets must be at least fifty-five feet wide.

So far as possible, gradients must be evenly distributed: heavy gradients, deep cuttings and embankments, and inordinately long straight streets, must be avoided. There must be short and convenient connections between streets and the centres of traffic. Due provision must be made for open spaces, playgrounds, recreation grounds, and sites for schools and churches. In determining the character of building to be permitted in a given locality, and whether factories and workshops shall be allowed, the existing character of the district, or part of a district, must be considered. An undesirable development of a high-class neighborhood, either by manufacturing establishments or by an inferior class of dwellings, is thus guarded against. Front yards must have a depth of at least fifteen feet. The height of buildings is regulated according to the character of a given locality and the width of the street. In rural regions and in suburban districts, with detached houses, three stories is the limit; elsewhere, as a rule, it is four; only for unusually wide streets or open spaces may there be five. As a rule, dwellings are permitted on back land only on condition that sunlight at an angle of at least forty-five degrees enters all the windows of the house; moreover, the space between the front and back buildings must have a

garden-like character. Back buildings must also be either detached or semi-detached.

These features are sufficient to show the thorough character of a law that was framed in accordance with the views of the foremost experts in city-planning, building, hygiene, and other fields relating to enlightened municipal development, consulted for this purpose. That the law shall be complied with in all planning done by local authorities is assured by requiring that all such plans must be approved by the state authority having jurisdiction in the matter before they can become effective.

Other German states have since enacted laws of similar character. The law framed by Oberbürgermeister Adickes of Frankfort-on-the-Main, and enacted by Prussia with special reference to that city, goes still further than the Saxon statute in certain respects. One aim of the "Lex Adickes," as it is called, is to increase the supply of building land around the city. The method pursued is to expropriate the holdings of a tract for which a city-extension plan is needed, divide it up into building plots according to the plan adopted, and then restore it to the owners with due regard to the part retained by the city for streets and open spaces. The method employed takes not only the land immediately covered by the plan, but all land in the neighborhood affected by the increased values thus conferred. In redistribution, an amount of land proportionate to the value of the respective plots is deducted from all plots, in order to reimburse the city for constructing the streets and open spaces planned for.

The provisions for the inspection of small dwellings are a notable element in the German system. To make sure that satisfactory conditions of comfort and sanitation are maintained, frequent inspections of the dwellings of working-people are required. The lines followed resemble those that characterize the famous Elberfeld system of poor relief. A city

is divided into districts, and the work of inspection is delegated to competent persons carefully selected by the authorities. These serve without pay, as a matter of public duty; they would be fined if they refused their appointments. Hamburg has one hundred and sixty-two inspectors, serving under nine superintendents with as many districts; both superintendents and deputies are unpaid. Stuttgart has one hundred and twenty small inspection districts, in charge of as many unpaid visitors, aided by a staff of paid officials. Here the inspection covers, not only small dwellings, but all large houses with rooms occupied by servants or apprentices. The city has a dwellings-office, which twice a week publishes a list of dwellings to be let, and gives information to persons seeking them. In Saxony the inspection system has been extended to villages. The Saxon law defines the qualities requisite in inspectors: "common sense, insight, public spirit, and the enjoyment of public confidence."

Düsseldorf has done some most admirable work in dealing with the housing problem. The city's rapid growth had resulted in a house famine. A municipal mortgage bank was founded to promote credit for house-building. Something like \$250,000 was appropriated as a reserve fund; a loan of about \$5,000,000 at four per cent was authorized to be issued in twenty installments of \$250,000 each, its payment, including sinking-fund charges, covering a term of fifty-seven years. From this fund loans are granted for the building of houses on the security of first mortgages. This system was complemented by the adoption of a land policy whereby the city acquired large holdings to provide for its proper expansion. It was felt that the community would thus duly share in the increased values created by its growth. A department, called the "Land Fund," was instituted to administer such publicly held lands as were not immediately needed for municipal purposes. A loan of about \$1,250,000 was negotiated to furnish capital for the fund,

its operations duly limited by requiring the interest on the loan to be covered by the income of the fund and by the proceeds of sales.

Besides establishing a mortgage bank, the city itself undertook the building of houses. The policy followed was not to include builders' profits in charges for rents, and on the other hand not to burden the treasury by reason of these building operations. The rents were therefore governed by the actual outlay; tenants were thus assured that rents would not be raised, much to the encouragement of a contented spirit. In addition, a group of new houses, nearly finished, was purchased, to be let by the poor-law authorities to people who, while not poor in the legal sense, had not been able to find suitable homes, either because of too many children or because the house famine had raised rents beyond their means.

To encourage other building activities, the city let a local society for savings and building have some of its land as sites for workingmen's homes, at about twenty-five per cent less than its real value, beside giving credit for part of the purchase money at four per cent. For the cost of street-building, the society was charged only the expense of macadamizing. Finally, the city guaranteed ninety per cent of the society's debt, amounting to more than \$50,000. Another important aid in providing houses was the "Aders Fund" of about \$250,000, bequeathed in trust for the erection of workingmen's dwellings, the rents accumulating and used to erect additional dwellings.

Ulm, a city of about fifty thousand inhabitants, furnishes a remarkable example of enlightened activity in dealing with the housing question. Under the lead of its progressive chief magistrate, the Oberbürgermeister Wagner, the city has developed a most comprehensive policy of municipal land-owning and building. More than three-fifths of all the building land within the city limits belongs to the city and its public institutions. The public holdings amount to

nearly seven hundred acres. Moreover, to provide for its proper expansion, as early as 1891 the city had acquired two thousand, nine hundred and twenty-six acres beyond its boundaries. The city government felt that to carry out on a large scale the provision of dwellings for working people a public holding of the largest possible amount of land was essential. Besides giving a control of housing conditions, it is represented that this policy enables the city to establish parks, playgrounds, and other open spaces, and gives it a commanding position for influencing the social, hygienic, and architectural development of the community. As Oberbürgermeister Wagner puts it, in a most interesting book on the activities of his city, it also enables the municipality "to attract sound industrial undertakings, which are likely to develop and add to the welfare of the place, to discourage the establishment of unsound undertakings, to restrict unwholesome speculation in land and buildings by exercising a moderating influence on the price of the land, and to secure for the community the increase in the value of land."

To carry out such a programme successfully, a city must represent a highly advanced civilization. This appears to be the case with Ulm, judging by the results. Its land-policy, for instance, is economically justified by the fact that in the reselling of not quite one-sixth of the land acquired since 1891, the city has recovered about nine-tenths of the total outlay. Moreover, in making these sales, the city has imposed conditions that have prevented speculation, and have also safeguarded the interests of the community, by duly restricting the character of the buildings to be erected, both houses and factories. The city builds houses for workingmen as soon as they are ready with ten per cent of the cost. This ten per cent is treated as a loan until the house is ready for occupancy; four per cent interest is paid upon it. The city's policy is made still more liberal by its proposition to provide, as soon as the demands

of these applicants are met, houses for all who show themselves willing to save money until they can pay the ten per cent installment. The city agrees to repurchase a house should its owner for any reason wish to sell. In this event, the price paid allows for the land the same valuation at which it was originally sold. The municipality is thus assured any benefit from increased values which its operations have given the property. Should the owner of a house, by reason of misfortune, be temporarily in need of money, he can borrow back the ten per cent of the purchase price originally paid.

In building these homes for working people, Ulm has adopted the democratic policy of not separating socially the various classes of the community. The quarter is therefore planned with particular reference to the erection by the city of numerous new houses designed especially for middle-class occupants. Since the workingmen's houses are tastefully built, there is nothing about the neighborhood to repel the other class. It is notable that in Berlin the proposed establishment of a village colony near the city was objected to, on the part of the workingmen, for the reason that it tended to separate and isolate the classes and correspondingly weaken their sense of mutual interest. This policy of bringing the classes together in the same neighborhood is one of the distinctive features of the garden-city movement in England. In countries with practically homogeneous populations, like Germany and England, such measures are attended with less difficulty than would be the case under our American conditions, where the existence of so many unassimilated foreign elements in the working-classes, with habits and standards of living so radically different from that of the native population, tends to make their neighborhood undesirable for a better-circumstanced class. An important result of the policy adopted by Ulm has been the attraction of a higher class of working people, and, consequently, the develop-

ment of improved industrial advantages, which encourage manufacturing and promote local prosperity, by a body of skilled workingmen, contented, and identified with the community by the possession of homes which, under the economical system adopted, cost less than otherwise would have to be paid out in rent.

The example of Frankfort-on-the-Main is important as showing the various measures taken by a large and enterprising industrial city to relieve an acute house famine. The population of Frankfort is increasing at the rate of about eight thousand a year. Besides making up the deficiency of past years in house-building, the annual erection of about sixteen hundred new dwellings, at a cost of something like \$1,500,000, was required. But before normal conditions could be established, the city had to encourage building which would provide thirty-seven hundred new dwellings at a cost of about \$3,500,000. Besides building about two hundred and fifty houses for municipal employees, at a cost of more than \$250,000, Frankfort has encouraged both mutual building societies and commercial building companies by providing sites on ground-rent and by advancing funds in addition. A permanent Building and Loan Department was organized. With the land thus obtained, it was easy for the builders to secure fifty per cent of the building cost on first mortgage. Then, with the city advancing forty per cent on second mortgage, it was necessary for the builders to find only ten per cent of the net cost. One of the mutual companies thus aided — in which, besides, the city has taken shares to the extent of about \$50,000 — has built dwellings for five thousand persons.

This society, in its choice of tenants, gives preference to families that have been living in congested districts. Besides, since families with many children find it difficult to obtain proper dwellings, it reserves half its accommodations for them. Tenants are given the use, in turn, of bathrooms and laundries in the base-

ment of its blocks. The society buys for its tenants at wholesale prices such supplies as coal and potatoes. Tenants who subscribe five cents a month can have the services of housekeepers at twelve cents a day. Each block has small libraries. In the courts are gardens with flowers, and playgrounds. There is also a day-nursery, and there are pleasant rooms reserved for resting and reading.

One of the commercial building companies aided by the city builds on lands of its own. The city has taken stock in the company to the extent of \$25,000; it guarantees the principal and interest of the company's obligations; it regulates the rate of rental; all the plans for building have to meet the approval of the authorities; and the city devotes all profits from the enterprise to the gradual purchase of all the other shares; so that eventually it will own all the houses built.

The examples cited above are typical of what many German cities are doing, both

in the way of broad general improvements and in directly bettering the conditions of life for their people. The movement has manifold aspects, economic, social, and artistic. Its influence, already great outside of Germany, has been particularly strong in Great Britain, where in organizing movements for garden cities and model villages, and in shaping legislation dealing with town-planning and the housing question, many leaves have been taken from German experience. Present-day English sentiment seems to be particularly open to such innovations, even though they may involve radical departures from customs and traditions deeply rooted in conservative institutions. Here in America we can at present hardly hope to go beyond the stage of admiration for successful and humane achievement that eventually may make our public opinion receptive as to possibilities of commensurate results under a quite different environment.

THE LISTENER

BY KEENE ABBOTT

WONDERFUL things had been happening to that old clockwork of a man, and for the second time in forty-two years he was late by more than an hour. Only this time he did not take his tardiness to heart, nor did he even realize his delinquency.

Humming a song, but in a tuneless fashion and grotesquely off the key, as any man with absolutely no sense of hearing might hum a song, he entered the Exchange Room, a sort of cave walled in on every hand by the ponderous bound volumes of the newspaper files. In this place of perpetual darkness, with its dry, acrid odor of dust, he sat all day at his desk, his bald head shining below the tin

funnel of the drop-light, and always tilted at the same angle, his hands forever spreading newspapers open before him, and his black-rimmed eyeglasses perkily balanced at the tip of his nose.

As an office-boy he had nursed the ambition of some day being a reporter; as a reporter he had fed upon still higher hopes; but a difficulty with his hearing had choked the life from aspiration, until now he was tolerably laughed at, ridiculed for his fussy ways, and greeted with all sorts of nonsensical comments which his deafness would of course not permit him to hear.

His whole life was centred in looking over the newspapers, in tearing off wrap-

pers, in sorting out the city and country dailies, and in marking articles with a blue pencil to call editorial attention to them. Years ago the president of the publishing company, in an effort to reward the old man for his long service, ordered that he be given a clerkship in the business office, at an increase of salary. The Exchange Editor could scarcely believe it; he was both astonished and hurt. What, take him away from his newspapers? No, no, it would n't be right.

Apparently he could think only of those duties of his. His coat might wear shiny, his trousers need patching, his celluloid collar and cuffs be cracked in a hundred places, without ever giving him a hint as to the shabbiness of his attire. Upon entering his lodging-place, with a corpulent bundle of newspapers under his arm, he would first try to recall whether he had eaten his dinner; if there were gravy spots on the front of his vest they would sometimes set his mind at ease, and he would rigorously set to work.

Unfailingly he went to bed at ten o'clock, well pleased with the day he had spent, and smiling complacently at the thought of the new influx of papers which would deluge the Exchange Room on the morrow.

Thus flowed the tranquil life of this quiet man who, despite his deafness and the endless monotony of his daily toil, remained forever placid. And thus his peaceful existence might have continued, had he not one day, while reading a newspaper come upon the description of a new invention, some sort of electrical contrivance which was said to be a marvel. With the use of it, any one could hear.

Impossible, thought the old man, but he began ruminating about the invention. What, he asked himself, would it be like to go to church of a Sunday and actually hear something: a good sermon, perhaps, and perhaps beautiful music that should pulse all through him as it did in his younger days? How if he were really to hear, understand, enjoy everything?

Suppose that such a machine would really do what was said of it? — But, no! nonsense! It was probably a fraud. Several months later the Exchange Editor was thoroughly convinced of that, for he knew the person who had obtained the agency for the acoustical instrument. Goulstein was the man, Levi Goulstein, dealer in jewelry, diamonds, microscopes, opera-glasses, and optical supplies. It was the same dealer from whom, years ago, the old man had purchased an ear-trumpet.

That instrument, to be sure, had served its purpose well enough, but it had been used only a little while, for one is usually sensitive about having attention called to his deafness, and in truth, the Exchange Editor did not like to have acquaintances notice him on the street; it made him uncomfortable to have them shout at him in such a way that people invariably stopped to see what was the matter.

All the same, he did like to hear the voices of his friends, and by reading of the new invention he was so invaded by an aching loneliness that he rummaged out his old ear-trumpet from the rubbish and cobwebs of the shelf over his bed. The battered brass of the bell, he noticed, was splotted with green stains of verdigris, and the small, ball-like tip of hard rubber which used to fit into the ear had been broken off.

Well, now, why not have the thing repaired? The work, he concluded, while on his way to take the instrument to L. Goulstein, might be worth a dollar, or, at the outside, not more than a dollar and a half. Still considering this point, he entered the establishment where the proprietor, a bald, pudgy little man, with three folds of flesh at the back of his neck that squeezed out above his white collar, was taking down a green curtain used to protect the clock-shelves from the dust.

"Good-morning. How goes it?" said the Exchange Editor; and spoke rather falteringly, for he had seen the fat hand of Mr. Goulstein try three separate times to unfasten one of the little curtain-rings

from a hook, and as he was an excitable man, any annoyance might put him into such a humor that he would be likely to demand as much as two dollars for repairing the ear-trumpet.

The customer laid his parcel on the show-case, and removed the newspaper wrapping.

"Here, now," he said, "a little work. A very good instrument. A new tip, that's what it needs. Then if it is polished up a bit, the dents hammered out, and — Well, you see what is required."

Goulstein looked at the ear-trumpet, wiped his florid face and afterward his large nose upon a white handkerchief with a lavender border, then took up the instrument, but raised it in the newspaper, as though it would be likely to contaminate those white, corpulent fingers of his. As he held the battered thing to the light, he shook his head over it in a way that made his puffy cheeks quiver like jelly; then he laid the ear-trumpet back on the show-case, and dusted his hands together.

Meanwhile there was a swallowing movement in the old man's throat, as though he choked with discouragement.

"Why, Mr. Goulstein, why can't you?" he asked. "Why not fix it up for me?"

The only answer the dealer made was to wrap up the ear-trumpet in the newspaper, and start to tie the string about it.

"Never mind about the polishing; I can do that myself," said the Exchange Editor. "A tip, one of those little hard rubber tips — that's all it wants."

From an inside pocket of his coat the tradesman brought out an envelope, and with a pencil wrote on the back of it, — "They don't make them any more."

The Exchange Editor read the words, spat to one side, and then exclaimed, —

"Goulstein, what is the use of lying?"

"No, but it's the truth, the God's truth! I'm a Turk and a Dago if I lie to you!" In the earnestness of his protestations the dealer stopped short, while

suddenly his thick-lidded eyes brightened with inspiration. From his desk he produced a circular describing a new instrument which would permit the deaf to hear; and straightway, when the old man looked at the printed page through his black-rimmed eyeglasses, he grew dizzy, as if he had drunk three or four toddies, one after another.

"You have them, those new machines?" he stammered. "Well, but no matter. I could not have one. I have no money for that."

On the envelope the dealer wrote, — "They work splendid."

"A fake! I'll bet it's a swindle!" the old man protested with unnatural calmness, but his face was a-quiver.

"Vait till I get 'em in. You'll see!" Goulstein shouted, as the Exchange Editor bent forward, a hand scooped about his ear. Ordinarily the dealer could speak English very well, for his children at home kept correcting him, but sometimes, in a moment of excitement such as this, there was an occasional word which stubbornly refused to come right. "Shust you vait till I get 'em in!" he repeated.

Goulstein came out from behind the show-case, trundled forward with the labored jouncing of a wheelbarrow, went up to the old man, raised on his toes, and said in a loud voice, —

"To introduce the goods I wouldt make it to you scheap. Guarantee it. They are on the road, were shipped by express last Wednesday. No satisfaction, no pay. Ven you not hear, den I get nudding. Hey?"

To get at the price of the contrivance, the old man cunningly exclaimed, —

"But a machine like that — how much? As much as ten dollars, what?"

"Ten dollars! Who said ten dollars? Not me. I never said that — nudding like it! No, sir, you don't get one of dose machines for a hundred dollars. Look here: they list 'em at a hundred and fifty, but ven I knock off my commission — you being an old customer — ven I do that, then vot? Vell, then you carry him

home for a hundred and twenty. And vot do I make on it? Not a red damn cent. No, sir. It's only to introduce the goods."

"A hundred and twenty dollars!" the old man gasped.

"That's it — the wholesale price, and if you get the large attachment, it will mount up to a hundred and sixty."

"Don't — I beg of you, *please!*" The words came with husky faltering, and the Exchange Editor moistened his dry lips to add, "A very good instrument, this ear-trumpet. You sold it to me. Nothing much wrong with it. A new tip — that's the main thing. The dents don't matter. I will polish it up myself."

Goulstein said no more. He merely tied the string about the parcel on the showcase, and with the ear-trumpet under his arm, the old man took his departure.

All that day the Exchange Editor could not get done thinking about the new machine. The circular, with half-tone engravings to illustrate what the instrument was like, he had brought with him from the dealer's, and he read it several times on his way to the newspaper office; often he looked at it during his working hours, and the last thing he read before retiring for the night was again that description, every detail of which was as clearly in mind as though he himself had been the one who had written it.

During the two months that followed, the new invention was much in the old man's consideration; but one day, with the ear-trumpet under his arm, he again visited Goulstein's establishment, in the hope that the youth who did watch-and-clock repairing might be in charge of the shop; for who knows? — it might be possible to talk reason with that young man. A hasty inspection of the establishment revealing that the proprietor was conveniently absent, the Exchange Editor briskly dodged in, but as he was untying the string of his parcel, his courage suddenly failed. Through a rear door Goulstein had appeared.

Plunged thus abruptly into confusion,

the old man felt ashamed, guilty, as though he had been caught in some mean trick; and before he knew it he was inviting the dealer across the street to the Duxedo Bar, where they drank together, a toddy for the Exchange Editor, a gin fizz for Mr. Goulstein. Afterward the jeweler thumped the old man's parcel, striking it with his fat middle finger which seemed to be inflated with gas; but the thick nail made the brass under the paper ring with a dull metallic clink, as Goulstein exclaimed with solemn finality, "It can't be fixed!" Officially ordering a second toddy, he stood on his toes, stretched his fleshy neck, and in a loud voice said to the Exchange Editor, "Come now, I am going to fit you out with one of those new instruments."

But the old man abruptly tore himself away, alarmed at the thought of such a great expenditure, and afraid of the temptation, which seemed to grow ever more alluring. Better never to see one of those machines! Better to forget all about it! But that, the Exchange Editor came to understand, was impossible, utterly impossible, and all peace of mind went out of him, since he had grown so sick at heart through his yearning to hear again.

Then he began to save more rigorously than he had ever saved, and for that reason he was much chagrined when his landlady raised his room-rent. Yet he considered that it would scarcely be treating her right to move out, for he was gratefully mindful of the times she had patched his trousers for him and also of the time, during a spell of illness, when she had made him gruel and prepared a mustard-plaster. And besides, she was a good woman, a widow with seven children, and with so noisy a house that, if she were to keep any lodger very long at a time, he would surely have to be deaf.

There was still another consideration which reconciled the old man to the deplorable rise in his room-rent: it was that the woman had been struggling hard to keep her eldest son in college. A good boy. Charley Holland! The Exchange

Editor had a real fondness for him and was proud to think how the lad was working diligently to get an education.

No, everything considered, it would not be right to move out, and the old man was resolved to try, in other ways, to accumulate money. This could be done by not riding on the street car even in bad weather, by breakfasting on ten instead of fifteen cents, and by burning less coal. Of evenings, if he were to take his work into his landlady's sitting-room, even though the children liked to climb over him and pull his white fringe of hair, he would not have to light a fire in his own room.

It was hard, a little bit hard, to get used to this way of living, but then, after all, what had been the use of pampering himself? And besides, he was still a little extravagant; every other week, on Sunday, he took a cup of coffee at breakfast.

As often as once a month, and sometimes twice a month, the Exchange Editor talked with the dealer about the instrument. Would n't those machines come down in price, he inquired, if one were to wait a year or two? Who had been buying them? Were they all right? Did they give perfect satisfaction?

After every conference of this kind the old man was greatly pleased and also a little troubled, almost wishing that he had given himself the pleasure of testing the instrument; and that he never did test it was because he wanted to treasure up the joy until he should actually have the money to pay for the machine. The day of all days it was to be, and he must not do anything to cheapen or lessen the mighty effect of it.

The time for making the purchase was gradually drawing near, and he was greatly rejoiced to consider that now only four more months remained, four additional months of pinching and saving. It made him quite dizzy to think how rapidly and how easily he had been amassing his funds, for at the beginning he had thought it was going to be very,

very hard to accomplish; but see, now, it had not been so very difficult!

How the time came at last for him to buy the instrument; how he hastened to Goulstein's shop as soon as he received his pay-check at the end of the week; how he saw a sign posted on the door. "Closed on account of Jewish holiday," and how the establishment would not open again until Monday — all this he told the men at the newspaper office; and it was hard, so hard on him to be kept waiting that, on the great morning when he awoke, his temples throbbed with a wretched headache. "This will soon pass off," he declared, for he did not like to admit his threatening state of health; and yet he was painfully conscious that he had been unable to sleep much, that his fevered mouth was as dry as a crust, and that he felt heavy, stiff, enfeebled all through and through. As he got out of bed a shuddering fear invaded him, a fear that, after all, he might not get the instrument. "Perhaps," he told himself, "it was never intended for me; perhaps I have been too covetous of it."

Even though he was long in getting dressed and in walking downtown, he arrived at Goulstein's shop before it had opened; and leaning against an iron trolley-post, he waited a while before deciding that it might help to pass the time if he were to go to a restaurant for something to eat. This morning he ordered a cup of coffee, and every minute, while at breakfast, he kept fumbling inside the breast of his waistcoat to feel the roll of paper money pinned fast to his pocket.

He was determined to be very cautious in parting with that sum, and in short, the first thing he said to Goulstein, when the dealer was using a fresh, lavender-bordered handkerchief to wipe the different parts of the acoustical instrument, was this: —

"It may be all right, but will it *stay* all right?"

With a fat smile that displayed the gold fillings of his teeth, the dealer shouted: —

"Shust vait; you'll see!"

To the breast of the old man's coat he fastened a black disc, a transmitter to which an electric battery was attached, and a cup-like thing, with green cords like the receiver of a telephone, was pressed to the customer's ear. Then, immediately, the old man began to roll his eyes. He heard something; yes, truly, he heard music, but it was a frying and a sneezing panic of music — the noise of a phonograph with a bad record and running much too fast.

"My stars! Good heavens!" he gasped. "What a row!" He jerked away, peered all about the room and then out into the street, but nowhere could he see any disturbance; and the dealer, although momentarily nonplussed, was quick to stop the rasping suffocation of noise.

"Can you hear me distinctly?" Goulstein questioned, and holding up his watch, he added, "Hear it?"

Silent, engrossed, spell-bound, the Exchange Editor did not move, for the room had suddenly become vocal with a score of voices: the rapid pulsation of the watch, the metallic galloping of alarm clocks, the confused respiration of time's machinery, tickings vague and distinct, leisurely and fast, dignified and clownish, an immense chorus of palpitating seconds as sung by a variety of movements.

"It will have to be fitted," said the dealer, "shust as glasses are fitted to the eye. Maybe everything is too loud, maybe not loud enough. I will find out about that."

He spoke pompously, giving himself airs like a street-corner salesman, and he did not fail to mention that only through friendship and because he wanted to introduce the goods, was he reducing the price to a hundred and twenty dollars. But the old man had decided to take precautions.

"I must see how it works," he said. "Let me have it on approval, and then, you understand, if it gives satisfaction —"

Goulstein looked discouraged.

"If you would pay something down," he suggested.

"To-morrow, yes," the old man replied, "that is, if it works right."

Convinced that the machine would prove indispensable, Goulstein reluctantly permitted it to be taken on trial; and with the black little cup-thing fitted and held in place like an ear-muff, the Exchange Editor, upon leaving the shop, began to walk he knew not whither.

It was a spring morning, one of those fine days almost like June, and the sunlight, the air, the clean, sweet freshness of the sky, all, everything was new; surely it had never before been like that, never, never, since the world began! It was as though the hour had been made for him, and it was as though a young girl whom he passed on the street had been made for the hour. She was all in white, with a red parasol over her head; but it was less her daintiness and youth than it was the crispy whisper of her gown that filled him with an unaccountable joyousness. It seemed to him that he, too, was still young and that now, at last, he was going to live, perhaps have a romantic adventure of some sort, and in the end have a home of his own with children in it. And then — only think: if a little boy were to call him father, he would be able to hear that sweet word; yes, actually, he would be able to hear it!

The mere thought of such a thing delighted him so much that he laughed aloud; and afterward, while stepping gayly along in this exultation of spirit, he presently halted, for some little maple trees, beside the curb in front of the Lloyd Hotel, were very interesting to him. In point of fact, they were puny, city trees of the most discouraged sort, each one protected against horses' teeth by a circular casing of iron rods; and although there could be no charm in such absurd and struggling greenery as that, the old man stood there in amazement, his face upturned, his hands clasped, and reverence in his eyes, as a playful whiff of breeze set the meagre foliage to lisp

and whispering. So affected he was that he could scarcely keep from calling out to every passer-by, "Little trees, yes, but what sounds! Good heavens, what a rippling loveliness!" It was as sweet to him as rain upon the roof, one of those gentle April showers that used to fall, years and years ago, when he was a little boy in his father's house.

He went on one side of the trees, then on the other, drew away, came nearer, and listened, and listened, yet could not get his fill of listening. To him there was something anxious and timorous and loving in those quiet voices, as though they were trying to tell him beautiful secrets which nobody but he, nobody in all this world but he, would ever be allowed to understand.

After many delays he finally reached the newspaper office, more than an hour late for the second time in forty-two years. But, unconscious of his tardiness and tunelessly humming a song, he entered the Exchange Room, with a feeling that all the staff, from managing editor to office-boy, must have learned of his great affair. The men did indeed come in to see him, to offer congratulations, and to listen — some of them quite patiently — to his exhaustive explanations about the acoustical instrument. And the pleasantries he heard, all those jocular comments, filled him with confusion, caused him to stammer, and made him blush to the top of his bald head.

In the circumstances it was hard for him to keep on babbling, he was too happy for that; and yet he tried to think of something clever to say, in order that these friends of his might see what a vast difference it makes in a body's life to be able to hear.

Well, taken all in all, these were the most glorious hours of his life. his cup was running over, and at night, when he reached home, he was still inwardly aglow with pride and satisfaction. But before he went to bed the old man lit his oil lamp that he might compare the acoustical instrument with the pictures of the

circular which he had been treasuring through all these months of deprivation.

Yes, here it was, this little machine, exactly as he had known it was going to be! He brought out his old battered ear-trumpet, and contrasted the two contrivances, putting them side by side on the bed; then he laughed aloud, so great was the difference, so much more modest and unassuming did the new instrument appear! It gave him such a desire to brag, to tell afresh the wonderful things he had been telling all day long, that he adjusted the contrivance to his ear, and went downstairs to call on his landlady.

Twice he knocked at the sitting-room door, and when, after a long interval of waiting, it creaked wearily open, he saw by the face of the woman that something woeful must have been happening to her.

"I have here," he began, but paused in the belief that she was in no mood to be appreciative. "Better to come here at some other time," he thought; yet even in the presence of her trouble he plucked up spirit to say, "Everything — I can hear everything. A little machine — I can hear very well, but it has not been fitted yet. They fit them, exactly as they fit glasses to the eye. Maybe this one is too strong, or maybe not strong enough, but it appears that — I think it is going to be all right."

"Come in," said the woman, with a show of interest in her voice, but she had turned her face away from the lamplight that he might not see those tear-swollen eyes of hers.

"Have you hurt yourself?" the Exchange Editor sympathetically inquired, as he noticed that her right hand was bound up in a white cloth.

"Oh, *that!*" she exclaimed rather contemptuously, and added with a shrug of vexation, "Burned it with hot lard."

It was plain that a hurt more serious was troubling her. But what? The old man noticed that the room, commonly so neat, was now in great disorder, and something, it seemed to him, must have gone out of it. Where, he wondered, was the

sofa? And what had become of the rug with the blue dog woven into it, and the other rug with the two red and green bull-fighters?

"The installment men! What?" the Exchange Editor suddenly exclaimed.

"They have been here, yes," the woman admitted. "I got too far behind in my payments."

After this brief statement of fact, spoken without bitterness, she asked her visitor to be seated, and he took his old place at the centre table, beside the lamp, where he had spent so many evenings to save the burning of coal in his own room. Only this time, instead of looking over a pile of newspapers, he gazed curiously at the woman, being conscious how frail and little she had grown, and how tired and old, although he was certain she could barely have reached middle age.

"With my hand like this," she presently observed, "I can't hold a pen very soon, and I want a letter written, a letter to my son." Three boys she had, but the eldest, he who was away at college, was the only one she ever referred to as "son."

"Why, yes — certainly," said the Exchange Editor, and with pen poised above the paper, his black-rimmed eyeglasses astride the end of his nose, he added, "Well, now, how shall we begin?"

With her left hand the woman began to pluck ravelings from the frayed edge of the bandage, and it was long before she spoke again: but at last she said, pausing thoughtfully between the phrases, —

"I don't want to ask you to come home, Charley; you know that, but I just have to ask you. Things are in such a state; the furniture for the front bedroom is gone. A lodger engaged the room yesterday, but to-day the installment folks cleaned it out. All the rooms but one are vacant. I can't earn enough at washing and ironing. I am not strong any more. I am afraid you will have to come home and help us out."

Toward the close of the letter the old man wrote slowly, as though it had become very hard work for him to use the

pen; for he had taken a deep interest in that boy at college, and was fond of imagining how it might have turned out if he himself could have gone to school, learned more, and been better prepared for newspaper work.

Before the Exchange Editor had finished the letter his pen stopped short, and he wiped his face with his handkerchief, knocked off his eyeglasses, stared at the sheet of paper, got up, walked about, then paused, raised the written page, and nervously tore it into small bits.

"No," he said, "no, Mrs. Holland, we won't write that letter." He cleared his voice several times, but could not succeed in getting all the huskiness out of it, and as he passed slowly behind the woman's chair he gently laid his hand on her shoulder. "I want you to do me a favor," he went on. "I have here a little money. I — I don't need it. I want you to borrow from me. In the summer Charley will work. He will pay it back. Good-night."

No time was given the woman to protest. Into her lap dropped the roll of bank bills, and the old man quickly strode away, hurried upstairs to his room, and locked the door.

Once there, safely inside his own four walls, he breathed deep, and smiled as he took up the battered ear-trumpet from the bed; he even tried to laugh at it again, but this time he could not, and he gently put it back in its old place on the shelf — gently, for there had been a time when it had helped him to hear a little.

The new instrument he lovingly put down on the table, and over it he spread a snowy handkerchief, as if it were the face of some dear friend who had died.

The old man soon went to sleep that night, and he slept well. A time of rest and quiet breathing had come to him, as though he might be lost in some fragile dream woven of such pretty sounds as the rain makes, or perhaps a timorous whispering of leaves, or else the jolly voices of those men at the office who had been kind to him.

THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL MOVEMENTS

BY HAYES ROBBINS

THE church is becoming its own chief accuser. Self-criticism is a frequent note in pulpit, convention, and denominational periodical. "Are we reaching the 'masses'? Are we losing the workingman? Are we becoming a select, middle-class institution? Are we leading — are we even fairly abreast of the living problems and movements of the new time?"

It is a hopeful sign that the self-searching has become so active and earnest. Perhaps the surest proof of an institution's permanent vitality is its capacity for discontent with anything short of the largest fulfillment of its possible mission; the ability, at least, to locate its own weak spots, whether able at once to strengthen them or not. This is the safeguard against that self-satisfaction which passes so readily into indifference, thence into dry-rot and decay.

In this present disquiet of the church, the object of chief concern is the seemingly elusive workingman. Now it is quite possible, in passing, that the workingman is not elusive, in any special or class sense, to the extent commonly supposed. He is present in large numbers in at least the Roman and Jewish folds, and it should not be forgotten that in every large American city there is a considerable population of foreign-born wage-workers who either do not find the services of their accustomed faiths within reach, do not understand the new, and eventually lose interest; or who have brought with them bitter remembrance of oppression under forms of government in which the church was an established part, held jointly responsible for their sufferings. Here is a peculiarly baffling situation, and it is not greatly surprising that immigration has rolled up the problem at a rate by

far exceeding, as yet, the ability of the church to meet it. Bearing this in mind, it is reasonably probable that the remaining wage-earners without church affiliations of any sort do not greatly exceed the proportion of the similarly unconnected, or at any rate non-attendant, in other large groups in the community. This might be a literal fact, however, and highly important in any general view of the situation, yet contain little comfort for those sections of the church universal which do not have the workingman, know that they do not have him, and feel it a reproach that they do not.

Many have been the attempts to seek and find him. The institutional church was one of the earliest, and it is not by any means an abandoned experiment. Some of these centres of many-sided activity—physical, vocational, and mental, as well as moral and spiritual—enjoy a success indicating that at least they meet a need, whether realizing all that was hoped from them or not. Yet the suspicion has been growing, after several years of experience, that, after all, the gymnasium and the shower-bath, the trade-school, the boys' club, the sewing and cooking classes, the kindergarten, the game-room, the circulating library, and the provident fund, may not be striking to the heart of this very tremendous and very terrifying Labor World. The women and children, clerks, young men new to the city and seeking a start in life, respond in great numbers; with them a few skilled craftsmen, it may be, a few others of alien tongue—but Tubal Cain remains unmoved. In all this varied offering, there seems to be little that the average grown mechanic, earner of daily wages and supporter of a family, indi-

vidually feels the need of, or that he cannot obtain as easily in other and sometimes, to him, more congenial quarters.

Then the special meetings were tried, the "open forums" for free discussion of labor and social issues, and these are still with us. "Let the people have a chance to 'get back' at the preacher, and they will come." They came: some of them earnest seekers after truth; but, outnumbering these and usually dominating the discussions, a large representation of insistent propagandists of social panaceas, chronic orators, excitable cranks with no following outside the range of their own populous imaginations, and radical extremists of the class with whom the rank and file of the wage-workers, the trade-union men especially, have little part or sympathy. Indeed, for the most part the two elements are openly, even bitterly, hostile; perhaps nowhere to-day is the conflict with the socialist propaganda being waged so continuously, so actively, and at such close range, as within the ranks of the organized industrial crafts.

Other and still more formidable efforts have been directed to the same end. Episcopalians, for a number of years, have had their "Church Association for the Advancement of the Interests of Labor." The Presbyterians have organized a "Department of Church and Labor," and sought to supply the missing link between the two elements in the person of an earnest and able gentleman who has carried the sympathies of his wage-earning experience with him into the pulpit, and still retains his trade-union affiliations. Congregationalists, Methodists, nearly all the leading denominations, are canvassing and testing ways and means of meeting the situation. In a number of cases "fraternal delegates" have been appointed to sit in the meetings of labor organizations, and, while not allowed to vote, have been accorded the privileges of the floor. Joint meetings have been held in connection with several conventions of religious and labor bodies,

in recent years, to further a better mutual understanding; and at some of these the attendance has been very large.

Here the seekers are obviously getting nearer the sought, but right at this point disagreement of a pronounced sort crops out among the seekers. Some very earnest and devoted clergymen, not by any means lacking in breadth of sympathy, feel strongly that, in the search for the workingman, no countenance should be given to his trade organizations, either by exchange of fraternal delegates or by any other arrangement which might imply approval of an institution to which, as they view it, the church cannot possibly give its sanction. On the contrary, workingmen should be warned against the union, they feel, and if possible drawn to other agencies of material and moral progress.

Facing this dilemma, it might appear at first sight that the church, before it can go much further in its quest, must officially pass upon the merits and demerits of trade-unionism. There is, however, a wide difference between express indorsement of a given institution or movement, and simple acknowledgment, in practical every-day relations, that it exists as a present fact in the community. The church does not necessarily become either advocate or judge in basing its procedure upon frank recognition of the actual social environment, in and out of and through which in every part it seeks to weave its own threads of ethical and spiritual influence. In reality, the problem here raised is fundamental, and as old as the history of organized religion.

What is the true attitude of the church toward the social, political, and industrial life surging about it? Going still deeper, what is the ultimate object of its mission? Humanity, or systems? Life, or things? Institutions, or men?

Must the church become the arbiter of institutions—the trade-union, for example, the employers' association, the political party, systems of industry, forms of government—as a pre-condition of venturing outside its own safe portals to

seek and to help men where they may be found? Apparently it has so believed at many times, in many lands and ages, and has acted upon that belief, with results as varied as the verdicts rendered. For the most part, this has been wasted energy — a tournament with windmills! Institutions, social structures, are after all but names, forms of expression, lengthened shadows of their creators, not living things in themselves, to be either saved or damned. Society is no self-existent being whose parts draw their life from the whole and exist for the sake of the whole, and it is not, therefore, an *organism*; rather, it is an *organization*, an association of individual organisms, drawing its own life wholly from these units, existing for their sake and their welfare; not they for it. Before society, man was; and society might vanish but man would remain, however reduced in numbers or miserable his nomadic existence. No matter how complex human relations become in the process of time, the primary order remains — man the creator, social institutions the creation. The only living, thinking, acting factor in the community is the true starting-point of whatever is to affect either him or his relations to others.

We are in some danger of concerning ourselves so much about the works of men that we lose sight of the man himself in our methods of social endeavor. We are much given to talking about the mission of the church, or of religion, to this or that social, political, or industrial institution. It has no mission to things — relations — forms; it has a mission to human lives, — one, of course, which should vitally affect every outworking of those lives; but the word of inspiration and help must strike through the institutional shell to the living germ.

If the merits of the shell are made the issue, the minister is likely to find a barrier of prejudice and misunderstanding raised between himself and his opportunities of influence among, and service to, multitudes of those who believe in and are

working through all manner of institutions, framed by and for themselves, and which therefore express roughly their own ideals and character at the given time, reflect their accustomed habits of thought, and largely measure the quality and capacity of their understanding. Perhaps the minister does not approve some one of these. If, instead of passing judgment, he will adopt, for example, the method of the great apostle who was willing to look beyond externals and endure many things that he might deliver his message; if he will walk with those who will not walk with him, working with and among men of whatever affiliations, in sympathetic endeavor to realize ideals of larger life, of justice, of helpfulness, to inspire the spirit of brotherhood, his word will at least have a hearing. To the extent that it takes root it will unfold in human life, and in due time the social expressions of life will either reflect more and more of this influence or give way to others that do. The temptation to grasping misuse of economic or civic opportunity cannot be removed by damming up this or that institutional stream; it may leave old channels, but it will find new. Let the sun in, and dry up the poisoned springs!

Suppose, however, the church does consider it essential to become the inquisitor and appraiser of institutions and social movements, instructing the community as to which ought to be supported, which condemned and abandoned. Returning to the case of the trade-union, for example, it begins to apply its tests. But what are its tests? Not that an institution, to command approval, must be perfect: by that standard none could escape the ban, possibly not even the church itself. Shall it be that the union must, on the whole, have in it more good than bad? Clearly, there ought to be, then, some common agreement upon what constitutes the good and bad of its character and methods.

A specific case is taken. There has just been a great strike, with the usual

accompaniments of bitterness, suffering, loss, possibly violence. The employers, let us assume, are generous and upright men who, nevertheless, are hard pressed and cannot see their way clear to grant the demands. Need there be any great difficulty in imagining fifty per cent of the clergymen interested reasoning that a labor body responsible for such a situation must be bad and worthy of condemnation, the other fifty per cent equally impressed with the fact that here is a notable sacrifice being made by a group of men and their families for the improvement of one another's lives, homes, educational and other uplifting opportunities for their children, and for all who may hereafter work in the positions they seek to better; that while civilization is developing ways of adjusting labor differences with less and less of strife, even strife is better than injustice or stagnation?

Shall we have a sociological pope to determine which view is right, and what the proper attitude of the church should be? Suppose the decision, however reached, is in condemnation of the union on the ground that its ultimate weapon is some form of compulsion, and its very existence a provoker of discord. It is all settled, and the council draws a long breath of relief; but in the moment of adjournment some belated member arrives with the records of an important group of unions that very rarely call strikes, that have regular agreements with their employers, and work along from year to year quite as harmoniously as men engaged in various other commercial and industrial pursuits, both sides sufficiently satisfied that at least they are not crying for anybody to come into Macedonia and help them. Are these arrangements, these unions, to be included in the disapproval or not? If not, it then becomes the further task of the minister to adjust the balance of good and bad between this organization and that, with the further complication that the bad one this year may be very good

next season, while some tried and true model union, sharing the vicissitudes and frailties of all things mortal, may later get into a tight place, show its teeth, yield to the passions or fears of the moment (even St. Peter fell!), make a huge mistake, and bring down the wrath of the community on its head.

Is it wise to invite these needless dilemmas by seeking to apply to complex and shifting institutions those generalizations which hold true only of simple and eternal principles?

The general attitude suggested need not, of course, be carried to an extreme merely to save a theory intact; indeed, a theory without elasticity, like a rule without exceptions, cannot be saved intact, and is usually of small social value. There are, it is true, institutions and movements with objects so closely related to the church's own that coöperation is natural, and sometimes of much practical advantage; and it is equally true that other institutions may and do arise, of such character as to neutralize, if not virtually prevent, that very access to individual lives which is our primary concern. But, in truth, the utterly hopeless social fabrics in the community, at least those that we can be sure are such, are exceedingly few. It is easy to label a thing on superficial evidence, or without having fully considered what the label itself signifies. For illustration: suppose the church declares the spirit and tendency of trade-unionism to be essentially selfish, and thus opposed to the ideal of brotherhood. Is not that a test which, unless we are very clear what we mean by selfishness, would equally set the church at war with nearly every existing human institution?

What is the motive of organized democracy? In the broad sense, essentially self-interest; a joint method of a few thousands or millions of men for best securing their own happiness and prosperity. Does some one protest that the comparison fails because trade-unionism often gains its ends by duress, while democracy is the rule of all for all? Are

we so sure of that? Every political election means that a minority is constrained against its will to accept the ideas and wishes of a majority; and if the question of taxation is involved, it means the compulsory taking of the property of some citizens for objects the larger number think will be for the best good of all. But the trade-unionist is equally convinced that the higher wages he seeks will not in the long run prove a burden to the employer, but will so increase the consuming capacity of the population and stimulate improvement of productive methods that larger prosperity for all will be the net result; and he has much industrial history and good economics to support his view. He will insist, further, that compulsion by violence is but an occasional and diminishing incident of labor controversy, not in any sense a recognized element in trade-union philosophy or practice; on the contrary, discouraged and condemned by every reputable unionist leader; while the kind of compulsion involved in refusal to work upon unsatisfactory terms is immoral only if the right to maintain any form of liberty is immoral, — civil or religious as well as industrial. All progress involves some friction, some readjustment, temporary loss, perhaps; the labor advocate does not feel it a matter for specific or exceptional criticism that this universal social fact is true of the union and its activities.

What is the motive of the political party? Essentially self-interest: to win, and establish its policies. What is the motive of the Henry George single-tax programme? — not of any particular advocates, but the inherent element of attraction the plan itself has for the average man? Again, essentially self-interest: to establish common rights in land by depriving the present owners of its economic rent. Ah, the objection comes, it is not selfish even for a landless wight who would benefit thereby to seek a thing like that, because he believes it is just. Indeed, then, your trade-union friend

will reply, "It is not selfish for me to seek higher wages, shorter hours, the uplift of my material circumstances; I have wrought out the right to this with my brain and muscle, and it is just that I should have it." What is the motive of socialism? To secure to many men greater abundance with less labor, by a method which necessarily involves for many other men less abundance with more labor. Very proper, its advocates may hold, as an object to accomplish, but struck through with a self-motive nevertheless, however glorified in sociological rhetoric.

Science, philosophy, religion itself — everything through which men seek a higher good for their kind, has its self-aspect in some degree. In truth, our common definitions of selfishness are too narrow. Civilization starves unless most men pay at least their own bills to nature; the tissue rots if the red blood turns white. The wisest charity teaches self-help. A race of martyrs would become extinct in one generation! Self-relying, self-sustaining effort, just provision for one's own, are not inconsistent with thought and care for others, — indeed, are nearly always the pre-conditions of being able to render effective help at all. Who wants to ride on your shoulders if your feet are in quicksand? Behind the out-flowering of every Luther and every Lincoln were years of self-preparation, however unconscious of the mighty service to come. Self and the other self each has its necessary place in the scheme of creation; both, in their proper relation, must be present in a true expression of the law of life. If we are to condemn either men or institutions, then, on the score of selfishness, we must know, not merely that self-interest is present, but that it excludes or is surely tending to exclude the altruistic aspect.

By this test, again, is the case of the trade-union such that the church, while it need not exalt, must inevitably condemn and ostracize? Undeniably the self-seeking side is in evidence, aggress-

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ively, sometimes brutally; but quite as certainly the brotherhood spirit is there also, not alone in germ, but much of its outgrowth, along with what still remains base. Many who have considered broadly the history of this movement during the last century, not overlooking the grave evils, nevertheless rank it the most effective educator in coöperation for common advancement, in mutual service and willing self-sacrifice, in discipline and self-government, that has ever emerged from a strictly laboring-class environment. True, the range of sympathies is narrow, extending as yet very little beyond the limits of the unions themselves. Such, however, is the natural history of human progress, which moves always in waves, now here, now there, never in universal tides. Altruism is a growth; it does not suddenly fire the individual heart with a zeal for all humanity. Normally it extends from small to larger groups, according to the broadening range of knowledge and interests and expansion of ideas. In the labor world we are to-day in one of these special-group stages; and those who are rightly troubled about many serious faults may regard the future possibilities more hopefully if they do not forget the antecedents and environments of the workers, who have come up thus far through uncounted centuries of conditions still cruder and narrower, still less altruistic, still less promising.

What has been said is not intended as a plea for the trade-union; rather, to show its common human heritage of complex characteristics, motives, and methods. A parallel may be found for its worst incidental aspects — ambition, greed, monopoly, even violence — in nearly every institution, at times in the Christian church itself. That it has brought forth good fruit in some measure is hardly to be denied; that it yields to gross temptations in the hour of prosperity and power is not peculiar to itself. It is but one in the long list of organized groups professing to work for human welfare, and sub-

mitting at least a reasonably debatable claim to a place and function in the community. Has the church the infallible wisdom to go down the line, setting one upon the right hand and one upon the left? Has it agreed upon the multiple test? And what shall it profit, when the labors and discords of the process are weighed against the gain? Sooner or later the old familiar cracks will appear in every new piece of social machinery devised to replace one discarded, until we get at the faulty metal in man himself. Then and then only the movement or system of actually superior possibilities may hope for just and adequate opportunity to demonstrate its worth.

In the course of its history, however exalted the motive, the church has suffered much through misdirection of effort from the man to the thing. Its Founder set up no external kingdom, promulgated no system of economics, no scheme of social reorganization, passed judgment upon neither Roman nor Jew, courts nor temples; rather, upon wrong, hypocrisy, and selfish materialism, in high places or low, proclaiming those clarifying and energizing principles of truth, duty, and brotherhood, which, though spoken by the wayside to a solitary man, are yet so vital that no social or political structure in which they do not find fertile soil can escape decadence and famine. But the church — how often! — has set the institution before the man, fought the battles of king and noble, crowned and excommunicated, pronounced its judgments, torn itself asunder in the partisanship of wars, politics and industrial uprisings, one faction challenging the other in the name of religion and hurling scriptural ammunition across the chasm. Even to-day, in the field of economic and social reforms, it is a poor panacea indeed that some one does not announce as the precise thing Jesus Christ came to teach. This, for example, was the dominant note in a recent convention of socialist clergymen in New York, in the course

of which a prominent political figure in the socialist movement was declared to have a message to the present time similar to that of Moses and Christ in earlier epochs. On the other hand, the writer, a few years ago, sat in the congregation of a brilliant and influential minister who began an eloquent review of the saviors of mankind, with brief mention of Jesus, and concluded with an extended panegyric of Mr. Henry George, conveying the distinct idea that the mission of Christ on earth to-day would have been to preach the single tax.

It is by no means an unfamiliar experience to hear the petition, "Thy Kingdom come," followed by the glowing affirmation, "Lo, here is that kingdom," or, "Lo, there it is;" but in neither case locating it where the Maker of the petition himself declared it was to be found. Men who seem to consider the Christian message inadequate as it stands, exhibit an exceeding proneness to paste heaven's label on their own particular nostrums; to cut up parable, beatitude, and prophecy alike into advertising material for sundry partial and often conflicting social cure-alls. "Come now, let us create God in our own image, and mankind will flock hither as it no longer does to the Original! The Word has been misunderstood by the human race, until I arrived with my private key to the locked treasures. Behold, here it is!"

The church has no need to follow after strange gods in order to affect modern life and share in the world's work of human betterment. Is it powerless to inspire practical sympathy for the oppressed, the destitute, the suffering, or to arouse interest in their economic problems, unless it can prescribe another infallible specific for poverty and misfortune? Is it powerless to throw its weight in behalf of civic righteousness and stir men to action, unless it becomes an investigating bureau and prints the records of candidates, or proclaims the relative ethics of contending theories of taxation, finance, and admin-

istration? Is it powerless to create active, intelligent interest in education, in the safeguarding of public morals, in the protection of child-life, unless it maps out school systems or conducts political and legislative campaigns? Is it impotent to lead men to live in the spirit of good-will and brotherhood; and if it is thus impotent, can we believe it competent to frame any scheme or set of relations that will establish compulsory brotherhood by machinery?

The church's work of moral leadership and inspiration to larger life underlies, and is greater than, any particular reforms, however important. If it is true that its influence has declined in recent years, it may indeed be partly due to inadequate grasp of modern needs, but there is a deeper cause. Organized religion is suffering, in common with our entire social and civic life, from the wave of materialism following the enormous increase of wealth during the past century, and exceeding by far, in swiftness and magnitude, our ability to assimilate and devote wisely to the highest civilizing ends. So much the less, then, in seeking a new lease of influence, can the church afford any concession to that "spirit of the time," if such it be, which regards meat as more than the life, or holds it possible, after all, for man to live by bread alone. We must not get the commissary wagon ahead of the colors. To uphold the standard of moral and spiritual values, keep it to the fore, make its meaning known and its prior claim heeded, is the highest, broadest, and ultimately the most practical service of the church to humanity in all time, no matter what the hue and cry of this age or that, no matter what the new and startling forms of old, old problems. Let it adopt any lesser ideal, subordinate it, or allow its summons to be drowned in the roar of socio-economic machinery or political agitation, and civilization all along the line sinks to lower levels, as surely as armies retreat when the heights are abandoned.

Whatever of civic improvement has come in the last few years, in the struggle to uproot long-intrenched "graft," the setting of closer bounds to abuses of power, political or industrial, the raising of higher standards of public trust, the success in notable instances of a higher grade of public men, has not been the fruit of any "new gospel" of social salvation. Honor, faithfulness, justice, — iron strings, wrought long ago but struck with new vigor, — have given the keynote; yes, "mere morality," which, as Emerson remarks, is as if men should say, "Poor God, with nobody to help him." Nothing in this is strange or revolutionary; no more so than in the life which creeps up into tree and bush and plant after a long winter and thereupon transforms the earth. It is there always, whether the passing season that at times conceals it be one of ice and snow or of materialism and indifference. And it is this — peculiarly the church's supreme message — that present national tendencies are proving, not obsolete, but never more needed, never more practical.

If any criticism is to lie against the church, it is not that it has stood for these elemental things too much or too long; rather, that it may have too much neglected them, perhaps at times lacked courage to set them forth distinctly and boldly, or let them become too hackneyed, formalized, dogmatized, allowing the sacred fires to die down into the ashes of theological controversy or literary disquisition or rich ceremonial. If such indeed

be the case, there may be those, justly alarmed, who call unawares upon the Baal of this *ism* or that *ism* for new embers; but unless the fire comes as to Elijah's altar, we are not likely to see it rekindled.

The minister of wide-reaching activities and broad outlook will not shut his eyes to the collective achievements and experiments of a very real and practical world. He will frankly recognize that institutions react upon their creators, and, built by men, have much to do with the building of yet other men to come. The problem, however, is the method of approach, and the ultimate end, sought through whatever societary maze, is still the man. The church need not be halted or turned from its quest by the glaring labels of party, trade, or class affiliations. Its opportunity — shall we not say its high duty? — is so to reach the lives, share the burdens, and stir the consciences of men, wherever found or under whatever banner, that their public and private undertakings alike shall give larger and finer expression to qualities of universal and enduring worth.

We cannot mould a body politic out of the dust blown about by every wind of controversy and breathe into it the breath of life. Only that really lives into which men voluntarily put themselves; and it will live to good or bad ends according to the character, sympathies, and ideals of its makers. Here are the vital contact points of the church with the complex social outworkings of modern life.

NOON

BY FREDERIC MANNING

CHARMED into silence lay
The forest, dimly lit;
No wind that summer day
Moved the least leaf of it:

No choric branches stirred
Its calm profound and deep,
Nor voice of any bird,
But silence dreamed like sleep.

Like dew upon the grass
It fell upon my soul:
Loosed it to soar and pass
Beyond the stars' control.

Vague memories it woke,
Shapes far too frail for touch;
And then the silence broke:
Lest I should learn too much.

FRENCH CONSERVATISM

BY ALVAN F. SANBORN

ONE day in the summer of 1907, a feeble and impecunious octogenarian, who was straining every nerve to complete a work of higher mathematics before death should overtake him, was rudely disturbed in his labors by the sudden irruption into his tiny dwelling of the agents of the fisc, who had come to dispossess him because he had failed to pay his taxes. The poor old man stood by indifferent, scarcely realizing what was going on, during the removal of his scanty household furniture and personal belongings; but when the invaders laid their hands upon his books, he burst into tears, and pleaded so eloquently for his "old friends," that the agents considerately withdrew.

This delinquent tax-payer was M. Mouchot, a laureate of the Institute. He had sent many esteemed communications to the Academy. He had published works of pure science which won the approbation of scholars and became almost classics in their kind. "M. Mouchot," said the mathematician Joseph Bertrand, at the time he was Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Sciences, "is one of those we are obliged to read pen in hand." Furthermore, M. Mouchot had devoted years to researches into the utilization of the heat of the sun, the results of which would have made him a millionaire had he been willing to accept personal profit from them. He refused persistently to bear any part in their exploitation. He would have fallen irretrievably in his own esteem had he permitted himself to reap pecuniary benefit from discoveries susceptible of application to industry. He practiced science solely for science's sake, with no ulterior motive.

In this respect, "Papa Mouchot," as 102

he is called, is an admirable type of the French scientist of the epoch.

Chevreul might have secured a princely income by merely consenting to participate in the exploitation of a patent for the utilization of stearine. He had only to say the word to become the master of millions. He kept his lips resolutely closed. He lived modestly and died relatively poor.

Curie, simple, austere, single-minded, so penurious that he used a bicycle in all weathers — to save car-fare — for his almost daily journeys between Bourglala-Reine and his Paris laboratory, Rue Lhomond, rejected a rich man's offer of half a million francs for a few decigrammes of radium, because he wanted the precious stuff to experiment upon.

Berthelot, whose services to science carried him to the Pantheon, is remembered by the dwellers on the left bank of the Seine as a stoop-shouldered old man, with a drooping mustache, who trudged up and down the streets of the Latin Quarter in a long, rusty black coat which gave him the air of a seedy, superannuated clerk. His three salaried positions (Senator, Professor of the Collège de France, and Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Sciences) brought him in altogether about \$6000 a year. He had practically no other income. While allowing himself to play an active part in the political affairs of his country, he never took out patents on discoveries which were capable of bringing him a colossal fortune, although he had six children to bring up. He resisted all solicitations to become entangled in business, even refusing to permit his name to be placed upon the lists of directors of great industrial enterprises. To a deputation of

sugar refiners who implored him to seek a new method of extracting glucose, offering him, by way of commission, a life annuity of at least a quarter of a million francs should he succeed, Berthelot replied, "Messieurs, I feel sure that it is possible to find what you desire and thus assure to your industry the economy for which you hope. I am going to study the subject. I even promise you to study it immediately. Glucose? It is possible, it must be possible. I trust, then, to find a new process, and when I shall have found it, I will turn it over to you. But I will give it to you for nothing. We work for honor in our French laboratories."

In a word — not to multiply illustrations unduly — the gratuitousness of science is a cardinal article of the French scientist's creed. The tradition of his order decrees that discoveries calculated to affect the welfare of the race are a part of the common patrimony of the race, and must be dropped without money and without price into the hands of all. Honor imposes upon him a complete detachment from the scramble for riches. For a scientist to endeavor to reap pecuniary profit from his labors is in the highest degree "unprofessional" — most damning word! The commercial spirit of the age has thus far been powerless against the conservative attachment of the French scientists to this old-fashioned conception of professional dignity, which is terribly unpractical, surely, as modern standards go, but which is nevertheless not without its beauty and nobility. The reputable scientists of France have all duplicated at one time or another, in one way or another, the *beau geste* of Berthelot.

There may be other countries where these time-worn scruples are not unknown, but it is doubtful if there is any other country where they prevail to an equal extent. Even in Germany (currently considered the paradise of science) numbers of reputable savants hold it legitimate to acquire a fortune along with glory. While Robert Koch, who directs

a factory of pharmaceutical products, sold his remedies at Berlin, Louis Pasteur sowed broadcast his tubes of safety and life.

Renan declared that the intellectual liberty of England and America is the cause of "a veritable inferiority in criticism," and "offers too many facilities to stupidity and charlatanism." He insisted upon the necessity of a recognized central authority in scientific matters. The opinion of Renan may or may not have been well founded, — there is not a little to be said in favor of a *régime* of unqualified freedom for science, — but he certainly expressed the prevailing sentiment of French scholars; and granted the need of authority, it is evident that nothing could well be more hostile to its proper operation than the introduction of mercantile considerations into scientific researches.

There is another quality which French scientists possess in an eminent, if not a surpassing, degree: a capacity for restraint under the excitement of a probable discovery. They have to reproach themselves with fewer errors attributable to unseemly haste than the scientists of almost any other people. They do not, as we say familiarly in America, go off at half-cock. In spite of the reputed mercurialism of the French nation, and the reputed phlegmatism of the German nation, no French scientist of equal standing with Koch has been guilty of giving to the world a half-verified discovery, as Koch did in announcing his ineffective and dangerous anti-tuberculous serum; and the system of control in the French laboratories is so rigid that it is practically impossible for such a thing to occur — a superior scrupulousness which is loyally recognized by fair-minded German scientists.

Whether the relation between the French unwillingness to benefit financially by scientific discoveries, and the French absence of precipitation in the promulgation of them, is that of cause and effect, it is not easy to determine. It is

perfectly safe to say, however, that they are both manifestations of a conservatism which could not possibly hold out against the rush and rapacity of modern life, if it were not inherent in the spirit of the race.

Another province in which the conservatism of the French is pronounced, if not preëminent, is that of finance. But the bases of French finance have been made so clear by divers authoritative articles in the American daily and periodical press during the last twelvemonth, that it would be superfluous at this late date to call public attention to them. Suffice it to say that it is primarily to the conservatism of her system of banking (as typified by *La Banque de France*), and of her individual investors, that France owes her present proud position as the banker of the world.

French finance is based upon the proverbial French woolen stocking, that is, upon French thrift — a trait which has been much written about first and last, but regarding which foreigners continue to be skeptical, because it is accompanied by a light-heartedness, a blitheness, and a whole-souled appreciation of the good things of this world, particularly of that “good sister of common life, the vine,” which seem to belie it, instead of being ascetic and morose as economy is popularly supposed to be. The French people continue to follow the sound advice Nicolas Pasquier gave centuries ago to his son Etienne: “Begin to economize early. Every saving in household management produces an incredible revenue far above all other revenues.” The real “simple life” — not that travesty of it made fashionable by American faddists, which is a luxury within the reach only of the very well-to-do — is lived by nearly all classes of the French people, because it is ingrained in their nature, and accords with their ideas, ideals, beliefs, and traditions; because, in other words, it is “the resultant of all the aptitudes and inclinations of the race.” So far as his own country was concerned, the *Vie*

Simple of Charles Wagner carried coals to Newcastle. Its message was scarcely needed by his compatriots, and that is the main reason, perhaps, that they took no interest in it until after it had been given an artificial prominence by the encomium of the chief of a foreign state.

The Frenchman and, in an even higher degree, his model helpmeet, the French woman, possess an extraordinary faculty for making the most of a meagre exchequer. On four to five francs a day, in the laboring class, they procure for themselves, and for a modicum of children, lodgings, food, clothes, and amusements, help their less fortunate relatives, and contrive to put something by for a stormy day besides. It is more particularly in the matter of providing for the table that this economizing faculty works wonders that are very close to miracles; but it is operative in every department of household management.

As French finance is based upon the national thrift, so the national thrift is based upon the national conception of the family. This conception is the direct lineal descendant of the Roman conception, to which it bears a striking resemblance. The authority of the father as head of the household is not absolute, to be sure, as it was in ancient Rome. Nevertheless, the French father is master, theoretically, of all the acts and choices of the children (who look to him to assign them their respective rôles in life and to direct their energies in the interests of the family as a whole), and of most of the important acts and choices of the wife; and he generally is so actually, except in so far as the French woman's surpassing cleverness enables her to “manage” the lord and master, while seeming to accept his domination. The father, in return for the obedience of the children, holds himself responsible for their welfare, not only during their minority, but throughout their entire existence.

As to the daughters, his chief ambition is to see them well married. With this end in view, he devotes himself sedu-

lously to amassing sturdy dowries and to striving (naturally with the advice and coöperation of the mother, who is the immediate supervisor of their education) to find them husbands whose fortune and social position equal or exceed his own. True to the prudent instincts of his race, he deems a bank account a surer sheet-anchor than perfervid protestations of limitless and undying affection; mutual esteem and community of interests a much more solid foundation for domestic happiness than passionate love. He would subscribe heartily, in fact, to the sage observation of Robert Louis Stevenson, in one of his disquisitions on the tender passion [I quote from memory]: "The lion may be the king of beasts, but he is a very troublesome domestic animal." "Love passes," he is very fond of saying, "but the appetite for the daily bread endures."

The marriage of their daughters lifts an immense burden of anxiety from the minds of the parents, but it must not be supposed that such marriage terminates parental responsibility. On the contrary, the old folks continue to act as the young folks' watchful Providence. The tender solicitude, the sleepless vigilance, the fluttering interest (meddling, we should call it in America), of the mother in particular, follow, pursue almost, the bride into her new home, where they are so conspicuous that a French writer has been led to remark, "The French mother has the heart of a hen who is resolved to brood her chicks her whole life long."

As to the sons, the father rarely expects them to become magnates of finance or captains of industry. His fondest hope is to see them settled in stable, if modest, positions, which will guarantee them against all possible buffets of fortune when he shall no longer be by to render aid. He desires, rather than dreads, to make them mere cogs in the wheels of a great machine, so that said machine be a solid one. Rarely does a French father cut a boy adrift to shift for himself when his studies are finished. Far from holding

that he has done all that can reasonably be expected of him when he has fitted him for a trade or a profession, he recognizes that the real tug-of-war comes in the first years of practical contact with the world, and does everything that lies within his power to serve as a buffer for him against the hard knocks of these critical years. Thus, the French man literally remains papa's boy (*le fils à papa*), and the French woman mamma's girl (*la fille à maman*), so long as the father and mother live.

It is because the French people are jealous of everything tending to impair the integrity and the dignity of the family that they are very reluctant to modify the body of venerable law which controls marriage, divorce, and inheritance.

It is not such a long time ago, as time is counted in the annals of nations, since it was impossible for a man or a woman, whatever his or her age might be, to marry without the formal consent of his or her parents; or, if the parents were dead, without furnishing properly certified documentary evidence of their decease. It is only twelve years since it was impossible for a man under thirty, or a woman under twenty-five, to marry without the consent of the parents unless he or she had warned the parents of the intention by so-called "*sommations respectueuses*," — a proceeding which was both complicated and costly. It is only a little over a year ago since it was impossible for a man under twenty-five, or a woman under twenty-one, to marry without the formal consent of the parents; or for a man over twenty-five or a woman over twenty-one to marry in the absence of that consent without resorting to the "*sommation respectueuse*." At present, a man or a woman may marry freely after thirty years of age; but before twenty-one, he or she is absolutely under parental control, and between twenty-one and thirty must still resort to the disagreeable formality of notifying the parents of an intended marriage. Furthermore, in the last-named case, the future

conjoins are obliged to produce a number of documents, the collection of which costs both time and money. If the parents of both are dead, the persons about to marry must produce at least nineteen certificates of various sorts. If one of the parties chances to be a foreigner, as happens frequently in these days of cosmopolitanism, the preliminaries are still more complicated and costly. "In no country," says Dr. Jacques Bertillon, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of the City of Paris, "are marriage formalities so complicated as in France."

Divorce, which was promulgated by the Revolution, was afterwards withdrawn. Divorce of a highly restricted nature was reestablished in 1884, but was made so difficult and costly that it has not often been solicited with lightness of heart. There is no denying that the number of divorces is slowly increasing, and there is an unmistakable tendency toward a modification of the extreme rigidity of the present laws. It is still a far call, however, from the French to the American attitude divorceward; and it will probably be a long time before what we understand in America by "easy divorce" will obtain in France, where many of those who make light of the Church view of the indissolubility of marriage deplore any change which would subordinate the interests of the family to the interests of the individual, the former, not the latter, being esteemed by them the social unit.

Liberty in the bequeathing of possession can scarcely be said to exist in France, well-nigh prohibitory obstacles having been placed in the way of willing property to other than natural heirs. Not only are the rights of children inalienable, to all intents and purposes, but the inheritance laws create rights for cousins, nephews, etc., either directly or by imposing an enormous and progressive inheritance tax upon legacies to mere friends or to philanthropies and charities.

Opposition to innovations that militate against the unity and continuity of

the family, which is strong even in Paris, where the solider and soberer qualities of the people are disguised by a veneer of flippancy, is tenfold stronger in the provinces.

Among the pastoral peoples of the Pyrenees, the homestead and all the lands attached thereto, which have been kept undivided from generation to generation, are turned over to a single heir, who becomes by this token the accredited representative and head of the family. This heir keeps with him his brothers and sisters, if they are unmarried, aids them if they emigrate to a distance, and receives them back, if they fail in their ventures. He also keeps with him his married brothers with their wives and children (if they choose to remain), his sons, his uncles, and nephews (with their families if they are married), and his unmarried aunts and daughters. He directs the activities of all the members of this family-community, and exercises an authority over it akin to that of the patriarch of old; but he cannot dispose of the property, which he holds merely as a trust. The young men and young women frequently take resolutions (amounting to vows of celibacy)¹ in order to continue to work for the good of the family-community; and they are held in the highest esteem by reason of this sacrifice of their individual happiness to the general good. Thus the conservative sentiment of respect for law is here overborne and superseded by a much stronger and even more conservative sentiment, namely, reverence for tradition. In order to maintain the patrimony intact in spite of the law, which commands equal division between children, all the other heirs agree together to waive their legal rights in favor of the chosen heir. Furthermore, they are aided and abetted in evading the law by the lawyers and civil authorities of their districts, who are thoroughly imbued with the local spirit. At any cost and at all hazards, the chim-

¹ An easily explained exception to the contempt for the *vieille fille* current in France.

ney of the homestead must be kept smoking (*il faut que la maison fume*).

Efforts to protect the family patrimony continue to be made, to the knowledge of the writer, in Armagnac, in the Basses-Alpes, in those sections of Languedoc known as Lozère and Aveyron, in Auvergne, in Guyenne, in the Bourbonnais, in the basin of the Loire between Orléans and the sea, and in the Vendée; and it is highly probable that a similar phenomenon exists in a large portion of France. Last winter, when the master-builders of Paris resorted to a lock-out, in order to starve their masons into accepting their terms, the majority of the excluded workmen, who were Limousins, returned to their province, where they could count on the financial aid of all their relatives; and there they calmly awaited developments. The result was that the lock-out was of short duration, the employers speedily realizing that they were powerless to cope with such splendid family solidarity.

Paul Deschanel gave fresh and striking expression, on the occasion of the reception of M. Ribot into the French Academy, to a profound, if venerable, truth. "The French," he said, "are a people of revolutionary imaginations and conservative temperaments." Mazarin, in the seventeenth century, expressed the same idea in the phrase, "the French make a great outcry, but they pay;" and Sainte-Beuve, in the nineteenth century, when he said, "France, whatever its taste and its prayers for liberty may be, is a country in which authority, when it has in its favor priority and form, does not displease."

Of a truth, without charging the French with insincerity (conscious or unconscious), which would be an inexcusable blunder, it may be affirmed that their incendiarism is mostly on the surface, and that nine-tenths of their radicalism is to be ascribed to the passion for generalization (particularly along humanitarian lines) of a highly mentalized people; is, in other words, largely an affair of the

imagination — an intellectual exercise or diversion bearing as little relation to real life as did the theological theses of the scholastic philosophers of the Middle Ages. The French adore sonorous promises of a general overturn on the campaign rostrum or on the election poster, but they are not deceived thereby, and are little surprised and less disgruntled when the maker of them, on being raised to power, reveals himself a thorough-going conservative.

It may wear the air of a paradox, but it is a fact of history, that French conservatism is so firmly intrenched that it has been necessary a number of times for a discouraged minority to resort to revolution to make the slightest breach in it. Even this heroic method has not always succeeded. France, next to China, probably, is the country which has had the most revolutions and has been the least affected by them. Her revolutions, speaking broadly, have changed only the names of things; they have not touched the things themselves. The French nation, to employ a homely illustration, is like the diner in a restaurant who obliges the waiter to change his cup of tea because he prefers a different brand, and finds the very same brew excellent when the waiter, after an ostensible journey to the kitchen, replaces it before him. After the manner of the Romans, who would have gone to death rather than set up a monarchy, but who adapted themselves very readily to an Empire, the French are horrified at the mere mention of reactionism, but rub along very well under a species of imperialistic demagogism. The Third Republic has put an imperial administration at the service of a majority. It is a régime of Bonapartism with a republican label. The code, the laws, and the usages are unrepugnant; but so long as the motto "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité" is inscribed on the walls, the majority are satisfied.

It is a dear and inveterate habit of the Frenchman to follow routine, to be directed, to be administered, to respect

an official uniform; and this is true of him even in times of disturbance, when he is sublimely contemptuous, presumably, of every species of authority. Thus, during the revolutions of 1830 and 1848, the ploughman remained beside his plough and the mechanic at his bench; and in 1871, when twenty-seven of the eighty-odd Departments were occupied by the conquerors, the other Departments continued to pay their taxes and to respect the laws and the regulations of the defunct Napoleonic government. While France has gloried in projecting into the world great, generous, humanitarian ideas and formulas, atavism and tradition have continued, in her despite, to be the controlling forces within her own borders. "We are a singular people," says André Lefèvre; "we talk incessantly of changes, and at bottom we do not desire changes. Whatever our political complexions may be, we are all ultra-conservatives. Our programmes are crowded with reforms, but if you should venture to realize one of them, you would immediately set everybody against you."

In the domain of the amenities, as well as in that of politics, the conservative temperament of the French serves as a check upon their revolutionary imagination. That Latin strain to which they owe "their love of measure, their sense of average humanity, and also their respect, their prejudice even in favor of administrative orderliness" (to cite Bourget), is here very much in evidence. "Rien de trop" is the formula of their intellectual and artistic endeavor, as it is of their economic and financial activity.

The French Academy is an admirable symbol of the national conservatism. From its foundation by Richelieu in 1634 to the present, the Academy has been splendidly faithful to its special mission of conserving the national traditions. Formally loyal as an institution to the Third Republic, as it has been successively loyal, by the very necessities of the case, to every preceding government, the personal sympathies of a goodly portion

of its members are probably reactionary in a most Platonic and inoffensive fashion. It prides itself upon always having among its members at least one lofty dignitary of the Church and several scions of the nobility; and though it accords seats readily enough to eminent statesmen, it is rare indeed that it admits one, however brilliant his parts, of a sufficiently radical sort to wound the tender susceptibilities of the great ladies of the Faubourg Saint-Germain. Even from among the authors (the class which it is more particularly designed to distinguish) it seldom elects to membership an innovator until long after his innovations have ceased to be remarked. Writers who, like Cherbuliez, Theuriet, Coppée, Bazin, and Rostand, present, with due respect for form, the more wholesome sides of life, are more academisable, other things being equal, than those who ridicule or defy the accepted moral code. The Academy did not admit the mocking Halévy until he had produced his idyllic *L'Abbé Constantin*; nor the turbulent Richépin until he had been completely tamed by age; nor the affected Barrès until he had renounced his most offensive affectations; and if it has let down the bars to dramatists who, like Donnay and Lavedan, have been guilty of flippancy, it is because they have amply redeemed their flippancy by restrained and serious dramas which have received the seal of approval of the official Théâtre Français.

To its conservative Academy, then, French literature is indebted, in a measure at least, for its poise and precision of form. It would be a pity, doubtless, if it should succeed in dominating the national literature absolutely with its cold conventionalism, but it would be no less a pity if it should cease to act as a restraining force.

Thanks also to the Academy, or rather, to be more precise, thanks to the literary conservatism of which the Academy is a salient manifestation, foreign literatures never succeed in influencing French liter-

ature intensely enough or long enough to modify it permanently in any essential respect. The French creative faculty is as uneasy and ineffective in an alien atmosphere as is the typical French man on foreign soil. Detached from the wonted "milieu," the one like the other is bound to peak and pine. While each and every one of the exotic literary movements of the last two generations has burned out like a punch, the tendency (known as "regionalism") to exalt local traditionalism into a cult, to which Mistral and his Félibriges first gave noteworthy expression over half a century ago in Provence, has invaded steadily province after province until it has literally made the conquest of France. An aggressive conservatism, characterized by a fervent zeal for propaganda, akin to the conservatism of a portion of the ancestor-worshipping Japanese, is, all things considered, the most significant fact in the French literary world to-day.

The history of painting and sculpture in modern France is replete with conflicts between individual impulse and academical authority, between initiative and inertia, between the classicism and the romanticism coexistent in this bizarre people of conservative temperament and revolutionary imagination. The French artistic innovator has almost invariably been obliged to overcome a tremendous amount of official opposition, because he has seemed, at the moment of his appearance on the scene, to ignore fundamental principles and to flout revered standards. It was not until a few years ago that the works of the masters of impressionism were admitted to the Luxembourg, and then they were hung in a room where it was impossible to see them properly. Rodin's *L'Homme au Nez Cassé* was greeted with jeers, and his *Bourgeois de Calais* with violent abuse. His *L'Age d'Airain* was at first refused exhibition on the ground that the sculptor must have made a mould of the marvelously modeled face. The Commission of Art Works declined to accept his monument

of Victor Hugo, designed for the Pantheon, and the Société des Gens de Lettres, his Balzac. Recognized the world over as the greatest sculptor now living, Rodin is still eyed askance by the representatives of official art in his own country, and has not yet been honored with an election to the Académie des Beaux-Arts.

The Ecole Nationale des Beaux-Arts and its adjunct, the Villa Medici at Rome, hold rigidly to academic traditions, as is evidenced by the time-worn classical and religious subjects of their prize competitions. The official Salon of the Champs-Élysées is scarcely more hospitable to novelties to-day than it was in 1863, when the Salon des Refusés contained exhibits by Cals, Cazin, Chintreuil, Fantin-Latour, Harpignies, Jongkind, Jean-Paul Laurens, Legros, Manet, Pissarro, Vollon, and Whistler. It is still considered *the* Salon by typical Parisians, who prefer its cold, correct, classical art to the more modern and vital art of the seceding Salon du Champ de Mars, of the very existence of which, for that matter, most of them are ignorant, although the two exhibitions are held at the same time in the same building.

In the large, retrospective view, it is evident that there is an element of almost classic restraint in all the best French art, even in that which at the time of its production was deemed the most extravagant; and that this element is due to the resistant force of the national conservatism. Without this balance-wheel French art would have flown off at a tangent time and again. Thanks to it, French painting and sculpture have remained, in spite of apparent venturesomeness, stable and continuous for three centuries. It is only necessary to witness once the freakiness and the formlessness of the majority of the exhibits of the Salon des Indépendants, whose motto is "Neither Juries nor Awards," to appreciate the services French conservatism¹ has rendered and is still rendering in art matters. Contemporary France is unquestionably suf-

fering from excessive art-production. What the result might be, how many miles of crazy canvases, and cubic yards of eccentric statues, would be inflicted upon the public, if there were no such counterbalancing influence, one shudders to contemplate.

"When a Frenchman speaks ill of himself," said a shrewd observer of national traits, "he is boasting." He might have added that, when a Frenchman speaks ill of the institutions and achievements of his country, he is admiring them. With the Frenchman, admiration does not preclude criticism; on the contrary, it seems to involve it. The more outcry he makes about a thing, the more he thinks of that thing, you may be reasonably certain; such vociferousness being merely the natural vent of his revolutionary imagination. Thus, he has heaped enough satire and anathema upon the cautious policy of the national theatre, the Comédie Française, to fill a small library. It was so before the fire which threatened to consume the famous play-house; it has been so since. And yet, for an hour or more on that night in March, 1901, when it looked as though the House of Molière would go up in flames, your critical Frenchman blanched with dismay and sobbed like a child. And when he repaired the damage, ignoring or defying his own criticisms, he characteristically made the strictest possible restoration — even to the hot red velvet chairs, which might very well have been spared. The gist of the matter is that France, notwithstanding her assumed superciliousness and her impatience with the old-maidish ways of her national theatre, really worships it and is deeply touched by any and every circumstance that brings its long and noble career to her mind.

The Comédie is primarily the depository of the best French dramatic traditions, as the Academy is of the best French literary traditions. It is incumbent upon it to perpetuate the old rather than to promulgate the new, to conserve

rather than to initiate, to signalize success rather than to force it, to register reputations rather than to make them, to accept the results of revolutions rather than to lead them. Its rôle is defensive and not offensive; it must serve ten times as a rampart to once as a battering-ram, and give ten thoughts to the ancestors where it gives one to posterity. It proscribes — very properly, considering its peculiar mission — liberty of theme, liberty of thought, liberty of method, and liberty of language. Daring ventures must come from the free stages, where the revolutionary imagination is allowed full swing. By reason of its very limitations, the Comédie Française has rendered an incalculable service to the French stage in conserving the elements of control, steadiness, and finish, without which it might have fallen a victim to the disintegration from which the once magnificent stage of England has suffered. If France has never ceased to have a fine and abundant dramatic literature, it is in part her Comédie she has to thank. And if the poetical drama (the most venerable of theatrical forms) continues to be in such high favor with authors, actors, and audiences that it may almost be said to be a distinctive glory of France, this again is largely due to the protection this species of dramatic art has received, during nearly two centuries, from the Comédie Française and, during a shorter period, from the second national theatre, the Odéon.

At the time when the excitement over the Moroccan affair was at its height, an article appeared in the *London Chronicle* under the striking caption, "The French a Phlegmatic People," which presented in a more or less bantering tone a number of thought-provoking facts. The adjective "phlegmatic" cannot be truthfully applied, of course, to a people who are endowed to as large an extent as are the French with a revolutionary imagination, and whose great cities are unquestionably subject to periods of ebullition. Nevertheless, if, putting aside all

prejudices and preconceptions, one views the career of France for the last thirty-seven years, one is constrained to admit that she has displayed, under most trying and even humiliating circumstances, not phlegm, surely, but a patience, a forbearance, a coolness, a correctness, a clearheadedness, a continuity of purpose, and an inflexible determination to play a pacific rôle — a conservatism, in short, which, during the same periods, the reputed phlegmatic peoples have barely equaled, and have certainly not excelled. In genuine political crises, even the normally turbulent Chamber of Deputies has surprised its detractors by assuming an attitude of exemplary dignity; while in moments of financial uncertainty, authorities and people alike have not only kept their heads admirably, but have materially aided, by their superb self-confidence and self-control, the authorities and the peoples of all the countries of the world to keep their heads likewise.

Conservatism, evidently, is not the most brilliant of the attributes of the French, nor is it the most charming; but it is the most reassuring. So long as it continues to be what it has been in the past, the strongest continuous force in French public life, the question of the durability of the present Republican régime sinks into insignificance, since it guarantees the durability of the traditional France — a consideration of vastly greater importance. In the domain of private life, also, French conservatism,

while it approaches at certain points dangerously close to what we call old-fogyism, is not without redeeming features. Nowhere is home-life richer, fuller, more wholesome, more replete with beautiful, unabashed expressions of mutual support and affection; nowhere does the individual enjoy a more genuine material well-being, and nowhere is he guided by a saner and sunnier philosophy.

It is far from axiomatic that the doctrine of the strenuous life as it is at present understood and practiced in America is the acme of wisdom. As between the American system of spending vital force prodigally just as long as there is any vital force to spend, and of continuing to amass wealth after one has enough and more than enough to insure the security and comfort of his old age, and the French system of husbanding vital force, and of retiring early upon a modest but sure income with leisure for the pursuit of cherished avocations and for the extraction from life of its savory juices, — the last word has not yet been spoken. Signs are not lacking that in the country of feverish activity *par excellence* a reaction in favor of the conservation as against the expenditure of energy, of acquisition as a means to an end instead of acquisition as an end in itself, is already setting in. It would not be surprising if in ultimate America men and women should conform their lives to the law of the least effort, as the French do now.

THE MISSION OF THE LAND

BY DAVID BUFFUM

I HAD occasion, some time since, to go upon a large country estate. It comprised about one thousand acres of naturally good farm-land which, until the previous year, when it was purchased by its present owner, had formed two adjoining farms, each operated by a tenant farmer. The farms had not been well managed; tenant farmers rarely do manage land well. And yet one had yielded its occupant a fair living, while the lessee of the other had not only brought up and educated a family of children upon its profits, but at the end of his term of occupancy had a considerable sum of money laid by.

As I walked up from the shore, for the land sloped beautifully to an arm of the sea, I noticed that, although it was late in August, the grass in the mowing fields was uncut, and there was no live-stock in the pastures. My eyes wandered over a broad expanse of brown, dried grass, unrelieved by animal life and broken only by the white blossoms of that foul land-pest, the wild carrot. A footpath, now evidently unused, led through the orchard to the farmstead. The apple trees were loaded with fruit, and, under several of one early variety, many bushels lay rotting on the ground. Outside of the great cattle-barn was an immense pile of last year's manure completely covered by a rank growth of weeds. In the empty farmhouse were broken window-panes and unhinged shutters; and the stone walls which fenced the farmstead and the outlying fields were broken, dilapidated, and overrun with blackberry vines. The whole scene was a melancholy picture of agricultural neglect, realizing vividly the words of Solomon: "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and, lo, it

was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down."

And yet the owner of this land was not "slothful" in the sense intended by Solomon, though "void of understanding" he very possibly might be. He was a man whose wealth ran far into the millions, having only to give the word of command to turn a wilderness into a garden, if he so chose; and the condition of the estate was not the result of neglect, or even of carelessness, but of intention. What purpose lay back of what was visible could only be surmised. Perhaps it was a game preserve. The lay of the land and the character of its owner warranted the supposition. Perhaps, as I was told by the general manager of the estate, it was "a park-like effect, running here and there into the careless wildness of nature;" and in the distance a great stone mansion with macadam roads running from it through the more picturesque parts of the property, gave some color to the statement. Or perhaps it was only a whim, for the owner was widely known for his "eccentricity," a word which, in the case of very wealthy men, is too often used to describe that lack of sanity in word and deed which, in less favored people, is called by a harsher term. But whatever the object in view, this fact remained: a thousand acres of good farm-land had been taken out of commission, and was no more to be used for the production of crops or the support of domestic animals.

To me, an agriculturist by profession, and with the inherited instincts of a long line of farming and stock-breeding ancestors, the fact seemed most deplorable. But there is always more than one point of view, and the opinions of no one man

or class of men can properly be taken as a criterion in such a case. What concern is it of ours whether or not a man buys a thousand or ten thousand acres of land, or what he does with it after it is bought? Presumably the former owners wanted to sell and he wanted to buy; the land has become lawfully his, and — assuming that he does not injure or incommode his adjoining neighbors — shall he not do as he sees fit with his own? These are pertinent questions; and concerning, as they do, a matter of most vital importance, are not to be answered lightly or off-hand. They merit the most careful consideration, and that regard for the rights of the well-to-do and prosperous which, in an argument for the “rights of the people,” is too often given scant place. For the well-to-do have rights as well as the poor; and it is the part of justice, not to deny them, but simply to consider in what they rightly and properly consist.

There is no question that there is an increasing tendency on the part of the very rich in America to buy land in large tracts. It is likewise beyond doubt that, speaking broadly and with no reference to special cases, the greatest good to the greatest number generally accompanies a more even division of the land. The recognition of this principle is as old as civilization; and Moses, probably the most sagacious and far-seeing of the ancient law-makers, carefully provided in his code against the accumulation of landed property in the hands of the few. His provisions apply only to country property; city property could be sold absolutely to the purchaser, “his heirs and assigns forever,” as with us; a period of redemption of one year, however, being granted to all who had lost their property by foreclosure of mortgage or a sale under stress of circumstances. But in the country the period was much longer, and the law expressly states that “The land shall not be sold forever. And in all the land of your possessions ye shall grant a redemption for the land.”

To a superficial view this may seem

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only a zealous attempt to keep the land fairly divided among men, to the end that each might have a share of the surface of the earth upon which he was born. But a deeper insight into the matter is essential to an understanding of its full and true purport. We must inquire *why* a general distribution of the land is usually productive of the best results. And if we study the question correctly, we shall see that it is not because man, being born upon the earth, has an inherent right to a portion of its surface; such a view is unreasonable and wrong. We must go far back of the days of Moses to read, in the teachings of geology no less than in the Bible, the first statement of the Mission of the Land; and, this learned, we cannot go far astray as to what is right or wrong in its ownership and use.

Thousands of years ago, at the very dawn of the era when man had emerged from his prehistoric struggle with adverse forces and had taken his place as the dominant power in the world, the fiat went forth, “Let the earth bring forth grass!” Later came grain and fruits, and the whole tell simply and directly of the object in view; but the production of grass spoke most eloquently, as it maintained live-stock, which, in turn, enriched and repaid it. I may add, in parenthesis, that it has since been proved again and again that there can be no permanently successful agriculture without the keeping of live-stock; and the story of the offering of Abel being more acceptable than that of Cain is credible, because Abel, a keeper of live-stock, was more in harmony with the purpose of nature, than Cain, who, a tiller of the soil, typified and foreshadowed that vast army of agricultural pirates who, by sowing and reaping but never restoring, have done to the land a wrong which is beyond the range of estimate.

The Mission of the Land is to produce and keep on producing food, live-stock, lumber, and other commodities, for the service of man. He who owns land and is indifferent to this, is guilty of a moral

wrong; and he who takes good land out of commission and suffers it to lie unproductive and useless is guilty of a greater one. This is the only criterion by which we can properly judge of the right of an individual to own land in large tracts. The good results attendant upon small individual holdings are natural. The purposes of nature in the upward evolution of man are usually better carried out in this way; and not because, as is so frequently argued, every man has an inherent right to its ownership. The lazy, the incapable, and the densely ignorant, assuredly have no such right; and land is too precious, and its mission too high, to be thus wasted. If the owner of a great country estate can farm his land as well as, or better than, if it were in small holdings; if, following the precept of Swift, he make two ears of corn or two blades of grass grow where one grew before; if he supply his section with a better breed of horses, cattle, or sheep, well and good; no one with any knowledge of economics could say he was doing any injury to the world or mankind. It is not the amount of land that he owns, but what he does with it, for which he is morally responsible.

But while great fortunes have put it in the power of man to acquire land in great tracts, nature has placed a limit on the ability of even the most capable to manage it properly if it exceed the dimensions which reason and common sense would dictate. It might easily happen, for instance, that one of our modern millionaires should purchase a tract as large as one of our smaller states; and yet the man does not live who could manage a farm the size of the smallest county in the smallest state, in such a way as to get even moderately good results from the whole of it. By a farm is, of course, meant a tract of land suitable for general agriculture, and not a pasture range, which is rightly held in much larger areas. But be the land tillage, pasture, or woodland, the standard of conduct for him who assumes its ownership and management is precisely the same. "Let the earth bring forth grass,

the herb yielding seed and the tree yielding fruit;" see that you do not hinder it; do not take the land out of commission; this law is written large in the evident purposes of nature and the needs of the world, and it lays upon the land-owner an obligation so sacred and so imperative that it not only demands his best powers of mind and body, but forbids him to undertake more than he can carry out. For he has assumed the kingship of a portion of the universe; he is dealing directly with the forces of nature and of evolution.

To me, personally, the sacredness of land-ownership, and its radical difference from the holding of all other kinds of property, were first brought home in a peculiarly emphatic manner; and while I am not so vain as to suppose my personal experiences would prove interesting to many of my readers, I may perhaps be pardoned for referring briefly to them in so far as they have a bearing on the matter in hand. Born to comfortable circumstances, and brought up with a taste and training in agriculture, I began my business life on a large country estate, where for many years I lived as a farmer and breeder of horses. Then the failure of certain outside enterprises in which our family was heavily interested brought me to financial ruin. I was obliged to sell everything and begin life over again.

To a strong man, in the prime of life, the acquisition of money seems an easy matter. I went to the tropics, associated myself with others in a large agricultural enterprise, and for some time felt that another fortune was soon to be mine. Then the financial stringency of the year 1893 crippled us in obtaining needed funds. Not long after, the price of coffee dropped, never to regain its former place, and, in a few years, the abandonment of the whole enterprise was an unavoidable result.

This was sufficiently disappointing, but life in the tropics had given me a great and abiding faith in the agricultural future of those regions, and I immediately started in another tropical enterprise.

Again fortune seemed fairly in sight, when stormy and revolutionary political conditions in the region we had chosen rendered successful agriculture impossible.

The greatest truths in life are often the slowest to impress themselves upon the minds of men, and it was not till this second disappointment that it dawned upon me, not only that life might be too short and too precious to be all spent in seeking a fortune, but that my whole view-point had been wrong: that the fortune and the privileges which, from association and long habit of thought, I had come unconsciously to assume were mine by right, and which, if lost, were simply to be sought till regained, were not so at all; and that the only rights that were inherently mine were those which nature has accorded to every man who is willing to work with hand and brain: namely, the right to have some land and cattle of his own, to maintain himself and family by the labor of his hands, and to be his own master.

And with the recognition of this great truth came the desire, both sweet and compelling, to abandon the campaign as a soldier of fortune, and to buy a tract of land where I would not be dependent upon political conditions or capricious peasant labor; where my own hands would be a leading factor in its working, and where I could establish a permanent home. But where should I seek for such a tract? In the tropical belt, notwithstanding its unparalleled agricultural resources, I knew of no locality where the conditions were wholly satisfactory for the object in view. I turned again to my own land, the land that, for generations, has been a land of working farmers.

But here the search proved no trivial matter. I had been less than a dozen years absent, and yet a tremendous change had taken place, and in the better agricultural portions of the state the land was owned on a new basis. Farm after farm had been bought up by wealthy men, a single individual frequently owning half a dozen contiguous places, which he in-

cluded in one grand country estate. The picture of agricultural abandonment drawn at the beginning of this article, though seen sufficiently often to force home its lesson, was not common; on the contrary, in the rich farming districts, costly barns, blooded stock, new walls and fences, and large crops were the general rule. But, to the eye of one who knew, the farming was not good farming, — indeed, farming carried on at a heavy loss never is, — and, despite the large crops, a very little investigation seemed to show that on scarcely a farm of them all was anything approaching the amount of produce put on the market that there had been when the same place was owned by a working farmer. The land, so far as its maintenance of mankind was concerned, was largely inoperative.

Nor was this all. The intervening land between these millionaire farms was held at a figure commensurate with the possibility of selling to a millionaire purchaser; and, in too many cases the hope of making such a sale paralyzed the best efforts of the working farmer who owned it.

The details of the search and the finding of the farm which I ultimately purchased need not here be given; suffice it only to say that the experience gave me a realization of the existing state of things that could hardly have been had in any other way. It gave me some insight into the land-hunger that must possess many who seek for a moderate acreage for their own maintenance, and a keener perception of the evil of great holdings.

But if the evil is great, what is the remedy? Is it the system recommended by Henry George? In my whole career I have never yet found a man who ever owned land, or who hoped to own it, who would favor anything short of absolute ownership. Nor is the time yet ripe for a law limiting land-ownership to a certain acreage; for the great "plain people," who make public sentiment and shape events, have not that knowledge and grasp of the matter which is needful to its intelligent regulation.

And knowing this to be the case, the only effective remedy, I am persuaded, lies in that better understanding and appreciation of the Mission of the Land which must come, as time advances, to the minds of mankind. For no one who looks back over the long path by which the human race has reached its present status can doubt that its evolution is still going on: and that, step by step, that which is fittest and best will prevail over the evil that is in the world.

How soon this better understanding will become sufficiently general to have an appreciable effect is more than can be foretold. But the subject of the land and its uses is receiving more attention than ever before, and it would seem that the time cannot be far distant. There is that which forces the attention, whether we would or no: for, besides the threatened evil of great holdings, which is of recent date, we are now paying the penalty of some mistakes in the past which were equally serious; indeed, it may be doubted if the harmful effect of great holdings would ever equal that of the despoiling of our forests of lumber, with no provision for restoration, that has already taken place; the heavy cropping of farm-lands without return, or the devotion of land to purposes for which it was unsuited by nature. The high price of lumber, and the low average yield per acre of our staple crops, are things which affect us all; and the abandoned back-country farms tell eloquently of the folly of conducting agriculture upon lands which nature intended for forest or grazing. Permanent success can rarely attend such misplacement, and I have sometimes thought that in no other way is the Mission of the Land so seriously thwarted.

In the tropical belt I have seen millions of acres of the finest sugar-land lying idle and unproductive, while, far in the north, with an unwilling soil and a colder sky, men were coaxing from beet-root a wretched modicum of sugar. The human race has to pay for such errors; for, in the school of nature, man must always be pupil: he can never be teacher. He can, it is true, turn the forces of nature to his account, and it is his duty to do so; but to do it successfully he must follow the channel in which they were intended to flow, and recognize the law of the eternal fitness of things.

I have spoken of the imperative obligation that the land lays upon those who own and manage it, but it is right for me to say, in conclusion, that, to those who realize and accept this obligation, it is neither hard nor unpleasant. On the contrary, its discharge is replete with pleasure, the consciousness of power, the joy of possession, and the joy of living. It opens up new and fascinating fields, fields which are bounded only by the limits of life and its manifold forces, and which a lifetime is too short fully to explore. If the landowner be rich and his tract of reasonable size, he will find that what one of the best of our old-time writers has called "the God-appointed duty of working land to the top limit of its producing power," will yield him a pleasure far more satisfying than any that can come from the ownership of unlimited, and therefore half-farmed, acres. Or, if he finds it necessary to work with his hands, he will find that the man who tills his own soil, feeds his own stock, and drives colts of his own raising, may be equally a king on his own domain, and experience a satisfaction no less keen.

ON THE CLAIM

BY FLORENCE McDOWELL

WE had been walking through close-woven Jack-pines. Did I say walking? Well, climbing is the better word; for if you have made your way through our Wisconsin woods with their fallen trunks — relics of great Norways and white-robed birches — with their masses of fern fronds, and their soft, deep beds of needles and luxuriant mosses; if you have threaded the stubborn maze of “Yaks,” as the settlers call them, and guided your two feet successfully, keeping out of unexpected holes that tell of the “furtive folk,” — if you have done this, you will agree that it is not unlike mounting a long ladder with steps far apart — a ladder that differs from Jacob’s in that this one leads not only to, but through, the Kingdom Beautiful.

Well, as I said, we had been walking, and as the result of an afternoon’s effort we had found one corner-post, for Statia is the proud possessor of a claim and for that reason owns four corner-posts, though I know that she has seen only one, the other three being on paper and in Mr. Ericsson’s head. Mr. Ericsson is a most important person in this region of scattered cabins and wilderness, — surveyor, carpenter, and autocrat in all matters of hunting and agriculture.

This claim is Statia’s latest hobby. She usually drives several at a time, but now she has found something so engrossing that it has taken the place of the D. A. R., settlement work, golf, stamp-, coin-, and china-collecting, socialism, and even the Woman’s Club; and she has come up here with one purpose, — that of holding a model claim, and building an ideal cabin, with a more than ideal boulder fireplace.

When she first proposed that we spend

a summer in this big, new Northwest, I confess that my sisterly devotion was somewhat strained. I had always liked the country when I knew that I could get into it and out of it; but I had wanted the road to lead both ways, and I knew that in this scheme the arrow pointed in but one direction. Nevertheless, I assented, and there has been no regret. The spirit of the Wild has won me, and I love it, not only for the broad stretches, the hills, the lakes, and the remnants of the once noble forest, but also for the human interest that is already part of it. When man’s hold upon the soil is so slowly tightened, the struggle borrows from the romantic, and Hercules slaying Hydra is not more admired than is the patient grubber who finally pulls out the last root of the scrub-oak.

And now I go back to the corner-post. We had found it with the aid of two compasses and six pairs of eyes, for we had company and all had joined in the search. Statia had well-nigh caressed the rude little block, — the joy of ownership is strong within her, — while we had seated ourselves to rest and to admire, not the marker, but the tangled ravine below us. Suddenly Allen, our twelve-year old nephew, exclaimed, “Why, what’s on that stone?” There, only a few feet below, on a huge rock-table, lay something distinct from the cones and mosses. It proved to be a book wrapped in a bit of gingham and tied with grass, — a cheaply bound copy of *Lorna Doone*. The fly-leaf bore the one word, “Jane.”

Now, in these parts, neighbor is spelled with a capital. Every settler knows every other settler within a wide radius, and even then his list of acquaintances is not long. And we — the “summer folks” —

have in our sojourns learned, or caught, the same friendly curiosity. We knew the names of these daughters of the wilderness, — the Irish Maggie, Katie, and Mulvania, the four Swedish maidens who looked just alike; but among these and the few remaining we found no Jane.

Concluding that some hunter must have dropped it, I kept the book and its wrappings as we started homeward, for the level rays told us that we must hasten if we would see the sun set while we were eating our bread and milk and blueberries on the screened-in porch — our latest pride.

We had just reached the trail when we saw approaching Hal Thrall, the young Abe Lincoln of our neighborhood, — a rather picturesque figure, too, — lank and awkward when ill-luck brings him into conversation, but almost graceful when wielding his mighty axe. Hal had worked for us as often as his own claim-duties had permitted, and I, the maker of muffins and johnnycakes, had several times wrung from him sentences! To be sure, they were blunt and embarrassed, but the strong, rugged features and the twinkle in the kind eyes had again suggested the great hero.

This time he came swinging along, his yellow wolf-dog at his heels. The man seemed to be looking for something, for his keen gaze was bent upon the blueberry and winter-green leaves that lined the path; but seeing us, he halted and his eyes fastened upon me.

" 'Scuse me, Miss, but could I see you

a minute?" The others went on and I stood beside the young giant, who, after much shifting and hesitating, blurted, —

" Miss, you found that! "

" Yes, Mr. Thrall, I did — over on a big rock below the thick woods. "

" Thankee, Miss. That's where I was dinner hour. " Sunburn could not account for half the color that had kindled his honest face.

" *Lorna Doone* is a beautiful story, " I remarked.

" I ain't much of a reader, but — I've heard it said. " The book was safe in his big hand, but still he stood.

Woman's intuition is sometimes over-credited. That Hal Thrall should be confused was not strange, especially when the topic was literary. And now I led on blindly.

" Mr. Thrall, we heard that you had given up your claim. "

" Yes, ma'am, I've traded with Pete Rickbaum. "

" I don't know the Rickbaum claim. Where is it? "

" Over by Moon's corners — where the road's like a double S. You know that white house? "

" The one next to the schoolhouse? Why, Mr. Thrall, how are you going to run a bachelor shack over there? You know whoever lives on that place has to board the school-mistress! "

For a moment he faltered. Then came the answer — this time clear and steady: " Yes, ma'am, that's just what I'm thinkin' of doin'! "

THE CITY'S ICE

BY HOLLIS GODFREY

STRAIGHT from the north sweeps down the icy blast, cresting the snowy mountain-top, clearing its rugged barriers, and swaying to rhythmic pulsations the pines along the borders of the lake. Day after day the winds bear down increasing burdens of cold. Hour after hour the ice-crystals sink deeper and deeper into the depths below. Then, when the leaden skies are bordered with dull northern gold, figures of men advance upon this natural stage, whose background is the majestic mountain, whose wings are forested with white-capped green. The stillness ends as workers, in gay blanket-coats or heavy corduroys, harvest their winter store, cut out huge squares upon the surface of the lake, trace and retrace their steps, moving like living chessmen in steps of knight or queen. The cold wind of the open north congeals the ice. Hot, dust-filled city winds return it to its normal state once more. Whatever the purity of the source, the summer days, when the ice-cars reach the city, see this common food thrust out on dirty platforms through dirty chutes, thrown into wagons which stand open and exposed to the dust of the city street. Nor does delivery at the door end the possibility of contamination. Solid water may turn to liquid water in unclean refrigerators, cool the refreshing drink of car, of office, or of street in positively filthy water-tanks, or become infected by the hand of its server. Make a personal experiment, look at your own refrigerator after a hundred pounds of ice have melted, and see whether or not the compartment is clean.

Few of the topics considered in this series belong more exclusively to the city than this of ice. Food, air, and milk vary the conditions of their supply by the

different requirements of the crowded street and the isolated farm. Ice, on the other hand, to-day as always, finds its chief use in the city. The cold cellar or the well still serves the refrigeration purposes of a large portion of rural America. Where ice is used on the farm, it is commonly taken directly from the individual ice-house, where it has had all the benefits which come from storage and few of the disadvantages which come from handling. Farm food, moreover, is not only fresher and in less need of cold storage than the city's supply, but it may well be possible that the freer life of the country breeds less desire for cooling foods and drinks than does the far greater confinement of our brick-walled existence. Certainly the city's necessity for refrigeration and for ice is beyond question. Its food, brought from long distances and often unnaturally preserved by storage methods, must be chilled to be healthful. Its children, wearied by the nervous exhaustion of the streets, have a real need of the tinge of attractiveness which cooled viands provide to obtain a sufficient nourishment.

No other nation can compare with the United States in the consumption of ice. Its use in the Orient is chiefly limited to the foreign settlements and the selected upper classes; while in Europe, though it is used for cold storage, its service as a food is relatively small. Even where modern custom and the inroads of American travelers have made its presence an every-day affair abroad, the cooling drink is offered the diner, but not forced upon him. The waiter presents the glass bowl of cracked ice for acceptance or rejection. In America we have no choice. If the carafe is not full of water frozen in its

place, the glass of ice-water is surely present at your elbow. Slight indeed is the probability that we can diminish the city's call for ice, however loud the annual outcry against its use. Granting that the demand is unlikely to subside materially, let us, in order to determine what the situation really is, consider how the purity of ice is affected by its formation, the possibilities of its contamination during harvesting, sale, and use; and the way in which present-day conditions concern the dwellers of the city.

City ice comes from one of two sources: it may be produced naturally in river, lake, or pond, or it may be manufactured artificially by what, for want of a better name, we may call cold-storage methods. The formation of natural ice is, in itself, one of the strangest of the thousand disregarded phenomena of natural life. The basic causes of that example of the craftsmanship of nature known as crystallization, of that property of matter by which solids group themselves in the fairy traceries of the snow, the gleaming facets of the diamond, or the huge pillars of the salt mines, lie deeply hidden. The effects of that craftsmanship we know, and of those effects few are stranger than the selective process which goes on in crystalline formations. Those tiny particles which make up the regularly formed crystals are able to pick and choose their associates, and refuse to accept for the structure of their walls substances unlike themselves. This is a general rule which governs many forms besides the special one under consideration. Crystalline bodies in solution in the foulest liquids crystallize out in a state of purity so great that analytical chemistry constantly takes advantage of this principle to obtain strictly pure materials. Ice-crystals, forming, will build nothing into the icicles save water. The effect of this natural selective power has a close bearing upon our subject.

Every lake or pond is a great bowl holding in solution and suspension many solid particles, such as the tiny bacterial

plants which inhabit its depths, the refuse of the shores, and portions of the solid matter of the bottom. When the falling mercury plunges below the freezing-point, the contents of these huge bowls suffer a sudden change. Tiny six-sided crystals shoot forth upon the surface, join side by side, and take up so much more space than the water from which they come, that the expanded ice is often thrust up upon the banks. If substances like straw, chips, or refuse are floating on or near the surface of the water when the change takes place, such solid bodies will be imbedded, mechanically caught, between the crystals, in the same fashion that a ball is caught between two clasping hands. There is the first possibility of ice-contamination. A considerable amount of light straw and refuse is likely to be floating upon the surface. The greater part of this, good and bad, pure and impure, is entangled in this upper sheet.

Below the surface of the liquid quite another condition holds good. The ground at the sides and bottom is a non-conductor of cold. In consequence, ice can form only at the top, and the solid mass must grow vertically downward from the surface. As the cold increases, the tiny crystals, forcing their way through the water, shoot towards the bottom like icicles on the eaves of a house. Each pointing icy finger, as it pushes its way downward, constantly rejects all other substances besides water, forces floating bacteria and other solids steadily back, builds water and only water into its structure. Since the whole mass is made up of millions of individual crystals, those solids, and only those solids, which are mechanically entangled between these individual crystals appear in the final cake of ice. Such impurities are comparatively few below the topmost crust. In consequence, the greater part of the ice is cleansed by this process. The old theory that "frozen water purifies itself," is true so far as crystallization *below the surface* (notice those three words) is concerned.

Crystallization is not the only mechanical factor which tends to clear ice from impurities. Once the cold lake is covered with its glittering shield, the water below is no longer ruffled by the wind and is practically undisturbed by the changes in weight due to expansion and contraction. Under such circumstances a lake or pond tends to become a still pool in which all floating matter, which is heavier than the liquid in which it rests, is persistently pulled downward, is constantly sinking toward the bottom. To state it in a different form: once the water's surface is chained in place, the never-resting force of gravity, then unopposed by many resisting forces, such as wind and wave, goes steadily to work to pull the solid matter in suspension away from the upper layers of the liquid into which the ice is extending. The tiny micro-organisms which are responsible for water-borne disease, are slightly heavier than water. They are borne down also. The force of gravity, which drags them down, works with crystallization to free the lower portions of natural ice from its impurities.

The floating matter of the surface does not make all the trouble. Men and horses, passing over the ice in harvesting, track in no small amount of dirt of various kinds. If the ice is harvested from ponds below the snow line, dust-filled winds from neighboring streets may cover it. If it comes from lakes near manufactories, refuse from the plant may be blown out upon it. If snowfalls and slight thaws come, the snow and ice, melting together, produce snow-ice, the white opaque form known to all. Snow is by no means a welcome addition. It holds readily all solids which fall upon it, and, crystalline as it is, falling snow serves as a filter to the air, entangling and enmeshing bacteria and dust as it falls from the heavens to the earth. Snow-ice is to be avoided. The upper crust of ice is dangerous for use.

The conditions mentioned heretofore have been produced by comparatively normal conditions of ice-formation and of

harvesting. The ice-dealer has little share in producing them. The dealer, however, can make trouble for the consumer who desires purity by overflowing his ice or by joining thin sheets to form thick cakes. After a few inches of ice have formed, holes are sometimes cut and the water below allowed to flow over the ice-sheet. When this freezes it forms what is known as "overflowed ice." Such ice, of course, simply imprisons any impurities which may be lying on the surface, and, freezing solidly above the surface-layer, leaves no chance for such mechanical elimination as natural ice obtains. Few methods could be devised which would more surely imprison undesirable solids than this. The second method is even more troublesome than the first. In mild winters, when the ponds where ice is generally cut do not freeze to a sufficient depth to give a satisfactory cake, narrow sheets are sometimes cut and packed together in such a fashion as to give a doubled cake. Under such circumstances two upper layers with their impurities often come together in the centre of the cake and give out their combined dirt when the ice melts.

From filth produced or preserved in some such fashion comes a large part of the mud which fouls your ice-compartment, or leaves a line of black scum in your glass of water. Difficult though it is to bring a direct charge of typhoid infection against these sources, there is a perfectly reasonable probability that many cases of intestinal diseases have originated in such dirty masses. And cleanliness in this respect is directly within the control of the health authorities of the community. Since individual consumers of ice are unlikely to be able to stop the selling of upper-layer, snow, and overflowed ice, the city should keep such ice from reaching the homes of its citizens. Demand that this slight layer, which contains the dirt, be planed off; let the sale of overflowed ice and its like be forbidden by enforced official act; and conditions will rapidly improve. Every consumer recognizes

clear ice at a glance. Inspection is no difficult matter.

When we look over our data thus far obtained, we find many hopeful signs. It is true that the free ice of the north has three foes, namely, the foreign matter of its crust, the burden of snow-ice, and the overflowed ice of the dealer; but it is equally true that two cleansing agencies are unceasingly at work, crystallization and the force of gravity. It is within the power of man to use a third, the planing of the ice. The artificial ice of the factory has been much heralded as an advance upon nature. Before passing to a relation of the researches and discoveries which bear upon our problem, suppose we compare the two.

If the ingenious Yankee who first conceived the possibility of sending Wenham ice to tropical lands could return to view the results of his handiwork, he would be amazed indeed to observe the results of the trade begun so many years ago. Once the torrid zone had tasted ice, the development of the artificial supply was inevitable. To-day, the ice machine, its benefits long since extended far beyond the boundaries of the tropics, is used the world over where any deficiency in the supply of natural ice exists. As the problems of artificial ice are closely connected with the processes of manufacture, a word concerning these processes may be of service here.

The making of artificial ice depends on the fact that certain liquids, like ammonia, turn to gases at low temperatures, absorbing heat from everything around. If you had a stoppered bottle of liquid ammonia in a pail of water, and suddenly released the stopper, the liquid would turn to a gas, and the absorption of heat in the process would so chill the surrounding water as to turn it to ice. This is one variety of the many natural changes which absorb heat and chill surrounding bodies. The commonest change of this kind that we know takes place when the ice and salt of the ice-cream freezer takes heat from the liquid in the can and chills

it to solid ice-cream. In the case under consideration here, if you have brine around the inner bottle when the liquid ammonia changes to gas instead of water, the brine remains liquid, but is so chilled that it would freeze a glass of water placed within its bounds. This second indirect method of freezing, that is, chilling brine by the ammonia or some like process, and allowing the cooling solution to freeze water, is the one employed in making artificial ice. The water to be frozen may be placed in tanks in the cold brine, or may be allowed to run continuously down a trough, bordered on each side by tubes of cold solution. In the first case, the ice freezes solidly in blocks. In the second, ice is continually formed at the sides, but the liquid never solidifies to the centre. There is always a stream of water flowing between the cakes of ice. One point more: when the cold brine is pumped through pipes to refrigerators and warehouses, a cold-storage system is formed.

Our special interest in the artificial process has mainly to do with its cleanliness, or lack of cleanliness, as related to the methods used by nature. In general, forced freezing compares unfavorably with the natural processes already mentioned. If the water used in such manufacture is ordinary city water, the excellence of the ice will be in direct proportion to the excellence of the water. And the excellence of the water-supply should be strongly insisted upon, for the forces that cleanse natural ice can do but little to free artificial ice from its impurities. Where water is frozen from a continuous stream, gravity has little chance to purify the ice. Where water is frozen in blocks, crystallization does nothing to make the solid better than the liquid. Artificial ice, frozen in a solid block, freezes from the outside in, and remains liquid in the centre to the last. Because of this, any solids present are driven back towards the centre. In the case of natural ice the impurities, driven downward, sink into the water below. In the case of artificial ice, after they

have reached the centre, they are frozen solidly into the block. Moreover, this natural freezing inward gathers all the impurities into the centre of the block, thereby making possible all the dangers which come from concentration as opposed to dilution. Several methods have been employed to do away with this difficulty where the water-supply is questionable. One needs special mention, the tapping of the cakes (just after the final solid freezing) in order to remove polluted water. Reliance on any such alternative as this is likely to be dangerous.

Artificial ice made from impure water must always be of dubious purity. Even where distilled water, probably the safest alternative, is used, one precaution should be taken. The stills should not contain lead pipe. The danger of lead-poisoning in ice is quite as great as the peril of similar poisoning in water. One and only one way lies safety, — in freezing pure water delivered through pipes unaffected by water's dissolving powers. A former custom, now fortunately somewhat gone by, of serving raw oysters in hollowed, melting blocks of ice, succeeded, when the artificial form was used, in laying the food at the one point where whatever infectious material might be present was chiefly gathered.

Closely related to the production of artificial ice is the growing use of cold storage, probably the best method of refrigeration yet discovered. The large markets of our cities depend almost exclusively upon systems which pump chilled brine through stall after stall and shop after shop. In these, the former custom of placing food-supplies in immediate contact with ice is rapidly changing. A number of the new apartment houses have recently provided refrigerators for their tenants, which are cooled by cold-storage systems running out from small central plants; and there would seem to be no reason why the extension of such advantages to whole blocks and streets in crowded quarters might not be practi-

cable. It is a possibility well worth consideration.

Somewhat reversing the normal sequence, we have so far considered ice the final product. We can scarcely pass to the second stage of our argument without a word concerning water, the source from which the product springs. It can hardly be repeated too often that the city's problem, as it has to do with water, concerns not the liquid itself but the tiny plants which live within its depths; that the possibility of water-borne disease arises from floating micro-organic forms. Bacterial life is lived under widely varying conditions. Even with a common environment, great diversity appears; and the investigator of bacterial populations often finds wide variations in the numbers present in a given area, even where the surrounding conditions seem apparently much the same. Thickly clustered, living masses of organisms may appear on one part of a lake where other portions show only widely scattered individuals and minute colonies. So men may be found crowding together in the masses of London's huddled slums, and living the widely scattered individualistic life of the African desert. And as human criminals are found far from the haunts of men and in the city street, so the micro-organisms of disease may be found wherever man may spread infection. Yet disease caused by dangerous organisms must always come chiefly from dense micro-organic growths, and heavily infected liquids.

Natural ice offers no very favorable opportunity for the continued life of even crowded bacterial communities. In a preceding paper I have spoken of three things favorable to bacterial existence, — warmth, nourishment, and darkness. Not one of these is present in pond, river, or pool when ice is forming. Light streams through the glasslike coating into the depths beneath. Bitter cold tends to shrivel and destroy plant life. Nourishment is scant in winter waters. The environment in which these tiny bits of animate

creation must carry on their struggle for existence seems forbidding in the extreme. Their life must be difficult enough in the cold liquid. How much more difficult it would seem to be when the fragile plants freeze into hard unyielding ice whose expansive force rends iron shells apart and splits the granite rock. No tale of life in Arctic snows could be more fascinating than the story of that microscopic struggle for survival in the bitter chill, observing that struggle simply from the standpoint of the ordinary observer. But its relation has an interest far more immediately personal than this, and one which concerns directly our immediate question. "Is city ice safe for use? If not, what can be done towards its betterment?" We have already answered some portion of that question in our discussion of ice-formation. The rest of the answer must depend upon the scientific labors of the handful of men who have attacked this problem from its bacteriological standpoint.

In this day of hurrying clamor for reform, when journals leap into the arena thirsting for the blood of modern dragons of corruption one day, and forget the next day that such strange monsters ever existed; when every conceivable form of legislative regulation is gravely and soberly proposed; it is well to consider what touchstone may be found to give us some foundation for our beliefs, to enable us to act wisely and justly; for wisdom and justice are sometimes difficult to obtain even by legislative decree. It is fortunate that, in our work for the health of the city, we may settle many disputed points once for all by an appeal to the laws of nature as they are demonstrated in the laboratory. Any discussion for or against present-day ice conditions, for example, should rest either upon the records of past researches or the undertaking of new. The labors of the research man should form the basis for the formulation of laws or regulations intended for the betterment of conditions. We cannot afford the time to-day for discussion not based upon experimentation.

An advertising scheme, widely heralded in recent time, portrays the manner in which much of the experimentation on ice has been carried on. Some ingenious press agent, desiring to show the indifference of his particular watches to heat and cold, froze timepieces in blocks of artificial ice. The result of his efforts is evident to any passer-by who notices an eager group pressing their noses against the jeweler's window and watching hour hand and minute hand moving over the white dials quite without regard to their unaccustomed frozen environment. The watch-manufacturer freezes watches in blocks of ice. The bacteriologists have frozen the bacteria which inhabit water in tubes of ice or, reproducing nature in the laboratory, have frozen purposely infected waters from the top downward.

Less than forty years reach between the two extremes of the quest. The beginning of the work was marked by the publications of two men: of Dr. Nichols, who reported the first recognized ice-epidemic, and of Burdon-Sanderson, who discovered that melted ice or snow contained living micro-organic growth. The end may be said to have been reached in the comparatively recent work of Park of New York, of Hill of the Boston Board of Health, and of Sedgwick and Winslow. From first to last, between eighty and ninety students have published papers on the kindred subjects of the epidemiology of ice and the life of the bacteria at low temperatures. Cycle by cycle, those individual researches fall into a series of groups.

The early work of Burdon-Sanderson, of Cohn, of Leidy, of Pohl and Heyroth, like that of several other pioneers, had a single aim, to determine whether or not bacteria could exist in naturally frozen water. In every case, these investigators inoculated sterile media (nourishing liquids or solids which were wholly free from micro-organic life) with natural snow and ice, and then observed the subsequent growth of bacteria. Pohl studied ice from the Neva. Heyroth investigated

the supply of Berlin. The Massachusetts State Board of Health in 1889 analyzed two hundred and thirty-eight samples of natural ice; and the supplies of London, of Paris, of Vienna, and of other cities received attention. Bacteria were found in every case. Scofone, on a scientific expedition to Monte Rosa, even found small quantities of bacteria at heights more than seven thousand feet above the surface of the sea. This preliminary cycle of investigation developed the first part of the general thesis. It proved that naturally frozen water could contain living micro-organisms. It did not test results by the essential touchstone of quantitative methods. Knowledge of the number of bacteria before and after freezing is the only thing which will give definite answers regarding the persistence of germ-life or the resulting danger from these forms. This information could not be obtained by any single counting of bacteria. Only by many countings of the number present before freezing, and of the numbers left after various periods of time spent in the frozen state, could really valuable and decisive results be obtained.

The group of experimenters who took up the work in what might be termed the second cycle did not obtain this necessary numerical knowledge, but, despite this, were able to carry the investigation some distance forward. Instead of working with natural snow and ice, they froze solutions filled with bacteria and submitted them, not only to freezing temperatures, but to degrees of cold far below that of ice. Von Frisch, Pictet and Young, D'Arsonval, Charin, Ravenel, Janowsky, and others, studied the problem by exposing cultures of bacteria to temperatures ranging from 10° to 400° Fahrenheit below the freezing point of water. All proved that bacterial life could exist even when seemingly hardier organisms perished, but each secured his results by the use of bacteria living in rich and nourishing media, a condition vastly different from the normal life of micro-organisms embedded in ice. This fact, that bacteria

lived in severe cold when supplied with ample nourishment, told only part of the story. Not only that, but the results of the second cycle of investigation, from which came a more or less general belief that frozen water did nothing to free itself from impurities, were incomplete and unsatisfactory for another vital reason. Strangely enough, this body of investigators had not yet reached the point of testing their results by quantitative numerical work. They still relied on qualitative tests.

Few things are more essential to the city than for its citizens to acquire some measure of the modern scientist's reliance upon quantitative methods; for despite the fact that in the differentiation between qualitative and quantitative we find a distinction old as the race itself, the average person pays little attention to quantitative results. Qualitative experiment is like aboriginal cooking, where quantities are unconsidered and the prepared food may vary through all degrees from bad to good. Quantitative experiment, with its possibilities of good results, has existed since that moment in the dawn of civilization when primeval woman first measured out her breadstuffs in a stone cup and, trying different quantities, finally reached a definite amount which would serve her as a standard for her later production of good bread. Progress has always passed through *what happens to how much happens*, from gathering crops at random to the computation of bushels per acre, from the stifling heat and foul air of the old school-rooms to the proper number of cubic feet of fresh air per individual in the new, from the general fact that cold will not kill entire bacterial populations to the exact numerical part which the cold of ice plays in limiting or partially cutting off the numbers of the micro-organisms present.

Such a change from qualitative to quantitative methods characterizes the third cycle of the researches on ice. Frankland, Pengra, Frankel, and others,

had made isolated efforts at obtaining numerical results; but it was left to Dr. Prudden of New York to consider the problem for the first time by the use of careful quantitative methods, used with relation to certain specific micro-organisms of disease. Using an analogy with the study of men, we may say that Prudden's work marked the point where this research passed from general anthropology to specific criminology. For the first time the purpose of an investigator bore directly upon those germs which are responsible for water-borne disease. Using definite counted numbers of bacteria and observing their endurance, their period of life, under frozen conditions, Prudden determined that many bacteria were killed by freezing, that different species are very differently affected by the cold, that alternate freezing and thawing are likely to be fatal, and that the number killed increases as the length of time in a frozen condition is prolonged.

Prudden's results, excellent as they were, left much to be desired. There were various possibilities of errata in 1887 when this work was done. Methods of bacteriological work had not reached the degree of excellence afterwards obtained, and the general knowledge of sanitary science had increased enormously during the twelve years which elapsed before Sedgwick and Winslow began their research in the biological laboratories of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology with regard to the "effect of freezing and other low temperatures upon the viability (the capacity of living) of the bacillus of typhoid fever, with considerations regarding ice as a vehicle of infectious disease."

In this investigation, for the first time, bacteriological research on ice was concentrated in such a way as to apply directly to the immediate service of man. Although Prudden had used pathogenic germs (the micro-organisms which cause disease), his labors had largely been confined to comparisons of various bacilli. Now, as a student of the criminal classes

might specialize on a single branch of his subject, such as forgery, so the present consideration narrowed down to the one chief water-borne disease of the temperate zone, typhoid fever.

Three striking results appeared as the experiment progressed. First, as regards the per cent of micro-organisms which perished as the time of endurance of cold continued. Fifty per cent of the total number died in half an hour. Less than one per cent of the total number survived after fourteen days. Beyond that time-limit, a slow steady reduction continued until either every micro-organism perished, or the numbers of the bacilli were diminished to an apparently irreducible minimum.

In duration of time, then, in the storage that ice receives in the ice-house, to put it more practically, is to be found one of the greatest factors in the elimination of what might be called the internal organic life of ice. We have already considered how crystallization and gravity work towards that end. We shall see in a moment how this research brought the conclusions on that subject to a laboratory basis. Here we have figures which relate directly to the storage factor, to the length of time ice must be stored before its dangerous bacteria die. Practically all the natural ice which comes to the city is stored for weeks or months before use. Time is a great factor in stamping out the micro-organisms of disease. Able as many are to endure low temperatures for brief spaces of time, the greater part of them die under long exposure to the cold.

A second fact appeared upon investigation. Prudden had already noted that the number of bacteria killed by freezing varied with the species, that such tiny organisms as the ironically named bacillus *prodigiosus* lived their life in their icy world in a different way from the bacillus *typhi*. Now came the conclusion, that, not only different species of bacteria were differently affected by the same conditions of cold, but also that

within the limits of a single species existed distinct races marked by strongly variant powers of resistance. Four separate races which the experimenters named — A, B, C, D — were considered. All were presumably of the same typhoid type. Striking differences, however, appeared between them. Race C succumbed to the cold far more readily than Race B. Races A and D were neither as weak as Race C, nor as strong as B. Similar variations showed in the growth of each individual race, and the conclusion was finally reached that in different races of a single bacterial species the number killed varies with the race. As in the case of man, we can observe the varied resistance which Northerner and Southerner offer against the invasion of cold and heat; as we see the Negro living and flourishing in climates which destroy the white man; so we may see that one alien bacterial stock dies out in an unaccustomed clime where another persists.

Important as are the conclusions arrived at concerning the purifying effect of storage, another part of the research bears peculiarly closely upon the public health — that which regards the “effects of sedimentation and crystallization during the freezing of typhoid fever bacilli in water.” The work of every early investigator was marked by a common error, — the conditions under which the bacteria were frozen were not the same as those which obtained in the formation of natural ice. The culture tubes were frozen in a solid block, a way in which natural ice never freezes. In this case an attempt was made to copy the work of nature rather than to follow that of previous experimenters along the same line. Heretofore, the purification of the free ice of the lake solidifying under the winter sky had received but little attention from the men who observed bacterial life in the ice tubes of the laboratory. Make one exception, the presence in natural water of multitudes of hostile infusoria, tiniest of scavengers, who may devour forests of microscopic plants which gravity is draw-

ing towards the bottom, and all the natural circumstances surrounding ice formation were reproduced in this research.

This portion of the investigation offers an excellent demonstration of the hypothesis that, if natural phenomena are to be subjected to laboratory examination, natural conditions must be duplicated. Certainly no reference to the necessity for exact duplication of nature's processes appears in the fairly extensive literature collected for the present article up to the time that the Sedgwick and Winslow research is reached. The way in which the inherent difficulties of this problem were overcome was most ingenious. Placing about ten gallons of sterile water in a carefully jacketed wine cask, the experimenters inoculated the liquid with typhoid bacilli and exposed the cask to temperatures below the freezing point. The jacketing of the sides and bottom of the cask produced a condition similar to that of a natural pond. Cold could enter only at the top. The ice could grow in but one direction, downward. Natural conditions were reproduced, and it was found that the ice contained about one-tenth as many bacteria as inhabited the water below. The tendency of natural ice to purify itself by the aid of gravity and crystallization had been demonstrated under laboratory conditions.

Three conclusions may be drawn from this research. First, one race of a certain pathogenic germ may persist where another dies. Second, whatever the persistence of any race, exposure to long continued cold, such as takes place in the natural storage of ice, cuts the numbers of the bacteria to a very low quantity. Third, crystallization reduces the numbers in nearly as great a proportion as storage. Since crystallization and gravity exclude 90° of the organisms present in any germ body of water, cold and storage combined exclude almost 99°. When these factors are added together, as they ordinarily are, we may reasonably conclude that ice so formed is safe, provided we hold to our original criticism of the

topmost layer. There the number of micro-organisms may be so great as to defy the destructive agencies. The common belief that disease-germs may live for months in ordinary clear natural ice seems unfounded, and the emphasis is placed on a new point, the possibility of the contamination of ice through human carriers and unclean resting-places.

Scarcely another article of human consumption receives so much direct handling just before its use as does this food. Milk and water, tea and coffee are poured. Bread, meat, and butter are cut. Bread, probably handled more than any other food on the list, has a hard crust which offers a rather unfavorable lodging-place for germ-life. Ice, on the contrary, washes the hands of every person who handles it, and affords an ever-ready liquid medium for the immediate absorption of the hosts of bacteria which hands may carry. The carelessness of the handlers of ice, their utter disregard of the resting-places where it may receive infection, may be partly due to their lack of realization that ice is a food, as real a food as meat. Whatever the cause, few substances which pass through the digestive processes of man receive such treatment. Its surface contaminated by the passage of men and horses in the cutting, its sides and base fouled by muddled platforms and dirty straw; covered with the filth of black ice-cars and dust-swept freight stations, your cake of ice commonly receives its only cleaning just before it enters the ice-chest. So far as the ice-man is concerned, this is generally a hasty brush with a time-worn whisk-broom well filled with the dust of the street and blackened with constant use. According to the personal testimony of various ice-men, not even the precaution of a momentary washing beneath the faucet is ordinarily taken. Add to this lack of cleanly control the immediate contamination of the server's hand who prepares the ice just before meal-time, and you have excellent opportunity for infection. And this infection, contrary to the conditions which prevail

with water and milk, will be normally a producer of isolated disease rather than of epidemics. The proper management of house-conditions rests upon the consumer, but there is much that can be done before ice reaches the house.

Few of the city's necessities possess such possibilities of regulation as the one considered here. Water, springing from a thousand rills, is the bearer in solution and suspension of a great portion of the matter which it meets upon its travels. Only by extraordinary precautions, by complete control of miles of water-shed, or by carefully constructed filters, can it be cleansed. From the moment of its inception to that of its actual use, water must be kept pure and free. Milk, produced in hundreds of isolated dairy farms, small and large, enters the city in a flood, daily renewed, and requiring daily, almost hourly, inspection. Vegetables and other provisions come in by every thoroughfare, by wagon-load and car, by boat and motor.

Sharply contrasted with these are the conditions of the city's ice. Harvested in great bulk, since small ponds no longer produce paying quantities, a glance at any large-scale topographical map will show the sources of supply. Inspection of sources in consequence becomes a matter of long jumps from point to point. Entering the city through centralized freight stations, ice from a distance could invariably be discharged (as it commonly is) at a single distributing point, where single inspectors at each terminal could determine its condition. In the cases where ice comes in by wagon, it must originate in bodies of water close at hand. These are few at best and easy of centralized control. Concealment of unfortunate conditions in a pond open to the eye of every wayfarer is far more difficult than similar concealment inside four walls, just as immunity from the consequences of assault and robbery in the public square is much more of a problem than it is in the back alley. The ice dealer who attempted to overflow his ice, or to join thin cakes

in violation of a law, would have no easy task to do it unconvicted. Even if regulation did not extend to the control of the sources, an enforced law requiring the planing off of the topmost layer would do much. Artificial ice-control is made simple because of the fact that the manufacturer must produce his product in accessible central locations, and each city will support but few plants of this type.

Municipal or state control of the ice business is more than practical, then. It is inexpensive. The comparatively small number of individual and corporate ice-dealers in each city makes the issuance of licenses a very much less complicated matter than the present issuance of permits to peddlers, to milk-men, and to other purveyors of the city's foods. Inspection of most food-supplies must occur almost hourly. Inspection of ice need be little more than semi-annual. Visual examination of the pond, the ice-house, and the methods of transportation, bacteriological examination of samples at harvesting and shipping times, regulations against the use of snow and overflowed ice, or proper provision for planing, control of artificial ice-factories in respect both to water-supply and to construction, — all those matters could be governed with a minimum of cost as compared with the possible results obtained.

That great example of the individualistic life, our old friend Robinson Crusoe, before he took up a community existence with Friday, drew up, as you will remember, two parallel columns of bad and good. The critic of the city's health,

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striving to adjust a balance, may set down the results of his reasoning somewhat as follows: —

All the bacteria of disease are not killed, even by temperatures far below the freezing point of water.

But when the bacteria have to live for long periods in ice, as they commonly do in ice-house storage, they *mostly* perish.

Snow-ice and upper ice may be filled with surface impurities.

But nature, in crystallizing natural ice, cleanses its lower layers in the process, while gravity helps to pull the various impurities toward the bottom. It is only the top layer which needs cleansing. This cake can be planed off.

There is grave danger of contamination from handling.

That is true and hard to combat. But the remedy for it lies in the awakening of individual interest.

There is pressing need for proper general control of both the natural and the artificial ice-supply.

But there are unusual possibilities of complete control in the dawning recognition of the fact that the citizen must guard himself and his family by the advice and service of trained experts. Many as are the ways in which the state can protect her children, her greatest reliance must always be the education of the individual citizen, the formation of standards of life, and of approachable ideals.

WASHINGTON SQUARE: A MEDITATION

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

As I sit here by my open window looking out over the treetops toward the west, the sound of a hurdy-gurdy floats up to me, detaching itself from the ceaseless rumble of traffic. The grinder is playing a waltz, I do not know what waltz, — some cheap thing. But there is sadness in it, and there are memories. In college, in those days when one went about with his senses like a harp, ready to be struck musically by every lightest impression, something — a story of Coppée's perhaps, or just the sound itself floating into the Yard — gave the tune from a hurdy-gurdy power to make me drop my book and dream in a vague, delicious sadness. So now, on this spring afternoon, the sounds float up to me above the rumble of Washington Square, out of the heart of a titanic, hurrying, commercial city, and I drop all work to listen, plagued with the thoughts of other days, with girls' faces revolving past on shoulders that gleam, with the sound and scent of soft breakers on a beach, with all the silly, sweet memories of youth.

And as I listen, the sound in some still way melts in with the warm breath of spring, transfiguring my view over the treetops and the ugly roofs into a thing of beauty. I fall to wondering how we who dwell in New York can keep so blind an eye for what magic the town may hold of pleasant vista or strange loveliness flowering in its dusty ways. Not all can dwell, as I do, six stories up above a green oasis; but walks and parks are free, and that white fountain down there in its ring of yellow tulips holds a rainbow for every passer-by. Even now the sun is sinking lower toward the distant heights of Hoboken, and the rainbow must have formed. I shall go out to see.

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As I reached the centre of the Square and sat down on a bench just west of the curve of asphalt around the fountain, which is roped off into a skating-rink for the children, the sun did shoot its rays between the fresh young green of the elms into the heart of the fountain spray. Breeze-blown from the south, the white spray danced and swayed, tossing cool drops over the ring of yellow tulips till a strip of curb glistened, and the ragged children ran with shrill cries through the miniature deluge, for all the world like the sparrows which darted through the edge of the fountain itself and winged up into the trees, their backs agleam. And in the swaying white mist, as if the heart of it held imprisoned light, the prismatic colors formed and dissolved and formed again, now into a perfect bow, now into glittering fragments of violet, green, and red.

The spring hats this year are wonderful affairs, — an acre sown with flowers. Beyond the fountain one of the green 'busses rolled by, its top loaded with sight-seers, and the hats of the women made it a gay garden in transit down the Avenue. The benches to right and left held a curious company, — nurse-maids in neat attire, little mothers of the poor, sad wrecks of the under-world floated up to wait in the sun for the Bread Line, a young man richly dressed writing on his knee with a gold pencil (is it a sonnet to the fountain? I wondered). And everywhere, on walks and asphalt, the children swarmed, skating, playing strange, half-remembered games with chalk-marks, shouting, falling down.

I looked up. To the north, where the dusty vista of the Avenue began beneath the white arch, that perfect block of

houses, red and sunny and comfortably homelike for all their dignity, laid its level cornice line against the blue sky. Elsewhere the high warehouses might close in about us, — I saw my own gay Japanese curtains to the east fluttering not half-way up the height of the buildings that flank my abode, — but to the north the Square remains other-worldly, domestic, decent, with ivy climbing up red walls to an even roof-line, and here and there a purple window-pane. The white arch, the sunny brick dwellings to left and right touched with ivy, the trees, the children, the roll of passing traffic, the gay gardens atop the 'busses, the warm May air conquering even the omnipresent smell of dust, — all were centred about the white fountain spray, flashing prismatic colors in its ring of yellow tulips. So, suddenly I knew it for an opal set in gold, a great iridescent opal dropped by careless Beauty our dusty city ways among, and left to burn forever, so priceless and so cheap. I wondered if the young man had been writing a sonnet called "The Opal" with his gold pencil. It should be written with a gold pencil. But I did not ask him. In the bottom of my heart I mistrusted that he was reckoning his margins.

And now I have come back here to my sixth-story windows, and the sun is setting. The sun sets every day across the river from New York with the same regularity it observes elsewhere. But we New Yorkers seldom see it. Something is always in the way. We seldom see the sky at all. I remember one winter evening coming out of the theatre with a friend, and walking homeward down an ever more deserted Broadway. When we reached Union Square we were almost alone save for the passing cars. And he, feeling a presence, suddenly looked up. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "that is the moon up there!" I like to come here at the noisy day's end, aware of my books in the dim corners and the spirit of Mozart in the piano, to sit by the window while the sun goes down over the dingy roofs, sometimes behind the Judson Memorial

tower, — that misses the graceful strength of its counterparts above the plains of Lombardy because the demands of city space forbade the gradation of apertures increasing in number, one a story, to the open arches of the bell-loft, dictating instead uniform rows of windows down the entire face; sometimes behind the solid bulk of the distant appraisers' building; or, in winter, a near-by, towering warehouse, all windows, so that the red sun pierces it clear through, making it a hollow shell of flame. It is surprising how the dreary sameness of that expanse of roofs into the west is lost in the magic of the sunset; how season by season, night by night, it changes, is transfigured, under the glory of cloud and light.

I wonder if any Himalayas of this world are half so high, or hide behind their snow-capped peaks a Thibet half so mystery-alluring, as the cloud-ranges of the sunset? Up into the blue they have piled to-night, range on range, white peak on peak; and Hoboken is a city at their feet, the last trace of man before the leap into the snow and wonder. Quite real they are, so solidly banked and moulded into form by deep clefts and ravines of shadow. They are not clouds, but New Jersey gone suddenly mad for the stars. The sun sinks behind them now, and their tops take fire. Above them salmon streamers drift, and where the sun has dropped is a gulf of golden light. Between them and me each smoky house-top flies its steam-jet like a plume of rose. Dusk has gathered in the city streets. The toiling ants down there see nothing, and think of dinner. But beyond my plumed field of chimney-stacks, beyond Hoboken fading into shadow, tower the Himalayas with peaks aflame, and my soul has gone forth to climb into the radiance, up, up above a gulf of gold, in quest of the sunken sun, the vision of that Promised Land no man shall cease to long for till he dies, his last steps pointing westward.

I was startled finally by the brusque alarum of the telephone bell. When I re-

turned to the window there was only a dull sky streaked with clouds. A police wagon was clanging through the Square. There was the smell of dust. I shall go to dinner, — but alone, and to some quiet café where the barbaric custom of music does not prevail. I decline to gulp my roast to rag-time.

But as the sky itself refuses to make a practice of showing off thus gaudily every day, so maturity holds for us no more affecting lesson than this: that the human soul cannot be questing at all hours, and for its occasional outbreaks, its relapses into the “vagabond and unconfin’d,” we must pay ever more dearly, as the years go on, in spent energy and sadness. I am paying to-night. I have come back from dinner and a call, and now I hear below me a band of Italians crossing the Square toward the south, singing in parts. The tune ought to be *Santa Lucia*. But it is n’t. It is *I’m afraid to go Home in the Dark*. That is a sign we are assimilating our foreign population! I catch myself repeating the inane words. Incidents of my dinner, my call, pleasant recollections of a woman’s voice, the rustle of her dress, her hand-shake, come back to me — but not the memory of my sunset this afternoon. I should like to dwell on it, sitting in the darkness to live again the kindled life of that hour. But it may not be. The glow has gone. I am just one other sleepy atom in five million living in layers in New York. I will go to bed — but first a long look at the dusk-filled treetops, the deep dome of the sky, and the cross that burns on the Judson tower, the watchful night-lamp of our Square.

All day the city has been painted on a Japanese screen, all my day, at any rate, which began as usual at noon. I sailed down the North River on a ferry-boat into a hazy south wind, and only the unforgettable and unmistakable height and ugliness of the Singer tower reassured me we were not floating into a picture. When Man has n’t himself done something in the night to change the Baby-

lonic sky-line on the nose of Manhattan Island, — erected a new forty-story building or two, — Nature sees to it that the aspect of those mortared Alps is varied from day to day, from hour to hour. I have never seen them twice alike. And never before had I seen them at all as they were to-day, etherealized by the mist, monochromatic, ghostlike.

The sun was warm; it had not been a cheerless day. Yet the pearly mists, felt rather than seen, blurred out the horizon-line till sky and harbor melted into each other on a level field of soft gray; a black ferry-boat or two, a white gull swooping, the only break on the first fold of the screen. Then to the left, on the next fold, the Battery began, and swept up higher and higher till the final panel was crowded to the top with huddled, soaring blocks of gray, outlines merely of titanic buildings a shade darker than the field of the screen, no windows visible save here and there where the sun reflected from an angle, no color save one green copper roof and the gay ripple of the Stars and Stripes high, high up on the Singer tower, out of the haze against the blue. Fold by fold it was a perfect composition, massing, gradation, color, everything Japanese, save the titanic suggestion. That, perhaps, would have staggered the little yellow workman, toiling with his silks and needle.

To-night my own view, after the red sun-ball had sunk, was a picture of the Square by a Japanese artist, lovely, monochromatic, remote. Against a soft gray sky, tower and buildings stood up in sharp outline, — it is curious how mist sometimes accentuates rather than blurs outlines, — blocks of deeper gray. The steam plumes, laid level by the south wind, were white feathers tossed against a pearly background. And down below, the early lamps flared out between the branches. They made the leaves that strange, unnatural green of stage-foliage. The whole scene became oddly unreal, a theatrical setting by a Japanese artist. But when I stepped back into the room,

till the window framed only the soft gray sky above Hoboken, all but lost in the mist, and the gray tower and chimneys with their white feathers of steam, it was again a single-panel screen, a perfect panel, lovely, monochromatic, remote.

Much has been written in praise, more perhaps in derision, of the Alpine peaks that man has reared on the lower end of Manhattan Island. As they boom suddenly out of a fog at the voyager up the Bay, too stupendous to be the work of our pigmy hands, Dantesque, unbelievable, there is something terrific in their suggestion of material energy and power. They are a symbol of the nation, reared on its very threshold to awe the stranger at its gates. But, to the lover of classic form and sweet proportions, who is not so much impressed with material power as depressed with the sight of a building sixty feet square and seven hundred feet high, they may well be but a chaos of ugliness — yet chaos on so vast and Babylonian a scale that it has a kind of perverse impressiveness for all that; by dark, indeed, a fiery splendor now, for the Singer tower rears a golden shaft six hundred feet aloft and pricks its incandescent battlements upon the night.

But this afternoon was a new effect, common enough among the high hills, and so doubly suggesting the kinship with nature of these steel and mortar Alps. The air has been heavy and dead all day, under lowering clouds, and the smoke-pall has gathered over us. I crossed on a ferry to observe the lower end of town, and found everything conspiring for the effect. A sea-turn had brought fog up the bay, which clung to the surface of the water and felt with lean, ghostly fingers about the feet and knees of the towering buildings. An unusual swarm of tugs on the New York side of the stream, vomiting soft-coal smoke, had hung a further curtain in the lower air, dark, impenetrable. The few low buildings on the water-front were invisible. Invisible were the bases of the mortared mountains behind them. Mar-

ble, brick, or sandstone, they reared up twenty, thirty, forty stories out of the drifting mist and smoke, like peaks above the clouds. They were without base, without support, suspended in air. The effect was stupendous, the effect of limitless height like nothing so much as that gained from the summit of Mount Washington when you look across the billows of a cloud ocean and see the cone of Adams like a dripping rock in the sea. I returned on the same ferry. As the boat neared the New York shore, and we slipped in under the curtain of fog and smoke to a view of the piers, the old buildings by the water front, the L station up a cañon street, I felt like one waking from a dream who would fain have slept. And I battled in no pleasant temper with the swarm of homing commuters who impeded my passage from the boat — men and women who add figures and pound typewriters all day long up in those Alpine heights, save for an hour at noon, when they eat their lunches on the summits.

A little later I fought my way through Fourth Street, again against a human stream, a mighty river of sweat-shop workers flowing into the East Side: the men unshaven, dirty; both men and girls pathetically under-sized, foreign, babbling in a dozen tongues. When I broke into the open, the corner of the Square was alive with them, like a stirred ant-hill. They were all so small! When I inadvertently jostled one on the walk he gave way before me so easily! If I had put out my strength I could have tossed him into the street. A whole rush-line of them would be as paper to an American schoolboy full-back. Up here, from my sixth-story windows, however, I see nothing of them. I shut out the sound and vision of them. I wish I could forget as easily the horrid sense of physical weakness, amounting almost to disease, that came over me when that paste-white, unshaven buttonhole-maker fell away from the rude shove of my shoulder!

Midnight has passed. The wind has

shifted into the west, and somewhere behind me, over that teeming East Side where the paste-white buttonhole-maker lives with six hundred thousand of his kind, the late moon has broken through the clouds. Southward, under sordid roofs, men and women are sleeping. Northward, behind those red-brick, aristocratic fronts that line the Square, men and women are sleeping, too. Down in the Square on the benches, under the lamps and the vivid green leaves, like stage foliage, more men are sleeping. No women are there, thank God — though last night one was huddled behind a column of the University building, directly below the motto, "Perstando et Præstando Utilitati" — ironic commentary, or demonstration, as you choose. Only the top of the arch is visible above the trees, gleaming white and lovely in the moonlight. Behind it, in the middle distance, like another, smaller moon, is the face of the illuminated clock in the Jefferson Market tower. An arc lamp flashes on the far heights of Hoboken, like a setting star. The Judson cross, the night-lamp of the Square, watches over all. I can hear the fountainsplashing softly, and the rustle of the treetops. "In such a night as this" — the words come into my thoughts, almost to my lips, for Beauty has laid her spell upon the Square and made it the magic setting for immortal verse.

And yet — those teeming tenements to the east, that paste-white, unshaven little man who fell away with sickening weakness before my shoulder! The scene

is no less lovely for the thought, Beauty walks with careless feet amid our dusty ways and scatters trophies of her spoil, be it the façade of a mansion or the gold of piled oranges on a push-cart against the dark of a foul-smelling tenement door.

Yet who can look with untroubled eyes whom a thought has plagued? There are green vistas where no such thoughts be, and virgin hill-slopes under the moon. Great, restless, million-teeming, cruel city, closing remorselessly in about the green oasis of my Square, with its opal fountain in a ring of gold, beauty you have, but you wear it like a garment to your shame, a garment with many a rent and seam. If I have sought your beauty out, if I have tried to nurse it, to dwell with it, the instinct that prompted me has but grown with the practice, and yearns now for a fuller satisfaction, a less clouded joy. I look out over the moonlit Square, over the white, gleaming arch, to the lamp on the distant heights, and know that one day I shall dare defeat, shall dare to lay my burden of ambition down and strap on the wanderer's pack of dreams, for the call of freedom is in my ears, the memory of meadows daisy-starred is tugging at my heart. Fame, what is it? "Success is in the silences, though fame is in the song." A life well lost is better than a death well won. So, on that day when courage comes, I shall arise, with only one long backward look at this my Square, and pass to where beyond Hoboken there is peace!

SANDY STAR

BY WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

No more from out the sunset,
No more across the foam,
No more across the windy hills
Will Sandy Star come home.

He went away to search it,
With a curse upon his tongue,
And in his hands the staff of life
Made music as it swung.

I wonder if he found it,
And knows the mystery now:
Our Sandy Star who went away
With the secret on his brow.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THEY SPAKE WITH DIVERS TONGUES

FINDING myself for the first time north of Mason and Dixon's line, and feeling much like a cat in a strange garret, it was comforting to read, under so impressive a title as *Biology and Human Progress*, T. D. A. Cockerell's opinion that "Provincialism of the right sort is a virtue, not a vice," — one instinctively assumes that one's own provincialism is of the right sort. In the notoriety — the word is not too broad — thrust upon me by my Southern accent, I recall with gratitude Dr. Van Dyke's saying, "A local accent is like a landed inheritance . . . it is a beauty, an heirloom, a distinction." Under the circumstances, however, I

find it impossible to share Mr. Cockerell's alarm "lest the indiscriminate mingling of peoples now going on should give us a sort of dull uniformity of mediocrity, stamping out 'provincialism' altogether."

This article in a recent *Atlantic* suggested to me that there might be some interest in the view of an American newly transplanted from the South to the Northwest. I was prepared for change, but I have found the differences amazingly many: in customs, in standards, in tradition, but most apparently in speech. It is of these that I want to write while my ear is still quick to note these distinctions, and before I grow so fond of my kind neighbors that I shall be willing only to dwell upon our points of contact.

I had always resented the fact that Mr. Howells, to whom I owe so much delight, persistently presented phonetically the speech of the Southern girls who appear upon his pages. The last few months have taught me that it was necessary, if he meant to convey any idea of our speech to people who speak English as it is spoken here.

Of course I understand that the English of Illinois is not that of Maine or of Massachusetts, nor is that of Virginia the English of Mississippi. Nevertheless, what I have read coupled with what I have lately heard, convinces me that Mason and Dixon's line is in these matters a real point of departure.

First and most striking of the differences is of course the use of the letter *r*. The roll of these Northwestern *r*'s is in my ears like the rattle of artillery. At home we think the letter has fulfilled its duty as a consonant when it is used as an initial. We do not drop the final *r* altogether, as many writers of Southern dialect falsely assert, but we do give it the sound of *ah*. Phonetically written, this looks like dialect indeed; but just here, at the risk of offending forty million Americans, most of whom however are not of the class that reads the *Atlantic*, I cannot forbear expressing my conviction that "first folks" nowhere roll their *r*'s. The *r* of an English gentlewoman is as soft as that of a Kentuckian; a gentleman from Massachusetts neither drops the letter nor rolls it. Having eased my mind on this point, I mean to avoid all other comparisons of values; I am talking only of differences. These are certainly enough for the limits of one article, — inflection, pronunciation, construction, words.

At the risk of being thought un-American, for the purposes of this article I must speak of classes, and I shall avail myself of the words furnished us by our Negroes, who are so wisely discerning in social matters. "First folks" are first folks, everywhere. The synonymous use of the word "quality" tells much. The "quality" keep true to the best tradi-

tions of our vigorous English, making the differences indeed only such as "mark a man's place in the world, and tell where he comes from." "Poor white trash" pick up a working knowledge of words as they can, and their speech has often directness and vigor, and to them the language owes a valuable part of its growth. But the "half-strainer" — the phrase shows the Negro a genius in differentiation — is born to prove that a little breeding is a dangerous thing. It is the half-strainer everywhere who does most violence to the mother tongue. In what I am about to say, I shall quote first folks, half-strainers, and poor white trash from both sections, and upon the reader is the onus of the labeling; but the comparison shall at least be class for class.

When I first heard real people say "rut" for root, and "ruff" for roof, "hull" for whole and "wunt" for won't, I felt that I was meeting old friends from *Elsie Venner* or *David Harum*. The persistent dropping of the *h*'s in such words as "wheat" and "when" found me unprepared. My interest in a recent baseball game was chiefly in the cries from the side-lines. When the bleachers echoed with the cry, "Kill 'um," the sound was not unfamiliar, but in the South we should have meant kill a number of people; these gentlemen meant only, "Kill the umpire." On that occasion, too, I saw clearly illustrated the weakness of a local idiom. As a small boy left his mother's side, she said sternly, "Now, you don't want to step in the mud." But he did want to step in the mud, and, in the language of the sailor at the historic court-martial, "Also he done so."

Even in the choice of gross errors, Northerners and Southerners differ. In the South, I think pronouns are apt to be roughly handled. There "him and me" may go a-walking, but we are less apt than our Northern neighbors to find "we had n't ought to went." "I guess I had n't ought to did it, but it's the way I've allus did." That looks incredible, and it sounded so, but I heard it from the lips of

a woman who owns the pretty house she lives in, goes to Chautauquas, and gets reading matter from the public library, though she does n't own books. "I presume likely," — the cautious phrase was new to me a few months ago, but it has become very familiar. "I want you should" is uttered as cordially as our Southern "I hope you will." "I don't wash only every two weeks." Why should one use that, of all roundabout constructions? The word "ambitious" is used in a sense for which I can find no Southern parallel unless it be in the old word "pert." "Up and a-coming" I find as an improvement on our phrase "go ahead." I can find no clew to the behavior of these Northwestern prepositions. Why say "to home" or "to London." "In under," "onto," are composites for which there is no Southern demand, yet the Northern housewife says "up attic," "down cellar," when we would use two more words with each noun.

These quotations after all are easy to classify, but many of the differences pervade all the classes. Almost every expression as to time differs in the two sections. These neighbors say, "in a great while," we say, "for a long time;" they say, "by and by," we say, "after a while;" they speak of "forenoon, noon, and afternoon," we sometimes say "afternoon" on formal occasions, but in our hearts we feel that this is affectation; our natural divisions of time are "morning, evening, and night." The Northern child says, "See the baby," "Hear the bird;" the Southern child would say, "Look at the baby," "Listen to the bird." Does this imply, I wonder, that the attention of the Northerner is more alert, that if he sees and hears he will surely look and listen? Usage in language is certainly apt to grow from habit of mind, but a notable exception is found in the Southern use of "I reckon," and the Northern use of "I guess," for in reality the Yankee reckons and we guess. But truth will out, and it does in the Northern use of "I calculate."

By the way, we say, "I reckon," but never, the writer of "Southern dialect" to the contrary notwithstanding. "I reckoned" or "was reckoning." The false impression seems however as deep-rooted as the belief that we say, "you all," meaning one person. It is never so. If we say "you all" to one person, we mean "you and your family," and I notice that the people of this community, lacking that useful form, say "you people," or "you folks."

My neighbors here say that a vase will tip over; I think it may upset, and both of us are wrong. The Southern use of tote or pack has been much derided, but we never say we "lug" things. The word suggests a baby carrying a cat; which may be a dim memory from dear Sophy May.

I asked my grocer to send up a gallon of coal-oil, and a man standing near said compassionately, "I know what she wants; my wife is from the South: she wants kerosene." A boy presented himself at my back door, and I asked, "Did you come for the garbage?" (Perhaps I said "geearbage." In Virginia we argue for its correctness, citing Dr. Johnson and the spelling of long ago, but the best argument in its favor seems to be that "'t is our nature to.") The boy, with evident goodwill, but some bewilderment, answered, "I don't know about no garbage. I come for your swill." To be quite fair in making these comparisons class for class, I think our corresponding Southern word would be "slop." Certainly it would n't be "swill."

A child interrupted the story I was telling, to ask me, "What is a bucket?" I had only a reading acquaintance with the word pail. Boys in the dear *St. Nicholas* stories used to "do chores" at the time when the Southern boy was "doing his night's work;" but I was surprised when a neighbor whose flowers I admired said, "They're nice, but it's quite a chore to tend them." It was the same woman who told me she was "husking sweet corn," when I would have sworn

she was "shucking roastin' ears." And she thinks my skillet is a spider.

Almost every vowel and diphthong is sounded differently here and at home. To words like "house" and "about" they give a sound of *ow*, howse, abowt. The longer *i* — heard also in some Southern states and, much prolonged, throughout Appalachian America — sounds pretty, and has, I believe, such authority as dictionaries can give. I find here, though I am slow to believe that it is the best usage anywhere, in the pronunciation of words like thought and wrought, the justification of the poet, —

I long have sought
And sighed because I found it not.

The sound of *u* often becomes *oo* in this section, in words like Tuesday, duty, new. *A* in "want" is chopped off, and the word sounds like our pronunciation of wanted. When a Southern colonel in a Northern story is represented as saying, "I wawnt to tell you that I have a little money awn that hawse," I resent both the implication and the phonetics; but to my newly critical sense it seems a fairly just reproduction of the sounds, — and oh, but the sounds would be sweet to my ears!

The difference in inflection is so great that I find it difficult to follow a general conversation every syllable of which I could catch if the rise and fall, especially the rise, of the voices had not that alien sound. And — to give fairly the other side — I have practically abandoned the use of my telephone because Central can't understand a word I say.

I do not know what may be said to be the standard of English speech, nor would I attempt to judge which section varies most from whatever standard there may be. I do know, however, that in the state where I was raised — I know you would say reared — the population was almost altogether of English descent. Here I find many families of north-of-Europe extraction. How far these facts affect our speech I cannot say. The difference is so radical that I am disposed to believe that if the spelling reformers were given free

rein, and the language became really phonetic, it would be found in the United States to be not one language, but at least two, having no more similarity than two European tongues of common origin.

Having formulated this opinion, I find that I hardly agree with myself; but this much is certain: we have not words enough in common to pronounce alike those chosen to illustrate the diacritical marks in the *Cyclopædic Dictionary*.

BEWARE THE LIBRARIAN !

THERE was a time when the warning "Beware of Pickpockets!" was common in public places, and the belief prevailed that the crooks themselves posted the notices to make men betray their hidden valuables. The similitude in the present instance will not bear pressure. Though I, who bid you beware of the librarian, am myself an amateur librarian at present, it does not follow that I have designs upon the members of the Club.

Quite otherwise in fact. For the members of the Club are the game that the librarian hunts, inasmuch as all of them have written books, or are planning to write them. And I, too, have written books, and so am classed among the hunted as well as among the hunters. Logically, I am in the position of the squirrel in a cage, pursuing my own self into vertiginous abstractions of perpetual pursuit and perpetual capture. Practically, there is no conflict. I am more author than librarian, make of either as little as you please. For this is true: one can be a librarian only temporarily, but one stays an author long after he is dead. Therefore I stand with the Club. Because, once having assumed it, there is no getting rid of our authorship, and because the librarians subject us to cruel and abusive treatment, I wish to lay before the Club some of our wrongs and to inquire what we are going to do about it.

In the first place, the librarian has a mania for digging up long-forgotten names. It is more than zeal in a good

cause. It is a passion like the gossip-monger's, and it spares nothing. He will tear up your family history and the graveyards and the old town records and the files of the newspapers, to prove that you should bear an uncouth or heterogeneous collection of names, too great a burden for Bunyan's Christian; or that you have married four times at least, or have sailed under the Jolly Roger of a pseudonym, or have dishonored your parents by lopping off the least desirable of their baptismal gifts. If you were christened Maggie May, and have by degrees adapted it into Margaret Vere, keep your guilty secret — if you can; if you can't, not only will it be no secret, but it will be blazoned upon the cards in every Carnegie library in the land that you are only Maggie May. Even marriage must be made with prudence. You may write of love at first sight, but it behooves you in your own case, if a woman, to look well to the man's name. After having earned laurels well-won as a Schuyler Crowninshield, would you have it written of you, "(now Mrs. Alonzo Boggs)"? Nothing is forgiven here, and verily those who enter leave hope behind.

An example. There was once a man whose name was Charles Dickens. At least *he* said it was that, and his biographers, honest men we thought, said it was that, and all who loved him called him nothing different. It is changed now, though. After a long search over the card-drawers, a Little Girl with a scrap of paper twisted about her forefinger, comes to Information. "Have you got this book? — I want a book; — it is — it is called *A Christmas Carol*, and the man's name was Charles Dickens. But you have n't got any Charles Dickens here, for I have looked and looked, and there is n't any, only a Dickens, C. H. J. Is his Christmas Carol any good to read?" No, my dear, it is not! The only Dickens is Charles Dickens, the only carol, his *Christmas Carol*. Beware of impostors! All other Dickenses are the invention of the librarian.

Also, again, there was once a soul whom we knew as George Eliot. Whose the body that went with the soul did not so much matter, for all that was known of her for many years answered to the name of George Eliot. Later, she became Mrs. Cross, and if the librarian, to keep a rule of uniformity, refers us to that name, we accept it as hers. "Marian Evans Cross" is not an ill-sounding name. But here comes in the librarians' esoteric information: — "Cross, Mrs. Marian Ann (Evans)," they say. Now who would name a child "Mary Double Ann"? And why, if they did, should we perpetuate it? But this is not the worst. One of the foremost libraries in the land sanctions this form: "Cross, Mrs. M. A. (E.) L." But what, in heaven's name does that "L" stand for? Why, I remember reading letters of hers, written in her own most gracious script, as round as pearls, and as fair as copperplate (purple the ink, after the fashion of the seventies), and they were signed, "Marian" — ah! that's it! — they were signed, "Marian Lewes." So the "L" is for "Lewes," a name to which she had not the shadow of a legal right, which she never wrote under, and which she seemed to wish to efface by her belated marriage.

Is it not a bitter irony that the librarian has so little thought or care of an author who has deserved so well at his hands?

Sometimes good work is done upon the title. This is referred to the publishers, since they are close at hand.

NUMBER FOUR PARK STREET,

DEAR SIR: — Please send by return mail two copies of Melibœus-Hipponax of your catalogue.

Yours truly.

It is hoped that they will not say that it is out of print; we only wanted Lowell's *Biglow Papers*. The *Library School Rules* (fifth edition, page 24, sample card twelve), showing how to write "partial titles," actually gives as the full title,

"Melibœus-Hipponax; the Biglow Papers."

But look in the book, my dear sir! The compound is there, above the other; but note the print: in the octavo volume at my hand, a light-face minion italic type, set off by a 1½" rule from all that follows, with a period, *not a semi-colon*, between. If types express anything, as some artists in typography think they do, this was never intended for any part of the title. It is to say, as by way of foretaste, "Here's sunthin' for you in the pastoral line. If you look for Virgil's stately measure and Melibœus discoursing melodiously to Tityrus beneath the shady beech, my scrannel pipe grates no such tune. A second Hipponax I, lame, ugly, spiteful sometimes, a caricature myself, making limping verses. Quite a different sort of 'Pastoral' from Virgil's I give you, and yet, though a poor thing, 't is mine own."

These are some of the eccentricities of the trained librarian in his dealing with authors. With the public he has devised a system of abbreviations of proper names which admirably achieves its end of obscurity. By a week or so of hard study one can learn that *D:* is David, *D . .* is Delia; that *E:* stands for Edward and *E . .* for Elizabeth; that *J* followed by a colon is John, by a semi-colon is Johann, by an inverted semi-colon is Jean; he is very nearly as well off as if he knew nothing at all about it and merely made a good guess. A hundred proper names or more can be expressed in this unenlightening manner, some of them possibly with a show of reason. But after we have admitted so much, we have still to inquire why *A : a* should be Augusta, and *A : inus* be Augustinus. There's something so horridly improper-looking about "Wilson, Mrs. A : a J . . [Evans]" that I doubt if I ever have the courage to ask the librarian if she has a copy of *St. Elmo*.

But the point of moment to the Club is, what is being done with our own names? Have we no rights in them? Is n't an author's name his trade-mark? If the

makers of satins and sausages, by running together two or three misspelled words, can produce a nondescript which the law recognizes as their own, not to be misused or altered, why cannot the author claim rights in his own name in such form as he chooses to place it upon his books? Is n't the author's right in his product nearly as integral as the sausage-maker's is in his? If we buy books under the name of Hall Caine, why must we call for them in the public library as the works of Thomas Henry Hall Caine? We know no such man. Charles John Cutcliffe Wright Hyne is a mere librarian's fetish, quite apart from the creator of the genial cut-throats who have given us pleasure. Why should the librarian be privileged to obscure to us the authors whom we seek, and to force unpalatable names upon a reluctant public? "What business have you," pertinently demanded Orgetorix of Cæsar, "in this Gaul of mine which I have conquered?"

There are cases wherein this over-zeal of the librarian works a real hardship. If your parents had called you Lucaby Ophelia, or Oxirene, or Elphameo Mascledo, or Vesta Annira (all actual names) who could blame you for "calling yourself" by some other name? There was a family once — we will call them Toodles, for they were real folk — who were long on good names. Not to mention the others, there was Juan Fernandez Island Toodles, and there was little Sir Walter Scott Bart Toodles. If you were born a baronet at both ends of your name, what could you do if the librarian stuck her claws into you? It is a serious matter. Why, under existing conditions, little Europeeny Wiggs must exhale the odor of the Cabbage Patch, even though she writes an encyclopædia. In brackets or in parentheses, if she attempt to hide the fact, it will be heralded abroad that she was born of poor and ignorant parents. Perhaps the case is your own. Know then: revamp with never so much ingenuity; drop out the Scroggins or the Noggins which held the (unfulfilled)

hope of testamentary favors from the rich great-aunt; erase your diminutives; change Essie into Josephine and Effie into Appiah; elide your Mary Eliza into the more presentable Mareliza, and soften your Hannah Jane to Anna J.: still you carry a guilty secret, and the librarian — you know it, you fear it, you believe it — is going to find you out.

THE RAIN-WATER BARREL

THE old rain-water barrel! Not quite a sacred relic, like the spinning-wheel, the brass knocker, and — somewhat more profanely — the old oaken bucket; but still is it not sufficiently out of date as an institution to become interestingly reminiscent? I have noticed that even where the closed cistern and the prosaic iron pump have not yet come with their convenience to displace the picturesque, there seem to be only old boilers, or galvanized iron tubs, standing under the spouts at the corners of houses. Now, what can there possibly be in a galvanized iron tub to equal the delights of sight and sound that lurked in the green-black depths of the wooden rain-water barrel? I never think of it as being full of water. In the very brief periods when it was allowed to remain full, there were other watery things of more interest to barefooted youngsters. Nor do I recall when it suffered complete drouth, though such times must have been. Chiefly I remember the rain-water barrel as a strange dark cavern, capable of producing alluringly fearsome reverberations. In the pool at the bottom, shallow or deep according to the number of days since a rain, small girls could see strange black shadows of their curly heads, and lovely drowned bugs, — and “wrigglers.” Next to the reverberations, these lively creatures were the best thing in the barrel. We liked to watch them darting and squirming, impossible to catch, and amounting to nothing but specks if accidentally landed on the stick with which we sometimes disturbed their quiet habitat. As I think of it now, it

seems to me that the rain-water barrel was almost as important a feature of my small-girl universe as was the teeter-board or the swing under the apple tree. In the happy seasons I spent in the country I found scores of barrels, some of them possessing peculiar charms, — for instance, the one where the black cat had her kittens; but there was no other so attractive, so responsive, as the barrel under the spout by our own cellar door.

These forgotten delights all came back to me the other evening when some one told a story of a discerning young lady who was about to be married. As a sort of introduction to herself, she went several times a day to the rain-water barrel, and shouted into it the new name she was soon to bear. “Mrs. Henry Brockelmeyer,” she shrieked. If you were properly initiated in your youth, you will know what she heard; but no mere description of mine can make it clear to you.

The old barrel was a failure in enunciation, though masterly in volume. Our favorite salute was a peculiar call, for which I have no name, but which was as much a part of childhood craft as the game of hide-and-seek. You half closed your mouth in an O shape, then made almost any vowel sound at any possible pitch, meanwhile patting your puckered lips rapidly with your hand. It was a sort of war-whoop, often used as a signal to one's chum, and it sounded well in the woods; but we seemed to feel its tonal beauties most keenly when we heard it echoing in the rain-water barrel. Yet we also indulged in many original communications. The barrel was a safe confessional for those wonderful secrets that must not be told to a single living soul. It answered scared whispers with strange, indistinct murmurs; but even at double forte its response was as safely mysterious as if it were speaking Kamschatkan. Once, however, in a season of “being mad” at Susanna Arnold, I yelled into the barrel, “You mean old thing!” wishing I could find courage to shout that in her very ear. But then the barrel

seemed to "talk plain." With most unusual distinctness it echoed the words back to my own ears. I fell to thinking, and for several days was a model child, and finally asked my mother to make me some molasses candy — the kind Susanna liked best.

There was a limit to the familiarity one might indulge in with the rain-water barrel. Of course, one never went there after dark, at least not alone. It was strange, too, that I never thought of getting into the barrel, not even when playing hide-and-seek. Perhaps if some grinning boy had "dared" me, I might have learned that for a strange, "trembly" reason which I could not have defined, I simply did n't want to try that feat. How keen this unnamable feeling was I discovered in ruder fashion. Wandering home one summer evening from an excursion down to the creek just east of town, — tired, dirty, my lean little legs spattered with mud and scratched by brambles, I was suddenly seized by Uncle Dan and chucked into the rain-water barrel. I cannot describe the terror that came upon me. I must have fainted; for I knew nothing more until I found myself lying on the bed with solemn faces about me and my mother crying. No one could explain my fright. I had never heard of ghosts and goblins. When I felt better they asked questions: — "What were you afraid of, dear?" How could I tell them? But when the rest had gone away, and my mother took me in her arms, I sobbed, "I was just afraid;" and I think she understood, for I do now, though no course in the psychology of childhood has enlightened me.

Perhaps, out in the sweet-smelling country one may still find real rain-water barrels. I hope so, for it is hard to see all the old-fashioned things passing away. Oh, yes, you will argue that we are well rid of tallow candles, fireplaces, well-sweeps, spinning-wheels, rain-water barrels, and all, and that our modern substitutes are better for every one; but I am not arguing, only meditating.

BOHEMIA — OR VULGARIA

THERE is a real as well as an ideal kingdom of Bohemia; but ever since Shakespeare gave the real kingdom an imaginary seacoast, Bohemia has meant more to the imagination than to geographical science. The seacoast, — let it stand for the touch of romance with which Bohemia is transfigured. For the romancer has always been busy with Bohemia, from Shakespeare's day to our own: busy with its facts, still busier with its memories. What if it is to-day more sidewalk and restaurant and studio than seacoast? What if we do not draw so sharp a line between Philistia and Bohemia as did our fathers and fathers' fathers? — at least the line is drawn. It is a good place to read about, this capital of art and good fellowship; for Bohemia is indeed the capital to-day, and no longer the resort of shipwrecked captains accompanied by ladies in borrowed trousers. The conditions have altered, but the place abides; abides, at least, as a convention, the "property" of novelist and story-teller.

Traditionally, it is the serf of dessicated proprieties, the unimaginative victim of the stereotyped in society and in ideas, who never could gain the keys, the freedom, of this city-state. Though he supped late, perhaps, the fact that there was money in his pockets, or that he had a job, was always enough to keep him from sparkling like the garret-genius, who dreams when his pockets are flat, and drinks when they are full. But where are — not the snobs, who cares about them! — where are the dreams of yesterday? I too have always hankered after the chimeras, and Bohemia is one of them. Where *is* Bohemia? In books, but not in life, alas; not in New York, nor London, nor Paris. I have tried to find it; sometimes with pockets full, more often with pockets empty. It has vanished. It defies discovery.

Did it ever exist, Bohemia? If so, it must have been in those wonderful Thir-

ties, in the Paris of Gautier and Hugo and Musset and George Sand. Yet even Gautier's flaming waistcoat was never so red as it was painted; and as for Baudelaire, — to-day we know that the secret of his scandalous green locks was the loss of hair and the use of an unguent restorer to bring it back in full force. They, too, craved a Bohemia; being geniuses, more or less, they created it. For a moment it lighted up their lives, then faded out, though only after their books had caught the reflection for all time. Bohemia is still more than a geographical concept, thanks to the narrative of the performances of *Hernani*; it glows in the letters of George Sand; in the lives of some actors in the *Comédie Humaine*. And that is all, — but that its reflection shines, half sad, half gay and careless, in the tales of Murger.

The finding of a Bohemia for ourselves is conditional on certain alternatives; and here they are. Either we must be very young and very unexact, or else very old and blessed with a genius for gilding gorgeously our recollections of a tawdry past. Thus is Bohemia discovered, — thus and in no other way. Hazlitt, poor fellow! murmured on his death bed that his life had been happy; Rousseau derived belated pleasures of imagination in living over and ennobling, so far as he was able, the amorous passages of his youth. "Impassioned Recollection" is the critic's word for Hazlitt's faculty, and Rousseau's. And with that faculty each of us may build him a Bohemia — long after the event. Yes, — and there is one other, an ignoble, manner of finding a Bohemia for others. As hungry journalists we may, if we like, glance round our bare hall-bedrooms, survey the chop-house or the Latin Quarter restaurant (one of the *Rendezvous des Cochers*, at a pinch), and proceed to metamorphose our Midionette into Graziella, her callous hands into long, tapering fingers, the daub on our canvas into a masterpiece, a barren existence into the artist's life. Thus do we write a book

of the Under-world of Art that will make you, amiable and well-nourished reader, water at the mouth. Afterwards, we will dine alone for one-franc-fifty, — for thirty cents.

For most Bohemias are gas-light Vulgarias, tenanted by less vigorous Elbert Hubbards. We wink at what we don't like; we tell only of that prospect which does please (when the sun is out), and we forge our documents. Imagination — it is far more the power *not* to see what is there than that to build one castles in Spain. The inhabitants of Bohemia — how gracious in fiction, even in the novels of W. J. Locke! I do not know them. I have seen dirty Americans playing poker in a Montparnasse café that artists use; were they Bohemians? I have seen revolting performances on Christmas Eve — perhaps *they* could be shaped into romance if one had the stomach for the work?

Frankly, the Bohemians of literature are the Vulgarians of real life whose unpleasant qualities have been elided or even quite erased, — this in the interest of the Contributors' Club. Did they ever exist in real life, these characters? If so, you would never have given them a bow. The personages in *Trilby* were not Bohemians; you remarked the fact, perhaps, that they took cold tubs?

Take the uninspired, dead-eyed art student of these degenerate days; give him a velvet jacket if you like; retain his finger-nails as a picturesque bit of realism; add then to his person the charms that only some respectable Philistine ever had, — stir determinedly, — presto! there stands your Bohemian of fiction. Sometimes, however, the more observing reader will remark that refinement and dirt do clash; that the manner of life and the results (for he is bound to succeed, this fellow, — in fiction) are almost as contradictory. And then the Bohemian will be revealed to you, as to me — and both of us are well-intentioned persons — revealed as the product of vulgarity and the protagonist of the disgusting.

ONE OF THE WORST BOOKS

I HAVE a book which for forty years has adorned the centre-table of a New England parlor. I feel sure that Dr. Crothers would accord it a prominent place among his "hundred worst books." His test that a book should not be readable is met by the fact that it still retains its ornamental, centre-table appearance, and though published in 1854 shows no signs of having been read.

Upon its brilliant red cover is an angel all in gold, sitting upon a scroll-like divan used only, I judge, in heavenly circles. She holds a book in her lap which rivals her wings in size. With one arm gracefully outstretched, she points with her quill pen to some significant words on the page before her while she turns her face toward you with an appealing look. This chaste design is no doubt intended to assure the reader that these "angel whispers" are authentic, the author evidently having received them by direct communication with this gorgeous being whose attitude certainly indicates no connection with any sphere like this.

In the preface the author avows his purpose to give comfort to the mourner. The first five chapters are devoted to these subjects:—

"Death of a Brother."

"Death of a Sister."

"Death of a Mother."

"Death of a Father."

"Death of a Child."

Here is a sentence from one of these comforting (?) discourses. "When you see the hearse rolling along to the sepulchre, to deposit its burden there — when you see whole communities stricken with

grief, you can say, 'O sin, thou hast done this.'" A few sentences like this are enough to make one doubt the author's hearing. One ought to have unusually acute ears who essays to give us "Angel Whispers, or The Echo of Spirit Voices."

But the gem of this series of comforting addresses is the one on "The Advantages of Consumption." Such a timely topic ought to be interesting and possibly surprising. Few have seen its advantages. To such we submit the four points of this discourse which will no doubt be convincing.

"First. Consumption gives time for reflection and thought."

"Second. Consumption is seldom, to any great extent, accompanied with pain."

"Third. Consumption seldom dethrones the reason."

"Fourth [and what a delightful climax!]. Consumption ends in death."

These points are amply argued, and even illustrated and proved by the story of a young girl who was so fortunate as to have contracted this desirable disease, and through the benign dispensation was able in the "time given for reflection and thought," to prepare herself for the "fearful scenes of Eternity."

The last essay has the cheerful title, "The Six Deathbeds." We submit that this book is worthy of the "bad eminence" accorded to the "hundred worst books," and ask if it is not a comment on the sentiment of a day gone by to find inscribed with many a flourish on the fly leaf this appropriate sentiment:—

"Philopena or viel liebchen, 1854. From Nettie."